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THE SANDWICH ISLANDS:

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD;

JUNE 15, 1841.

BY

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11/5/16

OXFORD;

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. VINCENT.

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SYNOPSIS.

INTRODUCTION—Train of ideas by which we may be led to the subject—The structure of the Islands—Their inhabitants—Want of information on their past History—Absence of tradition among themselves respecting their origin—Probable causes and manner of their first settlement—Their habits and mode of life in the Islands described—Employments and pleasures—The darker side of the picture—Debasing superstitions—Human sacrifices—Sanguinary nature of their wars—Prevalence of infanticide—Necessity of Missionary exertions—The approach of the Missionaries described—The consequences of their coming, in the beneficial change that has been effected by Christianity—Allusion to Cook—Return to England—Its instrumentality in the work of conversion—Conclusion.



THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Ἐνθα μακάρων
[Νῆσους] ὠκεανίδες
Αὔραι περιπνέουσιν.

Pindar. Olymp. ii. 128.

ON Albion's shores, while blending shades of Eve
Their star-spread mantle in the twilight weave,
And whilst in peace it folds earth's wearied breast,
And pales the amber glories of the West;
What if our thoughts, at that soft tranquil hour
That yields us captive to sweet Fancy's power,
Transported from the fading scene, should run
The self-same course with the departing sun,
Should whisper then, that while he thus restores
Night's gentle blessings to our heated shores,
To quench his fiery thirst he drinks the dew,
Deep in the plantain groves of Oahu.¹
That while our hills a length'ning shadow fling,
The wand'ring sea-bird, from his dripping wing,

¹ Oahu and Morokai, two of the largest islands of the Sandwich group. Oahu is remarkable for its fertility.

Scatters the briny drops of sun-lit spray
Over the coral rocks of Morokai.¹
Thus, as to musing thought these isles expand
In smiling contrast with our dark'ning strand,
They rise, as when night's shrouding pall withdrawn,
They hail'd the blush of young Creation's dawn,
Beat back the envions billows' circling foam,
And rose rejoicing in their Ocean home.

Beautiful Isles! whose aëry presence seems
To float before us in these waking dreams,
With what strange tales of Nature's wondrous powers
Your wave-worn cliffs might charm the willing hours,
Could they set forth the story of their youth,
Or foil conjecture with the light of truth.
Whether creation's throes disclos'd their birth,
A common offspring with their kindred earth;
Or Nature's self, in her impatience, cheek'd
The toiling worm,²—her fairy architect—
Nor waiting till late ages should display
The growing isles that in her bosom lay,
Bade fire³ and earthquake from the deep repair,
To cleave their upward pathway to the air,

² The coral insect, whose operations are less conspicuous in the neighbourhood of the Sandwich Isles than in that of many other Islands of the Pacific.

³ Of the agency of fire in their construction, Ellis informs us that "the whole island of Hawaii, covering a space of four thousand square

And led them forth—her pride—her latest boast—
The youngest born of Ocean's countless host.

But these are nature's secrets,—and they lie
Inscrib'd, where Roa's⁴ peaks assail the sky,—
Trac'd in the torrents' path,—on rifted rock
Grav'd by the lightning's scath,—the earthquake's
 shock,

Or stamp'd still deeper on primeval stone
In characters to all, save One, unknown.
Nor less does humbler speculation fail
To knit the fragments of their broken tale,
Of whose past life, amid th' unconscious main,
Their graves the only records now remain.—
Yes! the lone chieftain, wandering by the sea
That binds the towering steeps of Hawaii,⁵
Is now as silent of the dreamy past,
Or where his sires' less happy lot was cast,
As of the land where first the winds arose,
That bear their freight to Mouna⁶ Kea's snows,

miles, from the summit of its lofty mountains, perhaps fifteen or sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, down to the beach, is, according to every observation we could make, one complete mass of lava, or other volcanic matter, in different stages of decomposition." *Polynesian Researches*, vol. iii. ch. 10.

⁴ "Roa," or "Mouna Roa," one of the loftiest mountains of Hawaii.

⁵ "Hawaii," in the old orthography "Owhyhee," is the largest island of the Sandwich group.

⁶ In Cook's Voyages, Captain King states that the peaks of Mouna

Or of the climes that first the seedling bred
Of the fair flower he crushes with his tread.

Strange that no legend, or memorial lay,
Though rude its music, should recall the day
When the light bark, that erst his fathers bore,
Grated its prow on Puna's⁷ pebbly shore,—
When, willing exiles from their native land,
Or press'd by famine, or the spoiler's hand,
Taught by the shell-borne Nautilus—their sail
Aloft they spread before the driving gale,
Sped o'er the waves, that wash'd them with their
 spray,
No chart,—no compass, marshalling their way,
And ending here their toils,—forgot to roam—
And 'mid the waste of waters found a home.

How oft the summer's heat, the winter's showers,
Blest their long sojourn in their island bowers,

Kea appeared to be about half a mile high, and to be entirely covered with snow.

⁷ "Puna," the south-western district of Hawaii, itself the most western of the Sandwich Isles, to which, both on account of its situation and superior elevation, colonists are likely to have been attracted, if it be true, as Ellis states, "that the evidences are strongest in favour of the derivation of their inhabitants from the Malayan tribes inhabiting the Asiatic Islands." See *Polynesian Researches*, vol. i. c. 5.

Of these we know not, for the march of time
Pass'd unrecorded in that drowsy clime.
Lull'd in the haven of a calm repose,
Exempt from dangers, and secur'd from foes,
Supinely blest, no wants—no cares had they
Beyond the cravings of the passing day ;
Enough for them that Nature's bounty pour'd
Her wealth around them,—an exhaustless hoard ;
For sustenance they neither sow'd or till'd,
Or sought it but as wayward nature will'd :
Year after year, in that sweet solitude,
They saw her boon of summer fruits renew'd,
Watch'd the soft Uru's⁸ golden rind expand,
Till the ripe meal hung ready to their hand ;
Stripp'd from the Auti's⁹ bark their warp and woof,
Found in the palm's dark leaves a graceful roof ;
Or where the Cocoa's husky fruits decline,
Drank from its cup their unfermented wine.
Lords of those happy lands, where plenty yields
Spontaneous harvests from uncultur'd fields,
For them the beasts upon the mountains stray'd,
For them the wild fowl throng'd the forest glade ;
'Twas theirs to snare the songsters of the wood,
To net the scaly tenants of the flood,

⁸ "Uru," the native name of the celebrated bread fruit.

⁹ For a description of the Auti, or cloth plant, and its uses, see Poly. Res. vol. i. ch. 2.

Or guided by the torch, at close of day,
In dusky shallows to transfix their prey.

Yet light these labours,—for they left them free,
To rove, as fancy will'd, o'er land and sea,—
To wander through the pathless wood,—to lave
Their swarthy limbs in stream or crystal wave,—
To dash in sport amid the blinding surf,—
To thread the dance upon the moon-lit turf,—
At morn to twine their hair with dewy flowers,
With song and jest to wake the drooping hours,—
At noon to seek beneath the Aoa's boughs,
A screen from heat,—a shelter for repose.¹⁰
Thus by no loftier joys or hopes inspir'd,—
Urg'd by no wants,—by no ambition fir'd,
The current of their being pass'd away,
Like the still waters of the coral bay,¹¹
Scarce ruffled by the blasts whose fury hurl'd
Conflicting tempests o'er a troubled world.

¹⁰ For this description of the mode of living in the Islands, reference may be again made to the *Polynesian Researches*.—For their methods of hunting and fishing, more especially by torch light,—their frequent bathing, and the use of flowers in the decoration of their persons, see vol. i. c. 6. For the use made of the leaves of the Palm tree in thatching their houses, vol. i. c. 7. The amusement of swimming in the surf, &c. is described, vol. iv. c. 14.

¹¹ “The surface of the water within the coral reef is placid and transparent; while that without, if there be the slightest breeze, is considerably agitated; and being unsheltered from the wind, is generally raised in high and foaming waves.” *Poly. Res.* vol. i. cap. 1.

Such was their lot that imag'd forth the time
Of the world's infancy and golden prime,
Had erring nature that sure pathway trod
That leads to happiness,—that points to God.
But superstition's phantom garb array'd
Wild shapes that scar'd them in the midnight shade,
As oft they saw, careering in the storm,
Borne on the blast, Tairi's¹² meteor form,
Or watch'd the clouds whose bright'ning passage
told
Of Pelé's¹³ revels in her mountain hold.
From thought of these, dark tree and rugged stone
Assum'd rude shapes of terror not their own,—
For these the Heiau's gloomy fabric stood,
Deep'ning the horrors of some lonely wood ;
Nor e'en the whispering oaks in Mona's dell,
Of darker rites,—of sterner deeds could tell,
Than those reveal'd by the foul altar's light
That gleam'd portentous on the brow of night ;

¹² “The natives were very desirous to shew us the place where the image of Tairi the war-god stood, and told us, that frequently in the evening he used to be seen flying about in the neighbourhood, in the form of a luminous substance like a flame, or like the tail of a comet.”
—Poly. Res. vol. iv. c. 5.

¹³ The natives believed the volcano at Kirauea to be the abode of their goddess Pelé.—For a description of the beautiful effect produced upon the clouds that passed over it by night, when seen from a distance, see Poly. Res. vol. iv. c. 9.

When of the band of thronging priests around,—
Of idol forms with sacred cinèt ¹⁴ bound,—
Of those rude walls that caught the lurid glare,
Scarce aught seem'd human, save the victim, there.
Hence oft fell omens urg'd the kindling fight,
The strife of subtlety and savage might,
And Pari's ¹⁵ ridges echo'd back the yell
Of those who struggling fought, or yielding fell.
Then was their burst destructive as the tide
Of fiery desolation, from the side
Of that tall mount,¹⁶ whose giant shadow lay
Dark'ning the morn on green Kairua's bay.
And if at times their passions, lull'd to rest,
Slept like the fires within the mountain's breast,
No soft'ning impulse in their hearts arose,
As round the crater's edge no verdure grows :
In such a soil affection withering died,
For all its springs were clos'd,—its fountains dried.
No social bliss could cheer life's dreary span,
For woman was the powerless slave of man :

¹⁴ The cinèt with which the idols were covered, was a species of rough matting made of the fibres of the bark of the Cocoa nut tree.

¹⁵ "The Pari of Anuanu was an important position in times of war, and the parties in possession of it were usually masters of the island. In its vicinity, the independence of Oahu was lost in or about the year 1790."—Poly. Res. vol. iv. c. 1.

¹⁶ Mouna Huararai, in the side of which is situated the volcano of Kirauea.

Few joys of offspring check'd the wish to roam,
Or cast a spell around his sullen home;
His infants' claims provok'd guilt's foulest stain,
And stamp'd his portion with the curse of Cain.
Oft as the sleeping babe unconscious smil'd,
A mother's yearnings pleaded for her child,
Yet heedless of her tears,—her prayers to save,
A father's hand consign'd it to the grave,
To wake no more, until its spirit stand
In sweet communion with that glorious band
Of cherub angels,¹⁷ who before the Throne
For that frail sinful race make aye their ceaseless moan.

Nor is that cry in vain,—though voiceless all
Heaven's angel host, yet Mercy hears their call:
And Mercy's answer is the whispering gale
That smooths the folds in yonder swelling sail,
And speeds in safety through the salt sea foam
That goodly vessel to its destin'd home.
Yes! from the bosom of the Eastern wave
The ministers of Mercy come to save,—
To those benighted islands to proclaim
The joyful tidings of a Saviour's name.
Their fervent zeal has mark'd with deep'ning awe
How long those isles have waited for His law.¹⁸

¹⁷ For the idea contained in these lines, the writer is indebted to the author of "The Pelican Island."

¹⁸ "And the Isles shall wait for His law." Isaiah xlii. 4.

They come,—for blessed promise to prepare
The glorious way to glad fulfilment there.
High are their hopes, as even now they keep
Their midnight watch upon the star-lit deep,
Still waiting till the Orient shall display
Its glowing presage of that brighter day,
Whose dawning beams on those fair lands shall quell
The powers of darkness and the fiends of Hell.

How blest these hopes,—what ample fruits repaid
Their after toils, through Mercy's viewless aid,
Let the wild echoes of Kairua tell,
Or Kona's cliffs that breast the ocean's swell,
For they have found a voice responsive there
To Christian accents breathing praise and prayer,—
Praise of the one true God, where once there stood
Tane's altars reeking with the captive's blood,
And prayer in solitudes, that heard alone
The victor's shout,—the victim's dying groan.
Their Heiau's walls, by native hands laid low,
Their purpose chang'd, a holier office know,¹⁹
And dark Idolatry no more may claim
Those temples sacred to Jehovah's name.

¹⁹ At Kairua, Ellis relates that, while he was there, "upwards of fifty persons were employed in carrying stones from an old Heiau, which they were pulling down, to raise the ground, and lay the foundation of a place of worship."—Poly. Res. vol. iv. c. 15.

Religion's soothing voice at length imparts
Her soft'ning lessons to their savage hearts ;
Oft, as the spirit of a breathless calm²⁰
Sleeps in the unsway'd shadows of the palm,
Beneath the grateful shade they sit,—and tell
How Rono²¹ thither came,—how Rono fell ;—
And gentler promptings teach their lips, though late,
To bless his coming,—and bewail his fate.
What if no cenotaph enshrines his bones,
A nation's gratitude their crime atones ;
Though with his laurels twine no poet's bays,
A nobler anthem may proclaim his praise ;
For oft the mariner, at close of day,
While 'mid those Isles he tracks his dark'ning way,
Hears, softly stealing through the twilight dim,
From yonder shores, the holy evening hymn,—
Wafting a happy presage to his ear,
That genial hearts and helping hands are near,—
That there a friendly welcome would be found,
Where Christian faith, and Christian laws have bound
In one wide brotherhood,—one vast embrace,—
The swarthy savage and his paler race,
—Links of that heavenly chain that Mercy wove,
To compass peace and harmony and love.

²⁰ “ *Φρόνημα μὲν νηνέμου γαλάνας.*”—Æsch. Agam. 717.

²¹ “Rono,” the name by which the natives designated the unfortunate Cook ; of whom they assert, that “they thought he was their god Rono, worshipped him as such, and after his death revered his bones.”—Poly. Res. vol. iv. c. 5.

But twilight scenes like these recall once more
Their parent musings on our island shore ;
Albion ! to thee once more our thoughts incline,
From lands of which Discovery's meed was thine,
In that proud day that bade a nation leap,
As 'twere a new creation, from the deep,—
That fill'd a blank on Nature's living page,
To stand thy record to a distant age.
Yet is a loftier boast within thy power,
Than the chance glories of one happy hour ;
Fire from his central hearth the Grecian bore,²²
Who led his followers to a foreign shore ;
But Albion's sons to these lone isles have brought,
A gift that far surpass'd the Grecian's thought,—
Fire from His shrine, whom earth and heaven obey,
And worlds to'last when these have pass'd away ;
No earthly flame that warms th' insensate clod,
But fire from altars of the living God.

²² Among other customs observed at the departure of colonists, they were wont to take fire from the Prytaneum of the mother-town ; and if ever that fire happened to be extinguished in the colony, it became necessary to go back to the mother-city to rekindle it.—See Larcher's Notes to Herodotus, book i. chap. 146 ; book v. chap. 42.



DE ETRUSCORUM CULTU MORIBUS
ET LEGIBUS EORUMQUE APUD
ROMANOS VESTIGIIS

ORATIO
IN THEATRO SHELDONIANO HABITA
DIE JUNII XV MDCCCXLI



OXONII
FRANCISCUS MACPHERSON

1841



DE ETRUSCORUM CULTU MORIBUS ET
LEGIBUS EORUMQUE APUD
ROMANOS VESTIGIIS.



REM sane nobilissimam aggressi, de Etruscorum institutis fortunisque dicturi, veremur ne majestati operis et scriptoris ars et materia ipsa deesse videatur. Nam ea quæ de Etruscis accepimus a Romanis corrupta atque depravata sunt, quibus etiam ipsis interesset non tradere. Quæ vero investigatio veri esset, cum literæ Etruscæ, fons omnis historiæ, a Romanis negligerentur? aut quæ custodia fidelis rerum gestarum, cum dubia tantum fama in ore hominum volitaret? Latet quidem origo populi obscuritate involuta naturæ: quæ ad unum elementa confluerint, vel in quas partes una gens divisa atque discerpta sit, frustra requiras; hominum, eventuum, etiam urbium memoria, tanquam in mortuorum sepulchris demersa conquiescit. Manent tamen instituta civitatis, altius impressa atque inveterata, quæ ad regulam quandam et certam mensuram exigere possumus; manent artium monumenta, quæ non Romanorum cupiditas, non Italiæ vastatio et prope sempiterna bella spoliârunt; manet ea pars reipublicæ, quæ ad Romanos translata, perpetuâque serie continuata ad finem usque imperii duravit.

Etenim si sparsa rerum fragmenta colligere et quasi

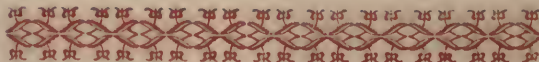




civitatis columnam exstruere velimus, in eo est intendendum, ut quam commenta recentiorum rebus illis noctem offuderint, primum dispellamus. Nam quæ a maioribus accepissent paullatim posterì depravare; luxuriare nimis vividum illud poetarum ingenium; successere historici, qui incredibilia, scilicet, ad veritatis normam resecabant, in ceteris poetarum fidem secuti. Multa sunt igitur per figuras expressa, multa quoque pro gentis indole ac situ locorum adumbrata, eaque singulis attributa, quæ universi essent populi, cum* vel urbes conditas, vel colonias deductas, vel civitates immutatas significarent. Quæ tamen omnia ad Deos auctores relata, mox errore perpetuo consecrabant. Quid? si ferocissima gens humanum atque inermem populum obruerit, si linguam, religionem, rerum gestarum memoriam in uno quasi gurgite miscnerit, quanta esset annalium confusio, quæ perturbatio temporum futura! Quod cum in Græcis urbibus et in tantâ antiquitatis luce acciderit, tum multo magis in Etruscis expectandum erat, quibus raræ per ea tempora litteræ essent, etiam ipsa gentis annalia penitus interierint.

Neque vero ea omnia pro falsis habenda sunt, sed potius veri aliquid ex omnibus eruendum. Aliud est historiam scribere, aliud historiæ fidem labefactare. Ipsi quoque poetæ in iis, quæ depinxerunt, regulam quandam secuti sunt, nec minor igitur Virgilio, ob exquisitam eruditionem, quam Homero propter antiquitatem fides est tribuenda. Quid? si urbium origines, si eventus singulos haud licet accuratè effingere; ut instituta et mores hominum certè licet, quæ et maxima pars historiæ est, et ad agnitionem, omnium pulcherrima. Quid

* Cf. Nieb. Rom. His. Vol. I. p. 25. Clin. Fast. Hell. Vol. I. c. i.





enim magnificentius, quam informes rerum umbras prope ab infinitate repetere; paullatim acrius intuendo, magis magisque discriminare; quæ dubia firmare, quæ sparsa colligere, quæ imperfecta supplere, dum omnia rite locis suis reddita solidam et expressam civitatis effigiem ante oculos proponant.

Et cum origines proximaque originibus, recentioribus illis tanquam e longinquo lucem afferant, prima nobis erit investigatio, unde orta sit gens Etrusca, quam habuerit cum vicinis cognationem. Gravis sanè quæstio, quæ nec omnino omittenda, nec altius perscrutanda est. Ut enim physici est res magis ipsas, quam primas rerum causas ostendere, sic historicum non origines rerum publicarum explicare, verum priscâ jam obscuritate evolutas excipere decet; maturiorem nempe gentis ætatem, legum et morum mutationes, magnorum virorum ingenia, et quasi adulta civitatis robora contemplari.

Jam Etruscos e Lydiâ derivari universa prope antiquitatis consensus, inde usque ab Herodoti temporibus testimoniis satis amplis confirmat. Qui quidem a Romanis Etrusci, a Græcis Tyrseni, a se ipsis vero Rasenna appellati, aut Pelasgica gens fuere, aut certè cum Pelasgis, qui tum ea tenebant loca, cognationem aliquam habebant. *Vetus fama ferebat advenas quosdam ad meridionalem Etruriæ angulum appulisse, exinde Umbris expulsis occupâsse urbibus duodenis terras, prius cis Apenninum ad inferum mare, postea trans Apenninum totidem, quot capita originis essent, coloniis missis, novam multitudinem usque ad Alpes promanâsse. At teste Dionysio, Lydos nulla unquam navalium rerum gloria insignibat; at iidem linguâ, moribus et institutis,

* Liv. V. 33.





ab Etruscis longissimè abhorrerunt ; ipsa denique migratio a Xantho historico Lydorum antiquissimo silentio prætermissa est. Minimè tamen explorare velim, annon dubia quædam similitudinum vestigia etiam in iis quæ supersunt monumentis deprehendenda sint: †tum multo minus Caras an Lydos hæc ipsa fabula respiciat. Nunquam enim illa vetustatis fama loci aut temporis angustis definienda est, verum longè latèque vagari solet. Satis enim constat, nihil aliud in animo habuisse veteres, nisi ab oriente Etruscos derivari; ex his fontibus profluxisse artium gloriam, civitatis instituta; omnem illam humanarum divinarumque rerum scientiam, quæ Græco Etruscoque nomini perenne propriumque decus indiderunt. Jam, quod coloniam illam Lydorum, alii ad Tyrsenum Herculis filium, alii more Græcorum ad Telephum et Trojani belli tempora referebant, in eo perspicuum est Pelasgicam Etruscorum stirpem designari: sic duas gentes diversissimas maximèque disjunctas, coloniae vinculo tanquam notà cognationis continebant.

*Sunt autem qui aliam ingressi viam, cur ab Egypto venissent, gravissima proferunt argumenta; qui non incertam antiquorum fidem respicere sed ipsas monumentorum reliquias oculis jubent perscrutari. Quem enim in statuis, in cloacis arcuantis, in mirificâ ædificiorum mole Egyptum non agnoscere? in sepulchris autem vel maximè, quibus omnia tanquam arcana fideliter commissa, quæ ritus funercos, quæ figuras biformes, pleraque et futuræ vitæ et presentis mysteria in parietibus habeant expressa. Eadem ubique hominis facies, idem

† V. Micali Storia della Ant. Pop. Ital.

* V. Herod. Baehr. Excur. ad. I. 94.



habitus, eadem vestimenta quæ in Canopi monumentis reperiuntur. Accedit eo quod in duobus populis penes paucos civitatis esset administratio, idemque ordo, qui populo præesset, sacerdotio quodam fungeretur. Sed ut illa superiora maritimo Etruscorum imperio tribuenda sunt, qui, cum mercatores essent, artes Græcas atque Ægyptiacas primo inferrent, post etiam ipsi imitarentur; sic hæc posteriora, non unius populi aut temporis fuere, sed omnium ætatum et orientis universi. Neque vero ea, quæ de Ægypto dicuntur, aut affirmare aut refellere in animo est: potius omnia complecti velim, quam in unâ quâdam parte defendendâ, minutias nimis subtiliter exsequi.

*Tertia restat opinio eorum, qui Tyrsenos ab Etruscorum nomine separatos cum Pelasgis arctius sociant. Etruscorum tamen parentes Rhætos esse volunt qui, cum ex Alpibus demissi inopem et jacentem populum obruissent, linguam mores et instituta victores a victis acceperint. Testis, ut aiunt, Livius qui cum Rhætos potius ab Etruscis, Gallico tumultu in montes pulsus, quam Etruscos a Rhætis derivaret, in errorem eum incidisse manifestum arguunt; quasi demum verisimile esset Etruscos jam luxuriâ enervatos, gentem illam e montibus expulisse, quorum propinquos mænibus tecti sustinere non poterant. Eodem igitur modo, quo a Græciâ ante Hellenas, sic ab Italiâ Rhæti Pelasgos pepulerunt: uterque populus armis quam artibus præclarior, cum Pelasgos partim eiecissent, partim in servitutem redegebissent, postremo cum victis coalescebat. Fuerit aliqua fortasse duarum gentium pervetusta conjunctio: credibile est Rhætos æquè ac Hellenas, ex Pelasgico fonte ortos, in

* V. Nieb. Vol. I. p. 107. §.




Pelasgicam sedem referri; quos tamen loca ipsa efferās-
sent, ut ne sonum quidem linguæ incorruptum retine-
rent. Neque minus adjuvabat eos Italiæ perturbatio, quæ
cum ingenti advenarum diluvio pæne ipsa fluctuabat.

Sed quoniam in interminato campo versamur et in
quem intendens et projiciens se animus, nullam tamen
oram videat (cum linguæ Etruscæ pauca tantum ves-
tigia supersint, de quibus tamen ipsis summâ apud
doctos contentione certatur, monumenta vero quæ sint
Etruscorum, ne ullâ quidem notâ discerni possunt) ad
ea potius inquirenda festinemus, quæ vita, qui mores
fuerint, quibus vel legibus, vel institutis eo usque cre-
verint Etruscorum opes, ut de Italiæ sive orbis imperio,
tot annos cum principe terrarum populo decertarent;
qualis denique illa cum Romanis societas, quæ ritus
ceremoniasque amborum in unum miscuerit, libertatem
Romanæ plebis jam nascentem oppresserit, reipublicam
penitus labefactaverit.

Et quoniam a Deorum reverentiâ pendet omnis civi-
tas, maximeque in eâ gente, quæ, cum arte colendi Deos
excelleret, præ ceteris religioni dedita fuit, primum
quisnam ordo Deorum, quive sacrorum fuerint ritus,
anquirendum. Semper enim Etruscorum respublica
arctissimo religionis vinculo colligata fuit; hæc propin-
quos, hæc cives conjunxit; hæc duodecim inter se populos
consociavit; etiam hoc artium scientiæque fundamentum,
fons omnis publici privatique juris. Erat enim omnis
quasi Deorum civitas, in quâ qui auspicia haberent rem
gererent, nec aliud esset principibus repugnare quam
bellari cum Diis. Nam ut apud Gallos Druidæ, apud Ba-
bylonios Chaldæi summâ rerum potiti sunt, sic Etrusco-
rum Lucumones sive sacerdotes domi forisque imperium
obtinuerunt. Qui quidem ordo sive genere, sive gradi-




bus tantum distinctus, sacrosanctam certè potestatem exercebat, omnique Deorum immortalium majestate vestitam. Quibus igitur instrumentis aptati hanc tantam sibi vim et dignitatem assecuti sunt? Primum quidem illam non in mentibus nostris inscriptam, sed innatam Dei notionem sedulo foverunt: manebant priscæ quædam fidei vestigia, quæ si non expressam Dei imaginem, at certè adumbratam revelabant. Accedebat eo vitæ ratio pura simplexque, tum loci quoque religio. Quid enim cœli illius serenitas, quid patris Apennini majestas, quid utriusque maris immensitas, præter Dei naturam puram, verendam, infinitam ante oculos hominum proponeret? Aptissima sunt omnino arma civitatis regendæ rituum ceremoniarumque instituta, quæ primo quidem, e simplice Dei metu profecta, mox etiam ad rempublicam firmandam, mirificam habent vim. Multa igitur a sacerdotibus utiliter inventa; invicem quæ invenissent ab inventoribus ipsis credita, quorum vaticinia se ipsa explerent, cum ejusdem esset ordinis et civitatem administrare et fata civitatis præmonere. Jam illa pristina libertas oppressa atque restincta fuit: superstitio tetra animos hominum invaserat, quæ non tam nervos civitatis debilitavit, quam vires omnium in se ipsa collegit. Adeo fuit admirabilis quædam partium conformatio, ut alia ex aliis nexa omniaque in hoc unum apte colligata viderentur. Quæ cum divinarum rerum sollertia ad Romanos defluerit, in eo tamen ab Etruscis distabant, quod flamines sacerdotesque, licet cum patriciis origine studiisque connexi, separatim tamen in republicâ ordinem effecerunt. Fuit illa reverà Etruscorum religio, quasi anima quædam per humanarum rerum molem infusa, quæ omnes animorum motus replicatione quâdam regeret



stimularetque, sine quâ nec vigor esset in republicâ gerendâ, nec vita omnino, quæ humanam mentem ad magnum aliquid impelleret.

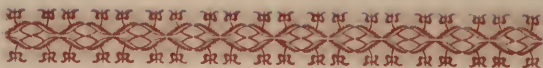
Difficile est omnia enumerare quæ ad hanc vel ad illam religionis formam incertos populi animos incitaverint. Verum ut religio ad mores et instituta hominum, ad varium civitatis statum informatur, sic eadem artium studia, rerum publicarum vicissitudines probè ostendit. Quæ primo quidem, ut inter agrestes rudi simplicitatis origine imbuta, mox usu diuturno, vel superstitionibus peregrè immissis, impeditior paullatim fieri cœpit. Jam qualis apud Italiæ populos priscus ille fuerit Deorum cultus, ex Sabinorum ritibus augurari licet: qui quo primum loco quirin defixissent, summâ hanc reverentiâ adorabant. Omnis illa veterum Etruscorum religio agriculturam spectabat: Janum agris, Saturnum cultoribus præficiebant, montem, fluvium, vallemque omnem infinito Deorum numero consecrabant. Quis enim in fulgure, in terræ motibus, in maris tempestatibus non præsentem Deum audiret agnosceretque? quæ numinum vestigia, si nulla omnino fuisset religio, tamen per se ipse animus hominum reformidaret. Hinc avium volantium strepitantiumque omina, hinc mos pullos consultandi, hinc omnis auguralis illa, quæ ad Romanos permanavit disciplina. Verum ubi civitas, quam Græci vocant, instituta esset, variique ordines certis gradibus distincti; religio vero omnis in eorum esset manibus, penes quos imperium, cum his armis ad regendos populi animos optimates uterentur, quanta esset rituum scientia, quam incredibilis rerum verborumque subtilitas futura, præsertim animis hominum in hoc unum conversis! Mox Janum rerum omnium principium et fontem appellabant; Saturno cæcam quandam vim et naturam tribue-



bant; omnia a luce in tenebras, a rebus ipsis in species rerum mutata. Multa quoque ab Ægypto et Oriente derivata: quæ quidem a sacerdotibus tanquam arcani disciplinâ summâ fide conservata. Constat enim in duas partes religionem suam Etruscos divisisse, alteram quæ in luce oculisque hominum versaretur, quæ habitaret cum iis, domi forisque occurreret, alteram quæ a conspectu vulgi remota, tanquam in speculo cerneretur, densis occultata tenebris et circumfusa. Cum hæc vëro infinitum Deorum numerum informaret, quos vulgus intellectu capere posset, illa unum æternumque et per omnia commeantem Deum revelabat. Nunquam enim illa vetus superstitio apertè se in lucem protulit, verum imagines quasdam potestatis ejus profudit quæ in rerum naturâ altius delitebat.

Nos vero prope sacrilegum rati illos numinis secessus violare, quos ipsi tenebris et caligine circumsepirent, ad inferiorem potius Deorum ordinem veniamus quos Complices sive Consentes appellabant. Quorum ut nomina, sic etiam cultus ad Romanos videtur permanâsse. Qui cum numero duodecim essent, sex mares, sex feminas effingebant, quasi omnium rerum animaliumque naturæ in duas partes discerperentur, qui tamen haberent aliquam communionem.* Duplex ea Deorum notio penitus in Romanorum sacris insedit atque inveteravit, qui Jovem Junonemque, Vertumnum Fortunamque, ceterosque geminatos Deos ab Etruriâ derivârunt. Qui Complices terrenum hunc orbem tanquam domicilium imperii administrabant, quorum motu elementa regerentur, animalia vitam et spiritum ducerent, a quibus omnium rerum natura penderet, et cum hinc orta esset,

* Muller. Etrus. III. 3.



huc reverteretur. Janus autem is erat, quem Etrusci cœlo præficerent, qui cardinem, qui decumanum in manu teneret converteretque :† idemque a Romanis translatus januæ præpositus est, quos verisimile sit ea quæ ab Etruscis accepissent cum Latinorum sacris immiscuisse. At Vertumnum “ Deum Etruriæ principem” apud Romanos etiam in eodem habitum honore accepimus, cui gentes ambæ munus illud tribuerunt, ut anni tempestates regeret, rerumque omnium certo ordine circumageret mutationes. Statua ejus Romæ in Tusco vico locata ; cultus Etruscus, etiam nomen a Romanis servatum.‡ Quid singula? Nam universus pœnè Deorum mundus ex Etruscorum cœlo descendebat. Hinc enim Saturnus, hinc Ceres, hinc Neptunus etiam : non illos dico Deos ipsos, sed nomina quædam, quorum tamen vim et naturam, non e veteri avorum usu, sed e Græcis fabulis Romani explicuerunt. Jovem autem, Junonem, Minervamque a Tarquinio Roman translato etiam Romanorum annalia commemorant, quos more Etruscorum in unum confertos in Capitolio colebant. Jam aruspices et fabri ad ædificandum templum ab Etruriâ acciti : fana Sabinorum, quæ a Tatius rege jam in initio urbis vota essent, exaugurata. Hæc tria numina fuere, quæ in omni Etruscorum oppido culta vinculo quodam religionis inter se videntur contineri. Erat enim Jupiter terrestrium rerum column, qui fulgura immitteret qui terræ motus tempestatesque. Ceteros Consentes Deos hujus concilium esse voluerunt, qui ut ipse in solio sedens, summum honorem gentis, sive rex, sive dictator is fuerit, adumbrabat, sic illi populos duodecim ad Voltumnæ fanum convocatos, imagine

† Muller. Etrus. III. 3, 5.

‡ Liv. VII. 3.





quâdam consecrabant divinitatis. At Jovi hostem acerrimum Vejovem esse fingeant, quem ut tetrum et impurum et abominandum Deum detestati, tanquam auctorem mali, sacrificiis tamen et ritibus conciliabant. Vestigia profecto orientalis philosophiæ, quæ duas naturas contrarias et inter se repugnantes in Deorum mundum intulit! Unde enim illa sempiterna rerum omnium contentio? unde tempestatum, terræ marisque concursus, unde mortis vitæque, boni malique, hominum Dei que certamen? in quibus aut facere aut pati aliquid omnia videantur:—qui autem Deus, cum omnipotens esset, aut mali quidquam fieri aut boni non fieri concederet? Jam eadem ferè in Laribus Geniisque depingendis notio occurrit, *quorum alter, veste candidâ, benigno formosoque vultu functorum animos in Tartaro comiter excipit, alter aspectu tetro et quasi stimulis agitans terret castigatque: etiam in vitâ duo custodes dati, alter qui ad omne decus homines incitaret, alter qui alliceret ad turpitudinem. Itaque mundum ipsum, quasi in illo semina quædam mali inhærescerent, non ipsum Jovem creâsse arbitrabantur, sed ministro cuidam sive demiurgo hoc opus perficiendum demandâsse. Multa quoque non solum ab Oriente, verum ab Ægypto et Græciâ translata, cum Junonem Faleriis pænè Græco more et sollenni *κατηφόρων* pompâ colerent, quæ sive a Pelasgis orta sint, sive serius ut in populo maritimo illata, certè ex hoc fonte profluxerunt. Adeo Tarquinii Delphos legationem miserunt; Agyllæ cum iisdem societatem aliquam inierunt; unde etiam mos ille Delphos mittendi ab Etruscis in Romanos venit. Constat immò libros ipsos, qui in republicâ administrandâ tantam vim

• Micali Tabulæ, passim.





habuerint, licet, Etrusco rege, Romam allatos, fuisse tamen Græcis literis exscriptos.

Longior sim, si omnes Deorum formas enumerare velim, quas vulgi superstitio, quas sacerdotum solertia excuderit, quæ aut ipso loco natæ sint, aut peregræ a mercatoribus immissæ. Verum altera restat religionis pars, quæ Lares et Penates amplexa est, quæ cum horrendum quiddam et formidolosum haberet, altissimè hominum mentibus insedit. Jam infernum quendam Plutonem effingebant, Mantum appellabant; huic Tartari imperium, huic omnis mortuorum cura commissa. Effigies Mantus, facie quadratâ, fædo monstroque vultu, dentibus exacutis, linguâ etiam per irrisionem exsertâ, reperitur jam nunc in Etruscorum sepulchris. Qui cum Maniâ inferorum Deâ dividebat imperium: ambo terribiles, tenebrosi, immisericordes Dii, et quibus memoraret fama puerum semel immolatum. Custodiebant hi Tartari januam, cujus cum ferrea claustra quotannis ternos dies aperirentur, manes hominum, hinc inde transibant quasi viâ per solitudinem factâ. Mundus huic Tartaro nomen: Romæ quoque in comitiis puteum sic appellatum ferunt, in quo, Catone teste, frugum pecudumque primitias sepeliebant. Animas autem hominum, cum e corpore evolâssent, in vastis inferorum cavernis credebant exspatiari; exinde qui de patriâ et Diis benè meriti essent, et quasi sordibus humanis animum purgâssent Larium naturam induere, contra inpios sacrilegosve in abominanda quædam spectra mutari, quos Lemures appellabant. Hi quidem Lemures fuere qui, cum vitam omnem in luctu degerent, detestati homines, naturam speciemque ferarum sibi præferrent. At Laribus illud munus tributum erat, ut animas hominum a Tartaro liberarent; hi suos usque comiter et benignè





respiciebant; mox ipsi si in obeundo officio fortiter se gessissent, in alterum divinitatis gradum elati, Genii creati sunt. Sic universa Deorum multitudo et celestium et inferorum gradibus inter se connexa, omniumque animantium naturæ pænè infinitâ serie continuatæ.

Veniamus ad aruspicum disciplinam, quam, cum a Romanis ex Etruriâ adhibita sit, ex illorum usu potius quam e libris Etruscis explicanda est. Jam sub Tarquinio rege, teste Livio, auguribus sacerdotio que augurum is honos accessit, ut nihil belli domique nisi auspicato gereretur. Decrevit postea senatus, ut de principum filiis, sex singulis Etruriæ populis traderentur in disciplinam. Quæ quidem disciplina in extorum cognitione, in fulgurum procuratione, in monstris portentisque explicandis maximè versabatur. Optimi auguris erat, avium strepitus volatusque interpretari, cur aliis a dextrâ, aliis a lævâ ratum esset auspicium; quid quâque cœli parte ostenta quæque significarent. Cœlum autem in XVI. partes diviserunt Etrusci: tam multiplex et pænè infinita fuit omnis illa divinarum rerum scientia. Quæ partim in opinione, partim in observatione diuturnâ posita, ut omnis fere Etruscorum religio, rudem illam et agrestem originem summâ doctrinæ verborumque subtilitate celavit. Reputandum quot Dei figuras et similitudines longo tempore solertia sacerdotum esset inventura, quæ divinæ mentis indicia; quæ primo quidem ore tradita, paullatim in commentarios relata, quotannis numero et difficultate crescebant. Nec minor in exstispicio cura fuit, quæ ex sacrificiorum ritibus orta quibusdam tamen inniti videtur physiologiæ radicibus. Verisimile est ut Romanorum augures sacerdotesque, sic Etruscorum aruspices in col-





legium fuisse sociatos, qui priscâ tamen ætate reipublicæ nusquam Romæ inventi sunt, semper vero ab Etruriâ acciti. Jam sub imperatoribus, aruspicum disciplina, cum a Chaldæis corrupta et depravata esset, in astrorum motu natalitiisque se exercebat : etiam cum purior Romanorum cultus nondum peregrinâ superstitione imbutus esset, scire difficillimum quid Etruscis, quid Sabinis, quid Græciæ deniquetribuendum sit.

Si quis forte Etruscorum religionem cum Græcâ comparare velit, multa similia, multa quoque diversa in iis inveniet. Erat enim altera ex poetarum commentis et heroum cultu nata ; altera ab orientis fonte ducta et in naturæ posita contemplatione. Fuit hæc optimatum religio, illa popularis ; hæc artis, illa naturæ ; hæc summas tantum rerum formas leviter attingebat, illa mundi mysteria et futuri ævi conditionem altius scrutabatur. Græcis autem, cum nullus esset sacerdotium ordo, qui ullo inter se vinculo tenerentur, Etruscorum Lucumones, non modo a ceteris separati erant, verum universam gentem auctoritate quâdam regebant divinâ. Ita cum religio Græcorum ad depravandos potius mores viam præmuniret, quod ipsa quoque Deorum licentia peccandi licentiam hominibus concederet, Etruscorum contra superstitio juveniles animos informavit, inferorum metu teterrimique supplicii a flagitio deterruit.

Alia fuit opinio eorum, quæ numeris eam vim et naturam tribuebat, ut in iis divinum quiddam esse diceret. Res enim omnes certis temporum finibus describebant, quos dies appellabant, quorum alios hominibus, alios nationibus, alios universo hominum generi assignabant. Ut enim solem, lunam, stellas certo motu circumagi viderent, quorum alios latiore, alios angustiore gyrum conficere, ut dies mensem, menses an-



num, annos vero sæculum explere, sic in divinis humanisque rebus orbem quendam fieri putabant, qui gentium hominumque fortunas amplecteretur, summamque fatalem conficeret naturali circuitu. Quæ quidem opinio ab oriente, ut videtur, deducta, partim ex physicarum rerum contemplatione orta fuit, partim ex ipsâ numerorum ratione, qui ut circuli quidam in semet revolvuntur. Idem fere Pythagorei voluerunt, cum ex numeris et mathematicorum initiis constare dicunt omnia. Gentium vero ortus interitusque certis signis miraculisque ostendi sibi Etrusci putabant, sibi decem, Romanis duodecim assignari sæcula. Ea vox ab Aruspibus audita jam in ipso Romæ excidio, cum occasum urbis appropinquare dicerent, animos hominum quasi veterum sacrorum memoriâ resuscitatâ prope metu consternavit.

Utinam in eo immorari liceret, quod vir ille summus qui solertiâ pœnè incredibili, propriisque viribus fidens, Romam Romanasque res ad lucem revocaverit, annum Romuleum haud dubiè ab Etruscis ductum putat,* quem utpote temporis metam accuratiorem, etsi non omni civili anno, certo tamen annorum numero, cum finito solis cursu convenire. Multa quoque in temporum nimis exactâ computatione notat, quæ Etruscorum subtilitati tribuenda sint. Fuerint ea licet per se ipsa exigua, magnarum tamen existimanda sunt vicissitudinum indicia.

Etenim si historia sileat, si ne nota quidem gentis usquam appareat, reliquiæ tamen urbium per se facillè evincunt, populum omnium clarissimum quasi in sepulchro delitere. Enimvero artium studia cum religione et moribus habent quoddam commune vinculum: cum

* Nieb. Vol. i. 270.



artes a religione foveantur suscitanturque, hæc vero ab illis ornatur atque illustratur. Itaque varias reipublicæ mutationes, cultûs Etrusci, etiam philosophiæ atque mercaturæ vicissitudines ex monumentis licet explicare. Ut vero apud Græcos, sic etiam Etruriæ fuit tempus aliquod, quo ingenium gentis vires explicuerit, et quasi amotis vinculis cœperit luxuriare. Jam rudis illa et propè monstrosa hominis figura in spirantem effigiem mutata; lineamenta oris, compositio vultûs, habitus membrorum, adeo exquisitè efficta, ut cum Græcis etiam certarent monumentis. Vereor sanè ne a proposito fine videar deerrare, sed cum omnis ferè nostra de moribus Etruscorum notitia in reliquiis hisce contineatur, enitendum ut varias artium mutationes vel ab origine gentis accuratius evolvam.

Quibus igitur modis in Deorum cultum artes adhibeantur, nemo ignorat, neque ulla gens est tam barbara, quæ non aliquam sanè Deorum figuram animo conceperit. Quæ quidem figura nihil aliud est quam humana, quam pro variâ gentis indole variatam, sive ad vim, sive ferocitatem exprimendam, sculptoris ars aut in perfectam hominis effigiem informaverit, aut deformitate quâdam in monstrum detorserit. Hinc omnes humanorum animorum affectus transferuntur in Deum; hinc boni malique similitudo; celestium infernorumque Deorum imagines in parietibus sculpuntur. Quis enim dubitaret animalium illorum portenta, in rerum naturâ explicandâ vim quandam habuisse et notionem? Quid vero hominum mentes ad Deorum reverentiam et metum potius impelleret quam magnifica illa templorum moles? in quibus non exquisita artis subtilitas, sed rudis quædam simplexque majestas esset admiranda. Mos ille fuit sacras ædes e saxo quadrato ædificandi, quæ primò





quidem solidæ et pœne informes, paullatim eleganti simplicitate Doricam venustatem æmulatæ sunt. Singula vero templa in tres cellas divisa sunt, quarum unam Jovi, alteram Junoni, tertiam dedicabant Minervæ. Antiqua sanè forma cum usu inveterata, tum relligione consecrata fuit, cum singulas templi partes vix dubium sit occultum quiddam significâsse. Nec igitur absimile est ut in mediâ, quam appellant, ætate, sic apud Tuscos omnem illam sculpturæ et architecturæ artem fuisse penes sacerdotes; cum vetera Etruscorum monumenta ejusmodi sint, quæ non tam vivido vegetoque liberæ gentis ingenio, sed artificio cuidam tribuenda sint et imitandi studio. Ita nusquam poesis satis liberas, ut in populari civitate, nacta vires, apud Etruscos floruit; quia relligio altè in mentibus defixa non imagines rerum captabat; at reverà hominum ingenium in mysteriis contemplandis sibi ipsi diffidebat.

Jam in ipsam *νεκύαν* veniamus, mœnia Cyclopea, arcuata claustra, solidam et prope æternam molem animo proponamus.

Constituamus ante oculos imagines Lucumonum, longo ordine dispositas, quorum capita coronis aureis decorantur, manus arcum et sagittas tenent; busta marmorea et in templorum formam exstructa; omnia, quæ domicilium mortuorum, in quo dulcem animi capiant quietem, exprimant. Abhorret quippe longissimè ab Etruscorum relligione vana illa et illætabilis, quam in Odyssæâ reperiâs, Umbrarum notio; nec fuit illud quasi corpus aut quasi sanguis, at solidum quiddam et verè humanum spirabat. * Hinc ritus funerei et exequiæ, illinc saltatorum erant gladiatorumque spectacula.

* Micali Tab. Ixviii.





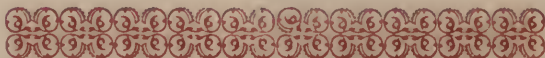
† Parte aliâ mulieres, veste scissâ, crinibus solutis ad morientium cubilia flentes orantesque intuemur; aliâ per vastos fœditate locos exilem umbram curru invectam, quem genii comitantur, alii benefici, candentes, alati Dii, alii tetro vultu securibusque armati; procul Erebi januam, portasque ferratas, tum ipsum Mantum, judicem Umbrarum, in solio sedentem, geniosque pro animâ deprecantes; contrâ † Maniani, capite velato, pallâque ad pedes diffuente, hospitem quasi dextrâ corripientem. At qualis illa parietum cœlatura! qui colorum splendor! quæ frontis majestas! quanta affectuum vehementia! quam ad hæc omnia exprimenda mirè compositi vultus! Rursus barbarum quoddam et informe sculpendi genus, monstra immania, figuræ biformes, alisque convolutis instructæ; § Dii quoque ipsi modo serpentum, modo quadrupedum figuras visi induere, etiam animalia inter se repugnare, et quasi universa natura cum semet ipsâ reluctari. Plurima vero apud recentiores a Græcis desumpta notare licet, Centauros δειδροφοροῦς, Herculem leoninâ pelle succinctum, Satyrorum, Dryadum, Nereidum formas pæne innumera- biles; quæ si non veterum sacrorum extinctionem, at certe depravationem indicant.


Recolentibus Etruscorum reliquias quæstio obversatur, quænam illa cum Græciâ consociatio, quæ in monumentis reperiatur. Ferebat fama Demaratum Corinthium cum Tarquinius veniret Euchira et Eugrammum secum tulisse picturæ scilicet et sculpturæ inventores. Alicui vero accuratius rem inspicienti, constat antiquiorem fuisse artis formam et a Græcâ alienissimam, cujus etiam in

† Micali Tab. lvi. xxx. lx.

‡ Micali Tab. xxii.

§ Micali Tab. xcvi.






recentioribus monumentis vestigia quædam deprehendenda sunt. Jam fibulas auratas, collum monilibus ornatum, vestem gemmis stellantem Indiæ potius notas dixeris, cum illa solida statuarum moles, densæ crines, membra informia ab Ægypto derivari videatur, sed tamen perspicuum est, recentiores Etruscos a Corintho multa mutuatos; mox urbibus magnæ Græciæ eversis fontem illum Græcarum literarum in Italiam redundasse.

* Fuisse quidem Etruscos, ut singulari erga Deos reverentiâ, sic præcipuâ morum puritate satis per se ipsa artium monumenta declarant. Unde enim in vetustissimis operibus, quæ verè Etrusca sint, ne nota quidem licentiæ reperienda est? Quæ certè improbis calumniatorum vocibus opponenda sunt, qui pingues et luxuriosos Synhenos memorantes, non veterem Etruriæ populum, sed municipes Syllanos libidine et luxuriâ exhaustos perstringebant. Mirari libet nullam unquam ex peregrinis moribus corruptelam populum maritimum suscepisse, nec licentiam popularem vires nactam unquam in seditionem erupisse.

Quærendum igitur quæ forma civitatis super hoc tam præclaro relligionis fundamento imposita sit. Quod si Festo credimus, Etrusci eodem ferè quo Romani modo in tribus, curias, gentesque divisi erant, quem tamen suspicari licet, cum de Etruscis nihil omnino comperti haberet, a suorum institutis hæc eadem transtulisse. Singulis autem civitatibus annui præerant magistratus, qui quoniam continuato honore, plusquam annuis temporibus defungerentur, reges a Romanis appellati sunt. Illud certè constat penes paucos imperium fuisse, eosdem


* Nieb. vol. i. 139.





et sacerdotali munere functos et belli duces exstitisse. Verisimile est, cum popularis concilii ne mentio quidem occurrat, procures a ceteris ordinibus penitus exclusos et separatos fuisse. Ea quidem ordinum separatio maximè vires Etruscorum disjunxit atque labefactavit, cum plebem nullam Romanæ similem plebi respublica haberet. Quo enim novâ civium municipumve multitudine affluente, Romanorum civitas latius patuit, eo angustius, decrescente, ut solet, optimatum numero, Etruscorum oligarchia definita est. Itaque in extremo illo cum Romanis certamine, vires gentis exhaustæ: mox uno alterove prælio debellatum est. Nihil illa feralis superstitio, nihil servitiorum imbellis multitudo, nihil universi populi cum Samnitibus conjuratio contra integras hostis vires et libertatem renascentem valebat.

Etenim societas ista, quæ duodecim inter se populos per tot sæcula colligavit, specie magis quam reipsâ stabilis existimanda est. Quæ quidem ejusmodi fuit, quæ apud Græcos *Ἀμφικτιονία* dicitur, non ad gentem commiscendam nata, verum ad domestica bella prohibenda et inimicitias placandas. Quæ enim discordiarum finis esset, si in rudi ferocique ævo vicinæ gentes, populabundæ magis quam justî more belli, æternis inter se simultatibus certarent? Singulæ igitur civitates, cum res domi forisque administrarent, bella gererent, magistratus crearent, nunquam tamen civili inter se odio exarserunt. Quæ sane populorum conjuratio, licet nunquam dissoluta, persæpe tamen quassata et immutata fuit: veteres civitates expulsæ, novæque in fœdus receptæ: quibus ad Voltumnæ fanum convenientibus e Lucumonibus creatus, quem lictores singuli suæ quisque civitatis, communiter in universos prædicarent regi.



Jam leges relligionis radicibus quibusdam inniti, etiam si nulla indicia supersint, civitatis tamen formam consideranti facilè credendum est. Hinc Termini cultus; hinc fetialium ceremoniæ, hinc omnis illa agrimensurorum disciplina. Mite supplicium de debitoribus sumptum, quasi humanum esset magis clementer agere, quam accuratè jus postulare. Sic ipsa quoque urbis mœnia sacrosancta fingeant, ut patriam defendere nihil aliud esset quam pro Diis certare; unum illud defuit Etruscorum reipublicæ libera atque honesta plebs: nec ideo mirum, si universo Etruscorum populo debellando urbs una sufficeret. Fuit autem reverà, si gentes non locos spectares, Orientis cum Occidente certamen: hinc enim stabat pudor, illinc metus; hinc libertas, illinc dominatio paucorum; hinc crescentis populi vires, illinc effeta potestas suâque ipsius mole dissoluta. Ea demum fatalis ætas Etruscis revoluta est, cum neque optimates injustâ reipublicæ possessione cederent, nec plebs, satis firmas nacta vires, optimatium potestatem evertere, superbos reipublicæ dominos a seipsis conservare posset.

Quæ igitur illa cognatio quæ duos inter se populos adeo tenaciter vinctos tenuerit, quæ mores, quæ relligionem, quæ instituta Romanorum penitus infecerit, et in intimam societatem penetraverit. Satis quidem constat vel ab initio civitatis Romanos cum Etruscis aut fœdere inito, aut aliquo certè modo contineri. Jam in ipsis poetarum fabulis, Mezentius Etruriæ rex sive tyrannus fert arma Trojanis infesta, reliqua tamen duce Tarchonte multitudo, fida atque socialia. In quibus duplicem rerum famam notaveris; alteram quæ inimicitias Veientûm et propè continua bella adumbraret; alteram quæ veterem populorum societatem clarè exprimeret. Etenim ut res ipsas sic etiam nomina




rerum ab Etruscis Romani mutuati sunt. Cujusmodi sunt ea, quæ ad Haruspicum disciplinam pertineant: ceremonias, harios, histriones ab Etruriâ derivari ipsi quoque Romani testantur. Accedit eo quod sermo Latinus cum antiquissimâ Indiæ linguâ in multis propiorum quam Græcus habeat conjunctionem. Quæ quidem similitudo non speciosa tantum, sed radicitus linguæ insita atque infixæ. Quæ tamen unde nisi ab Etrusco fonte in Romanos profluxerunt? Sed quum immensi esset operis sparsa linguæ fragmenta colligere, ad ea potius veniamus quæ historiæ monumentis commendata sunt. Licet enim illa de urbe condendâ fama in obscuro sit, tamen perspicuum est, cum Luceribus tertia pars data sit, quos a Lucumone quodam Etrusco nominari fingerent, etiam in hâc tantâ rerum vetustate Etruscis aliquid attributum. Luceres autem in monte Cœlio locari per se ipsum indicio est, Lucumonem illum Cœlium Vivennam fuisse quem in aliâ fabulâ Romuli socium atque amicum ferrent. Mirum sanè eundem Cœlium Vivennam cum Tarquinio aliquo modo implicari tum Luceres ipsos Tarquinium in senatum legisse. Nec igitur absimile si omnia Etruscorum vestigia a Tarquiniis illata errore quodam ad Romuli tempora primamque urbis originem rejecta sint.

Priscam illam Romanorum religionem a Numâ Sabino ortam esse, consensus omnium ætatum satis clarè ostendit. Quæ quidem gentis societas etiam in Tatio adumbrata, nihil aliud fortasse significet quam mores et instituta agrestium ab agresti gente derivari: postmodo artes et scientiam Etruscorum in novum adhuc populum viam invenisse. Traditur quidem A. U. C. 571 inventos Numæ libros, cum vetustate obsoleti essent, et ab hodierno usu maximè abhorrent, jussu prætoris esse com-



bustos. Quæ tamen relligionis unde orta vicissitudo? Silent annales, omittunt omnes libri, cum in hâc tam incertâ rerum famâ, nihil fere certius sit, quam cultum mores et instituta civitatis universæ penitus ab Etruscis fuisse mutata? Jamdiu veteris religionis fautores imperio Etruscorum restitisse, vel ex Attii Nævii fabulâ constat, qui in regem Tarquinium invectus, cum numerum tantum tribuum inviolatum præstaret, ipsam litis causam in medio reliquit. Idem fere ex Etrusco bello colligendum quod a Tarquinio Prisco gestum Dionysius memoravit; qui tamen imperfectè et confusè tantum rem enarrat, cum victorem Tarquinium ad Romanos transferre velit. Tum primum ludorum Etruscorum mentio facta, histriones acciti; Capitolium exstructum, cloaca maxima excavata, opera in hâc tantâ ruinarum magnificentiâ posteris admirabilia futura. Sed cum in artibus et ædificiis pleraque Etruscorum vestigia reperiantur, tum multo majora in Deorum cultu et civitate instituendâ. Unde enim funerum mos aut a quibus magistratuum insignia? unde relligio aut ea quæ ad Lares pertinet, aut quæ in Haruspicum disciplinâ versatur? unde triplex illa ordinum ratio, nisi ab his qui, cum antiquissima orientis instituta integrè servâssent, ad Romanos incorrupta transtulerunt? Hinc numerum lictorum, hinc sellam curulem, togamque prætextam Livio quoque duci placet. Hinc etiam illa optimatium acerbitas, et relligio ad plebem coercendam usurpata: Servium autem Tullium, quem secundum a Romulo plebs conditorem ferebat, e Latinis, unde plebs ipsa esset, derivari liquido patet. Satis quidem constat popularem civitatis statum a Servio informatum ab Etruscis abrogatum fuisse; quæ vero seditiones in urbe sævierint, quanta fuerint aut patriciorum cum plebe, aut Latino-




rum cum Etruscis certamina, discerni nequit. Regem Etruscum urbem occupâsse, ope patriciorum plebem oppressisse, latè et in Etruscos et in Latinos imperium protulisse, vel ex iis quæ supersunt monumentis probe colligendum est; hunc cum procerum pariter ac plebis jura invasisset, postremo ab utrisque expulsum: mox omnem Tarquiniorum domum relegatam ad Etruscos et Latinos confugisse. Porsenna vero ipse, quem annalium scriptores amicitia junctum ferunt, teste Tacito, urbem oppugnavit. Hinc reverà mos ille, qui ad Livianam usque ætatem manebat, bona Porsennæ regis vendendi: hinc solium a Romanis Etrusco more oblatum, hinc tribuum numerus ad viginti recisus, cum tertiam agri partem Romani Porsennæ cessissent. Et quidem fœdus cum Carthaginiensibus ictum, non solum universam Latii oram Romanos occupâsse, confirmat, verum etiam maritimo imperio potitos esse. Nihilne igitur Muciana profuit virtus, nihil Valeriorum fortitudo, quominus macula quædam Romanorum nomini inhæresceret, ab historicorum scilicet fraude diligenter occultanda? Verisimile est post Aricinam cladem, Etruscorum vim adeo fractam et debilitatam fuisse, ut Romani hoc ipsum tempus ad Etruscorum jugum excutiendum arriperent. Jam post Cremeræ excidium, perpetuis ferè contentionibus Romani cum Veientibus exercebantur: in quibus facile visu est, Veientes a reliquâ gente separari: nec nisi postea, captis Veiis, duodecim populos in Romanos conjurâsse. Verum in ipso Gallorum excidio antiquæ memoriam conjunctionis a Romanis et Etruscis servari, ex eo colligitur, quod Cæritibus, ut cognato populo, Deorum sacra librosque rituum in custodiam tradiderint.

Sed cum maximam religionis partem ab Etruscis



Romani adhibuissent, vix dubium esset Decemvirorum leges ex hâc origine deduci. Quæ quidem penitus duos ordines separârunt, et Etrusco more, non gradu solum, sed genere toto distinxerunt, cum profanum esset admistione plebis Deorum ritus turbare, nec nisi magistratui majori auspicia concederentur. Etenim in vetere istâ Romanorum republicâ, flaminum sacerdotumque collegia non modo cum Patriciis arcte cohærebant, verum ipsi pœnè in tertium civitatis ordinem descripti sunt. Erat aliquando certè tempus, cum Deos cum hominibus versari, cum omina, cum portenta ostendi crederet simplex et agreste genus: necdum ea, quæ postea gentem occupavit, negligentia Deorum sæculum tenuerat. Post scientia cum usu obsoleta: manebant simulachra quædam auspiciorum, auspicia nullo modo: ipsi quoque, ut solet, in gente a Deorum cultu aversâ, pontifices elevabant. Ut vero ab Etruscis insita erant Romanæ civitatis, ac pœnè omnis societatis, fundamenta, sic ea, cum a posterorum levitate disjecta essent et Asiaticâ superstitione conspurcata, tota quasi reipublicæ fabrica, disjecto cardine, labefactata est. Jam populares Deos multos rejiciebant, unum reverà Deum, imperatorem ipsum cultu divino adorabant. Potuit primo quidem ejusmodi relligio ingravescentem imperii molem specie continere: paullatim ingruente luxuriâ, singulis membris ut in exanimi corpore, potius compositis quam colligatis, nulla fuit tanta vis quæ lacerum et dissolutum cadaver animaret, quæ aut externos hostium impetus profligaret aut fidei Christianæ resisteret. Unâ artium monumenta, literarum vetustas, cum moribus, ut solet, depravata: mox relligio ista a tot sæculis exstincta, ab aliâ gente in aliam translata, funditus interiit.

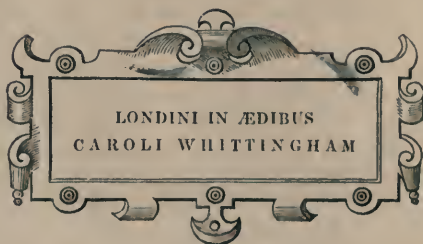
Nec vero existimandum est ea adeo penitus omnia



demersa et dissipata fuisse, ut in Romæ excidio, et in barbarorum diluvio, ne nota quidem emereret. Non enim civitatum interitus, leges et instituta occident, verum alia ab aliis nexa æternâque serie continuata sunt. Ut enim multa ab Etruriâ ad Romanos defluxisse putandum est, sic pleraque et juris civilis, et libertatis instituta a Romanis ad nostram quoque ætatem devenerunt. Quod si lingua Etrusca, quæ per tot sæcula, tanquam in mortuorum domicilio delituerit, iterum in lucem emergeret, quantos rerum aditus patefaceret, quæ miracula historiæ; quot gentes obrutas atque ignotas, quorum ne nomina quidem audivimus, ad vitam revocaret? Erit enim aliquando tempus illud, cum, ut strata terræ, sic hominum linguæ certis locis ætatibusque disponantur: ut genitæ, ut connexæ inter se, aliæque ab aliisque attritæ, arctius latiusve contineantur.

B. JOWETT.

SOC. COL. BALL.



CHARLES THE TWELFTH, \

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

JUNE VIII, MDCCCXLII.



OXFORD,
FRANCIS MACPHERSON.
1842.

SYNOPSIS.

Charles in childhood—Charles after Pultowa—the contrast—The causes of the change—Scene on Pultowa the evening after the battle described—Flight into Turkey—Sees the last remnants of his army taken by the Russians as he crosses the frontier stream—Feelings at this crisis—Heroic manner in which he afterwards bears his fall—Sustained by hopes of the future and the remembrance of past glory—These remembrances described—including descent on Denmark—Narva—Passage of the Dwina—Field of Clissau on the morning of the battle, contrasted with its present aspect—The summit of his power—The Russian campaign—His overthrow as much the effect of the severe winter of 1705 as of the Czar's troops—His return to Sweden after long exile—Death before Frederickshall—Reflections.

¹ " In the palace of Stroemsholm there is a still finer picture whole length of Charles XII. in the ninth year of his age, leaning on a noble lion's head. Charles is here represented as a most beautiful boy: both his physiognomy and appearance are soft and effeminate, and (except in the lustre of his eye) by no means indicative of his subsequent character." Coxe's *Travels in Scandinavia*, vol. 3.

" There is in every human countenance either a prophecy or a history which must sadden or at least soften every reflecting observer." Coleridge's *Literary Remains*, vol. 1.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

Ἐν βίῳ του προτιλίῳις
Ἄμμερον, εὐφιλόπαιδα,
Καὶ γεραροῖς ἐπίχαρτον.

* * *

Χρονισθίς δ' ἀπιδιζεν
Ἔθος τὸ πρόσθε τοπήων.

Æschylus, Agamemnon, 720.

IN that high dome¹, where Sweden's pictur'd kings,
Time-honor'd 'mid the unceasing change of things,
Chieftains and heroes—names of old renown—
Their day of warfare o'er, look calmly down,
Loveliest and noblest of his kingly race,
One child encircled with unfading grace
Brightens the air, around him and above,
With boyhood's golden light of peace and love.
Such radiant innocence, such cloudless mirth,
Dawn with the springtime o'er the laughing earth,
What time she calls from every green recess,
To wake the life of vernal loveliness.
Well may ye deem no shade of care or crime
Shall dim the sunshine of his morning prime,
Deem that this trance shall ne'er dissolve to show,
How life's first vision hides a world of woe.

Would it were thus ! O would that we might win
No other presage of the soul within !
But that bright eye hath glances too intense,
Too full, methinks, of storm and turbulence ;
Behind the silence of those features lie
Unwakened thoughts, a voice, a prophecy :
The hour is nigh—yet *here*, thou Conqueror wild
Dream on for ever, be for aye a child !

Again I saw that face erewhile so fair,
So bright in boyhood—but a change was there ;
A change of soul and aspect—many a storm
Had swept in anger o'er his manly form,
And darkened round his exile ; childhood's gleam
Was now no more than a forgotten dream ;
The prophecy fulfilled, a history now
Had traced its charact'ry on that stern brow :
Say whence this tale of woe ? alas ! too well
Thou dread Pultowa ! it is thine to tell.

Lo ! o'er thy battle plain another day,
In silence fleeting from the world away !
Another eve, and hush'd each living breath,
Mute Nature sorrowing o'er the field of death !
For through that silence on that lingering light
Full many a soul must wing its last long flight !
There on the cold earth 'neath the cold night sky
They sink together, foes with foes to die :
No hand to aid, no voice of kindness near,
To fall in music on their dying ear,

There in grim conflict with the unearthly Power
They wait the coming of the awful hour.
In that dread moment, when the pulse still beats
Faintly and feebly in "life's last retreats,"
Perchance the raven's² heavy-pinioned flight,
Darkly descending on the fall of night,
Startles some sleeper wildly from his dream,
Death's ghastly shadow; but so faint his scream,
His hand so nerveless may not scare away
The bird that waits not for a lifeless prey.

Yet think not of the dead—mourn not for them,
They are at rest, and ask no requiem;
But mourn for him, too sternly taught by fate
Earth was not made for man to desolate:
Queller of nations—the unconquered one—
Now crownless, realmless, homeless, all undone.
Yes, while the stars their pitying radiance shed,
O'er pale Pultowa and the slumbering dead,
Nightly they rose, the unpeopled desert o'er,
To guide his flight, who ne'er had fled before,
Till morn was breaking on the frontier steep,
Where Moslem sentinels their vigils keep.
Then o'er the waters to the royal Swede³,
Weary and wounded on his path of speed,

² See Mazeppa, xviii.

³ "It was some time before boats sufficient to transport the whole could be provided, by which accident five hundred Swedes and Cossacks fell into the hands of the enemy, who continued their pursuit quite to the banks of the river Bogh. This loss affected

There came a cry—the conqueror's savage boast—
O'er the poor remnants of his perished host.
He paused, he gazed upon that other shore,
Where suppliant ranks their chieftains aid implore,
And plead with all the eloquence that lies
In veteran looks and glorious memories ;
In vain—the arm that taught the world to bow,
The unconquered arm—it hath no vengeance now.
And can he nought but weep? must bitter tears
Flow from the fountain that hath slept for years?
It was a rueful hour—what tongue may tell
The anguish of a warrior's last farewell?
The pang that wrung from that heroic eye
The tears of burning speechless agony?
Shame, grief, remorse, that pause concentrated all,
The consummation of a mighty fall ;
The dreary gathering in one hour of doom
Of all that's darkest on this side the tomb.

'Tis past—that brow is calm—no cloud is there,
The soul within has wrestled down despair.
Yes! he was kingly in his day of pride,
When erst from Warsaw waved his banners wide :
How doubly glorious now with front elate,
He stands unstooping in his hour of fate !

the king more than all the former sufferings consequent on the defeat of Pultowa. He shed tears at seeing across the river the greater part of his few remaining friends carried away into captivity, without his having it in his power to offer them relief or assistance." Universal History, vol. 30.

Aye, his the pride, the all-enduring will⁴,
'Mid sternest suffering, how serenely still !
Others are drooping round him—his the mood
That will not yield, and cannot be subdued :
E'en now with light from memory's regions cast,
The future shines all glorious as the past,
And dreams and visions from the tented plain,
Come wildly gleaming o'er his soul again.

So, when the winds that raved the live-long night,
Have stilled their tumult with the dawning light,
So have I seen the cloud-rack fast and free,
Come thronging onward from the distant sea
Along the hill-tops, till the rising sheen
Of morn had spread their parted woof between,
And laughed away the masses dark and dull
Into a radiance glad and beautiful ;
E'en thus the glorious past came floating by,
O'er the dark chambers of his memory ;
Revealed before him in long line he saw
Denmark and Narva, Dwina and Clissaù,
Each with its throng of phantom hosts appears,
Bathed in the light of unforgotten years.

⁴ “ Une si facheuse situation, après le disastre que l'on venoit d'essuyer, répandoit la tristesse sur le visage d'en chacun. Il faut pourtant en excepter de roi ; car ce Prince paroissoit toujours le même : nulle crainte apparente, nul changement dans son visage, et nulle plainte dans sa bouche.” Puff. Hist. de Suede, vol. 3.

Again his father-land before him lay,
Bright with the dawning of his early day;
And long may Sweden, from her wave-worn steep,
Watch the morn kindling on the orient deep,
Ere such another o'er her hills and streams
Shall pour the promise of its rising beams.
Again the awakening voice of war is rolled
Onward from cliff to cliff, from hold to hold,
Till hill and plain with every peasant's home,
From southern headland to the northern foam,
Have heard the mustering trump proclaim to men
A new Gustavus is on earth again!
Once more he listened, while the morning gale
Whispered of triumph through his swelling sail;
Once more he kindles, while with eagle swoop
His banded hosts on cowering Denmark stoop,
And vows, as erst, amid the cannon's roar,
This shall my music be for evermore⁵.

Then o'er him swept, as with a wing of flame,
All that awakes at Narva's deathless name,
And Dwina's flood before him rolled its wave,
Dark with the life-blood of the patriot brave.
There Poland's squadrons down the headlong steep
Strong as a whirlwind to the onset sweep,
There Stenau's lance and Courland's lordly plume⁶
Brighten the darkness of the battle gloom,

⁵ "This henceforth shall be my music." See Voltaire.

⁶ Mareschal Stenau and the Duke of Courland led the Poles.

While front to front with names of martial pride
Renschild and Holstein struggle side by side⁷
Amid the wavering van, that spent and foiled
Like broken billows from the shock recoiled.
“Onward for Sweden!” hark yon voice of might!
It stems, it turns the current of the fight,
’Mid thronging myriads the commanding form,
The cloud-compeller of the living storm;
’Tis Sweden’s Hero, his the arm that wields
The doom of empires and the fate of fields.

An hundred years have rolled, since yonder sun⁸
Beheld a crown on Clissau lost and won.
There stood two nations in their war-array,
Two rival kings—but they have passed away.
And now when morn is dawning there serene,
The dew lies glistening, and the grass is green
Above a thousand graves.—How calm they rest,
The weary ones upon earth’s quiet breast!
What tho’ their sleep be all unwept and lone!
Nature round them a mother’s arms has thrown,
And o’er their beds the skylarks soar and sing
Their morning carols thro’ the early spring.

⁷ Two of the Swedish Generals.——“They (the Swedes) gave way, were broken, and pursued even into the river. The King of Sweden rallied them in a moment, above his middle in water, as easily as if he had been exercising at a review.”
Voltaire.

⁸ “The two Kings met on the 13th of July, in the year 1702, in a vast plain near Clissau, between Warsaw and Cracow.”
Voltaire.

Yes ! one deep quiet—one entire repose
Broods o'er that resting-place of friends and foes,
And the green hillocks, with their gentle swell,
Are all the record that remains to tell,
How Sweden triumphed, and how Poland fell.

From Clissau's field adown the golden west
The sun went hasting to his ocean rest ;
But e'er he sank, one glance of glory came
To greet the Conqueror on his field of fame.
Strange that no boding, no prophetic fear
Foretold the sunset of his own career !
Yet why ?—'mid fallen potentates he stood
Kingly, like Calpe, in his solitude,
And earth lay hushed around him : dark and vast
His shadow fell on many a nation cast ;
It swept o'er humbled Denmark, eastward far
It flung its terror o'er the haughty Czar ;
Behind him Poland low in ruin lay,
Before him Austria crouching in dismay !
And, England, e'en thy chief of proudest fame
Paused in the presence of a prouder name⁹.

And O ! if ere there burst o'er earth and sea
That thrilling sound—a nation's jubilee,

⁹ See the account of Marlborough's visit to Charles at Altraustad, where he received embassies from almost all the Kings of Christendom. Voltaire, Trans. p. 98.

E'en then it woke in the triumphal song,
That rolled and revelled Sweden's hills along.
Ah! proud the pæan hymn—but fate hath thrown
O'er these high notes sad music all its own.
Lo! round the Invader's march the sullen mood
Of winter in his Scythian solitude,
With death and famine leagued!—doth Sweden's
son

Deem these will own him as earth's kings have done?
Ah fated chief! e'en now their awful breath
Has chilled his legions with the blight of death:
Before him lies the desert, and behind
The sounds of vengeance deepen on the wind;
From Moscow's towers they come—a mighty
throng—

As death insatiate, as the tempest strong.
Round Sweden's host is poured the banded might
Of Tartar wild, and hardy Muscovite;
Rings o'er the field of death their savage glee—
The work is done—the Invader where is he?

Fair the awakening, fair the blush of bloom,
When spring-time bursts on winter's months of
gloom,
And loud with song and glad with sunlight thrills
Far through the dark woods and the silent hills.
Aye, fair the spring-time, but who hath not seen
More cloudless splendour, glory more serene
Cast on the earth!—how brightly, briefly cast!
When autumn paused in love to look its last,

Paused on the threshold of the western sky,
Lingering at sunset as though loth to die?
E'en such a gleam—so fleeting and so fair,
One moment lightened Sweden's long despair,
One moment woke his widow'd realms to sing
Strains of high welcome for their long-lost king;
How soon to cease! how soon shall tears be shed,
And requiems chanted for the warrior dead!

Athwart the vault of midnight deep and lone
The Arctic winter deeper gloom had thrown;
Night's heavenly warders, with unsleeping eye,
Kept watch along the battlements on high
Above the slumbering world, while darkness fell
On leaguring host and leagured citadel.
But *one* there slumbered not, *one* lawless will
Still dreamt of strife, tho' earth would fain be still,
Still dreamt of strife—but hush! he dreams no more—
There rung his knell, the life-long conflict o'er!
E'en like a wayward child with sleep opprest,
Sinking at day-fall on its mother's breast,
Earth's strongest son, her tempest-child of night
Lies hushed for ever in the arms of night.

O! ask not now if retribution just
Taught the proud Swede dominion is but dust—
If it was well that kings should learn, though late,
The hopes and fears of man to venerate.
O turn we rather from his wild career
To gaze with awe upon his silent bier,

With the still night around—the stars above,
Those ancient teachers with their looks of love ;
The self-same stars, that o'er man's troubled years
So long have shone from their eternal spheres :
Ages beneath have perished—they abide,
And night by night their stillness seems to chide
This changeful life—the ceaseless ebb and flow,
The weary turmoil of the world below.
Yea, these enduring heavens and this green earth—
That day by day since young creation's birth
With all their loving language never cease
To plead with man and call him back to peace,—
O teach they not that wars and tempests lie
Encompassed with a dread tranquillity,
That man's unquiet years of storm and strife
Are but as moments in the deeper life ¹⁰
Of the Eternal Silence, on whose breast
All earthly discord sinks in perfect rest ?

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP,
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¹⁰ “ Man's noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence.”

Wordsworth.

1
C R O M W E L L :

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD;

JUNE 28, 1843.

BY

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OXFORD :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. VINCENT.

M DCCC XLIII.

SYNOPSIS.

INTRODUCTION—The mountains and the sea the cradles of freedom—contrasted with the birth-place of Cromwell—His childhood and youth—The germs of his future character probably formed during his life of inaction.—Cromwell at the moment of his intended embarkation—Retrospect of his past life and profligate youth—Temptations held out by the prospect of a life of rest in America—How far such rest was allowable—Vision of his future life—Different persons represented in it—Charles the First—Cromwell himself—His victories and maritime glory—Pym—Strafford—Laud—Hampden—Falkland—Milton—Charles the First—Cromwell on his death-bed—His character—Dispersion of the vision—Conclusion,

CROMWELL.

Schrecklich ist es, deiner Wahrheit
Sterbliches Gefäß zu seyn.

SCHILLER.

HIGH fate is their's, ye sleepless waves, whose ear
Learns Freedom's lesson from your voice of fear;
Whose spell-bound sense from childhood's hour hath
known

Familiar meanings in your mystic tone:
Sounds of deep import—voices that beguile
Age of its tears and childhood of its smile,
To yearn with speechless impulse to the free
And gladsome greetings of the buoyant sea!
“High fate is their's, who where the silent sky
Stoops to the soaring mountains, live and die;

* This is in allusion to the idea expressed in the twelfth of Mr. Wordsworth's Sonnets to Liberty:—

“Two voices are there: one is of the sea,” &c.

contrasting it with the fact of Cromwell's birth-place having been the fen country of Huntingdonshire, where he lived till he was forty years old.

Who scale the cloud-capt height, or sink to rest
In the deep stillness of its shelt'ring breast ;—
Around whose feet the exulting waves have sung,
The eternal hills their giant shadows flung.

No wonders nurs'd thy childhood ; not for thee
Did the waves chaunt their song of liberty !
Thine was no mountain home, where Freedom's form
Abides enthron'd amid the mist and storm,
And whispers to the listening winds, that swell
With solemn cadence round her citadel !
These had no sound for thee : that cold calm eye,
Lit with no rapture as the storm swept by,
To mark with shiver'd crest the reeling wave
Hide his torn head beneath his sunless cave ;
Or hear, 'mid circling crags, the impatient cry
Of the pent winds, that scream in agony !
Yet all high sounds that mountain children hear,
Flash'd from thy soul upon thine inward ear ;
All Freedom's mystic language—storms that roar
By hill or wave, the mountain or the shore,—
All these had stirr'd thy spirit, and thine eye
In common sights read secret sympathy ;
Till all bright thoughts that hills or waves can yield,
Deck'd the dull waste, and the familiar field ;
Or wondrous sounds from tranquil skies were borne
Far o'er the glistening sheets of windy corn :

Skies—that unbound by clasp of mountain chain,
Slope stately down, and melt into the plain;
Sounds—such as erst the lone wayfaring man
b Caught, as he journeyed, from the lips of Pan;
c Or that mysterious cry, that smote with fear,
Like sounds from other worlds, the Spartan's ear,
While, o'er the dusty plain, the murmurous throng
Of Heaven's embattled myriads swept along.

Say not such dreams are idle: for the man
Still toils to perfect what the child began;
And thoughts, that were but outlines, time engraves
Deep on his life; and childhood's baby waves,
Made rough with care, become the changeful sea,
Stemm'd by the strength of manhood fearlessly;
And fleeting thoughts, that on the lonely wild
Swept o'er the fancy of that heedless child,
Perchance had quicken'd with a living truth
The cold dull soil of his unfruitful youth;
Till, with his 'daily life, a life, that threw
Its shadows o'er the future, flower'd and grew,
With common cares unmingling, and apart,
Haunting the shrouded chambers of his heart;
Till life, unstirr'd by action, life became
Threaded and lighten'd by a track of flame;

b Herod. vi. 106.

c The vision of Demaratus on the plain of Eleusis. Herod. viii. 65.

An inward light, that, with its streaming ray,
On the dark current of his changeless day
Bound all his being with a silver chain—
Like a swift river thro' a silent plain !

High thoughts were his, when by the gleaming
flood,
With heart new strung, and stern resolve, he stood ;
Where rode the tall dark ships, whose loosen'd sail
All idly flutter'd in the eastern gale ;
High thoughts were his ;—but Memory's glance the
while
Fell on the cherish'd past with tearful smile ;
And peaceful joys and gentler thoughts swept by,
Like summer lightnings o'er a darken'd sky.
The peace of childhood, and the thoughts that roam,
Like loving shadows, round that childhood's home ;
Joys that had come and vanish'd, half unknown,
Then slowly brighten'd, as the days had flown ;
Years that were sweet or sad, becalm'd or toss'd
On life's wild waves—the living and the lost.
Youth stain'd with follies : and the thoughts of ill
Crush'd, as they rose, by manhood's sterner will.
Repentant prayers, that had been strong to save—
And the first sorrow, which is childhood's grave !

^d Eight ships, lying in the Thames, and ready to sail, were detained by order of Council.—*Hume*, vi. 309.

All shapes that haunt remembrance ; soft and fair,
Like a green land at sunset, all were there !
Eyes that he knew, old faces, unforgot,
Gaz'd sadly down on his unrestful lot,
And Memory's calm clear voice, and mournful eye,
Chill'd every buoyant hope that floated by ;
Like frozen winds on southern vales that blow
From a far land—the children of the snow—
O'er flowering plain, and blossom'd meadow fling
The cold dull shadow of their icy wing.

Then Fancy's roving visions, bold and free,
A moment dispossess'd reality.
All airy hopes that idle hearts can frame,
Like dreams between two sorrows, went and came :
Fond hearts that fain would clothe the unwelcome
truth
Of toilsome manhood in the dreams of youth,
To bend in rapture at some idol throne,
Some lifeless soulless phantom of their own ;
Some shadowy vision of a tranquil life,
Of joys unclouded, years unstirr'd by strife ;
Of sleep unshadow'd by a dream of woe ;
Of many a lawny hill, and streams with silver flow ;
Of giant mountains by the western main,
The sunless forest, and the sealike plain ;
Those lingering hopes of coward hearts, that still
Would play the traitor to the stedfast will,

One moment's space, perchance, might charm his eye
From the stern future, and the years gone by.
One moment's space might waft him far away
To western shores—the death-place of the day !
Might paint the calm, sweet peace—the rest of home,
Far o'er the pathless waste of labouring foam—
Peace, that recall'd his childish hours anew,
More calm, more deep, than childhood ever knew !
Green happy places—like a flowery lea
Between the barren mountains and the stormy sea.

O pleasant rest, if once the race were run !
O happy slumber, if the day were done !
Dreams that were sweet at eve, at morn were sin ;
With cares to conquer, and a goal to win !
His were no tranquil years—no languid sleep—
No life of dreams—no home beyond the deep—
No softening ray—no visions false and wild—
No glittering hopes on life's grey distance smiled—
Like isles of sunlight on a mountain's brow,
Lit by a wandering gleam, we know not how,
Far on the dim horizon, when the sky
With glooming clouds broods dark and heavily.

Then his eye slumber'd, and the chain was broke
That bound his spirit, and his heart awoke ;
Then—like a kingly river—swift and strong
The future roll'd its gathering tides along !

The shout of onset and the shriek of fear
Smote, like the rush of waters, on his ear ;
And his eye kindled with the kindling fray,
The surging battle and the mail'd array !
All wondrous deeds the coming days should see,
And the long Vision of the years to be.
Pale phantom hosts, like shadows, faint and far,
Councils, and armies, and the pomp of war !
And one sway'd all, who wore a kingly crown,
Until another rose and smote him down.
A form that tower'd above his brother men ;
A form he knew—but it was shrouded then !
With stern, slow steps—unseen—yet still the same,
By leaguer'd tower and tented field it came ;
By Naseby's hill, o'er Marston's heathy waste,
By Worcester's field the warrior-vision pass'd !
From their deep base, thy beetling cliffs, Dunbar,
Rang, as he trode them, with the voice of war !
The soldier kindled at his words of fire ;
The statesman quail'd before his glance of ire !
Worn was his brow with cares no thought could scan ;
His step was loftier than the steps of man ;
* And the winds told his glory—and the wave
Sonorous witness to his empire gave !

* "It is just to say, that the maritime glory of England may first be traced from the era of the commonwealth in a track of continuous light."—*Hallam's Const. Hist.* ii.

What forms are these, that with complaining sound,
And slow, reluctant steps are gathering round?
Forms that, with him, shall tread life's changing
stage,

Cross his lone path, or share his pilgrimage.

There, as he gazed, a wond'rous band—they came,
Pym's look of hate, and Strafford's glance of flame.
There Laud, with noiseless steps and glittering eye,
In priestly garb, a frail old man, went by.

His drooping head bowed meekly on his breast;
His hands were folded, like a saint at rest!

'There Hampden bent him o'er his saddle bow,
And death's cold dews bedimm'd his earnest brow.
Still turn'd to watch the battle—still forgot
Himself, his sufferings, in his country's lot!

* There Falkland ey'd the strife that would not cease,
Shook back his tangled locks, and murmur'd—
“Peace!”

With feet that spurn'd the ground, lo! Milton there
Stood like a statue; and his face was fair—
Fair beyond human beauty; and his eye,
That knew not earth, soar'd upwards to the sky!

“His head bending down, and his hands resting on his horse's neck, he was seen riding from the field.”—*Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden*, ii. 435.

* “In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness and industry, he was now, not only incurious, but negligent.”—*Clarendon*.

^b He, too, was there—it was the princely boy,
The child-companion of his childish joy !
But oh ! how chang'd—those deathlike features wore
Childhood's bright glance, and sunny smile no more !
That brow so sad, so pale, so full of care —
What trace of careless childhood linger'd there ?
What spring of youth in that majestic mien,
So sadly calm, so kingly, so serene ?
No—all was chang'd—the monarch wept alone,
Between a ruin'd church and shatter'd throne !
Friendless and hopeless—like a lonely tree,
On some bare headland, straining mournfully,
That all night long its weary moan doth make
To the vex'd waters of a mountain lake !
Still, as he gaz'd, the phantom's mournful glance
Shook the deep slumber of his deathlike trance ;
Like some forgotten strain that haunts us still,
That calm eye follow'd, turn him where he will ;
Till the pale monarch, and the long array,
Pass'd, like a morning mist, in tears away !

Then all his dream was troubled, and his soul
Thrill'd with a dread no slumber could control ;
On that dark form his eyes had gaz'd before,
Nor known it then ;—but it was veil'd no more !
In broad clear light the ghastly vision shone,—
That form was his,—those features were his own !

^b Alluding to the stories of Cromwell's childish intimacy with Charles the First.

The night of terrors and the day of care,
 The years of toil, all, all were written there !
 Sad faces watch'd around him, and his breath
 Came faint and feeble in the embrace of death.
ⁱ The gathering tempest, with its voice of fear,
^k His latest loftiest music, smote his ear !
^l That day of boundless hope and promise high,
 That day that hail'd his triumphs, saw him die !
 Then from those whitening lips, as death drew near,
^m The imprisoning chains fell off, and all was clear !
 Like lowering clouds, that at the close of day,
 Bath'd in a blaze of sunset, melt away ;
 And with its clear calm tones, that dying prayer
 Cheer'd all the failing hearts that sorrow'd there !

A Life—whose ways no human thought could scan,—
 A life—that was not as the life of man ;
 A life—that wrote its purpose with a sword,
 Moulding itself in action, not in word !

ⁱ Clarendon mentions a great storm which attended the death of Cromwell.

^k “ He was a great lover of music, and he entertained the most skilful in that science in his pay and family.”—*Perfect Politician*.

^l Cromwell died on his fortunate day, the anniversary of Dunbar and Worcester,—September 3rd.

^m There is a remarkable contrast between the perfect clearness of the celebrated prayer Cromwell is recorded to have uttered on his death bed, and the confusedness of the speeches which are attributed to him.

Rent with tumultuous thoughts, whose conflict rung
Deep thro' his soul, and chok'd his faltering tongue;
A heart that reck'd not of the countless dead,
That strew'd the blood-stain'd path where Empire led;
A daring hand, that shrunk not to fulfil
The thought that spurr'd it; and a dauntless will,
Bold action's parent; and a piercing ken
Thro' the dark chambers of the hearts of men;
To read each thought, and teach that master mind
The fears and hopes and passions of mankind;
All these were thine—Oh thought of fear!—and thou
Stretch'd on that bed of death, art nothing now.

Then all his vision faded, and his soul
Sprang from its sleep! and lo, the waters roll
Once more beneath him; and the fluttering sail,
Where the dark ships rode proudly, woo'd the gale;
And the wind murmur'd round him, and he stood
Once more alone beside the gleaming flood.

1-3

QUÆNAM FUERIT CERTAMINUM
PUBLICORUM APUD ANTIQUOS
VIS ET UTILITAS?

ORATIO

IN THEATRO SHELDONIANO HABITA

DIE JUNII XXVIII MDCCCXLIII



OXONII

FRANCISCUS MACPHERSON

MDCCCXLIII

QUÆNAM FUERIT CERTAMINUM PUBLICORUM
APUD ANTIQUOS VIS ET UTILITAS?

————— αἶλλα γὰρ ὄν
ἱλδσαι, φίλον ἦτορ. Pindar.

IN certamina apud antiquos publica duobus modis possumus inquirere. Liberum est enim omnibus aut eadem tamquam simplicia et solitaria, neque cum alio juncta atque connexa, (quippe quæ suis legibus ac cæremoniis agerentur) contemplari, aut eadem ad civitatum singulorumque hominum institutionem referre.

Jam ea pars quæ in divisione nostrâ secunda est, si cum alterâ comparetur, ad ætatem multò recentiorem spectat. Neque enim inventa neque invenienda erat a legum scriptoribus certandi consuetudo, quæ jamdiu aliis de causis extitisset. Verum enimverò neque hæc neque illa disputandi ratio rectè omitti potest; nam ut sit secunda ista quâcum in præsentia rem habere videamur, eadem tamen, cùm ambo inter se arctissimè cohæreant, relictâ priore illâ ne intelligi quidem potest. Itaque hoc primo capite contineri debet quodcunque narrationis circum origines, incrementa, morem ludorum versetur: quod quidem neque fusiùs ex-

plicare, neque altiùs repetere in animo habemus: sed ea quæ plerorumque scriptorum consensu tradantur, pro certis accepta, breviter exponere, deinde eadem ad fines cùm ethicos tùm politicos revocare.

I. Nescio equidem an ludorum vetustissimorum simplicius exemplum magisque expressum alibi invenire possimus quàm apud Thucydidem, scriptorum facile omnium accuratissimum: cujus verba operæ erit pretium describere. Καὶ τὴν πεντετηρίδα τότε πρῶτον μετὰ τὴν κάθαρσιν ἐποίησαν οἱ Ἀθηναῖοι, τὰ Δήλια. ἦν δὲ πότε καὶ τὸ πάλαι ξύνοδος μεγάλη ἐς τὴν Δῆλον τῶν Ἰώνων τε καὶ περικτιόνων νησιωτῶν. ξύν τε γὰρ γύναιξι καὶ παισὶν ἐθεώρουν, ὥσπερ νῦν ἐς τὰ Ἐφέσια Ἴωνες, καὶ ἄγων ἐποιεῖτο αὐτόθι καὶ γυμνικὸς καὶ μουσικὸς, χόρους τε ἀνῆγον αἱ πόλεις. Hunc igitur auctorem secuti rectè omninò videmur totius rei principia ad Amphictyonum societates retulisse, quas in prompto erat religionibus, *ideòque* ludorum apparatu (quod postea illustrabimus) consecrare. Ipso nimirum Amphictyonum vocabulo significatur complurium gentium, per loci alicujus, non sanguinis communionem, colligatio. Cùm verò locus iste nunquam non sacer esset (Delphos puta aut Ephesum aut Delum) certisque temporibus ab iis frequentaretur qui eosdem Deos colerent, vix dubitari potest quin consanguinei ex aliquâ saltem parte

sibi Amphictyones esse viderentur. Ferè enim apud Græcos eâdem stirpe oriundi erant qui iisdem sacris utebantur.

Supervacaneum ineptumque foret hujusmodi loco prosequi quid effecerit, quid deleverit, quid immutaverit Heraclidarum qui appellatur, nomine satis arcto angustoque, Reditus, aut Doricarum Gentium Migratio. Satis fuerit compressisse rem dicendo unam nationem ita prævaluisse cæteris ut unum ex pluribus populum efficeret. Quocirca Amphictyonum quoque illa concilia, quæcunque cæteris illo etiam tempore latiùs paterent (quo in genere erant, opinor, quatuor illa apud Olympiam, Delphos, Nemeam, Isthmum celebrata) adhuc ea res dilatabat, et universâ gente inter se consociatâ ludorum quoque instituebat communionem. Certè Lacedæmonios, qui Doriensium, hoc est, Hellenûm principes erant, cum ludorum Olympicorum institutione, vel potius redintegratione, monumenta literarum antiquissima conjungunt. Itaque currente calamo animadvertere libet non magis ab Hellenibus ludorum orbem, quàm ludorum celebritate Hellenum nomen amplificatum esse. Consistamus igitur paulùm hoc loco, unde videmus certamina quædam, vi antiquarum de iis notionum minimè corruptâ, a singulis societatibus ad universam Græcorum rempublicam translata.

Huic vero parti non inutile fortasse fuerit neque

injucundum adjungere causarum quampiam recensionem ex quibus effectum fuerit ut divinus omnis apud Græcos cultus eò usque cum gymnasiorum ac palæstrarum disciplinâ connecteretur. Semper sanè necesse est cùm ex ipsius relligionis cujusquam tum etiam ex cultorum naturâ cæremoniarum rationem pendere. Omnes profectò populos videmus, evanescente magis indies magisque nuntio quem de se ipso Deus olim fecisset, ita divinam excogitasse naturam, ut eò omnia quæ ipsi optima et maxima ducerent referenda censerent. Ex terreno igitur exemplari cœlum, ex humano Dii, tantaque de his atque illo opinionum, quanta regionum hominumque ipsorum inter se, varietas. Cùm verò relligionum omnium cultus nihil aliud esset quàm mortalium ad Deos accessus et cum iisdem quasi expressior quædam consuetudo, is apud quemque populum cæremoniarum modus extitit, qui cœlestem præstantiam maximè imitari videretur. Quod cùm nullis non comprobari possit exemplis tum in rerum divinarum apud Græcos institutione maximè elucet. Satis enim, opinor, decantata eximia ista apud eos corporis pulchritudo ac perfectio, eaque omnium quæ undique apta atque absoluta expletaque essent omnibus suis numeris ac partibus quasi physica quædam admiratio. Nescio an non satis perspicuè id quod volo significarim: sententiam autem nostram illustrabant isti philo-

sophorum loci^a in quibus sexcentis oculorum usus inter ultimas ac maximas voluptates ponitur. Nullâ certe oratione opus est ad demonstrandum quomodo religionem totam populare illud ingenium infecerit atque informarît. Verba pro nobis oportet faciant cùm poetarum omnium, vel ut verius dicam, vatum ab Homero et Hesiodo carmina, tum sculptorum imagines. Prodigious terroribus Oriens Deos instruebat, quippe cujus oculi nihil tam egregium quàm desertorum arenosos ac pestiferos vortices, tempestatum violentiam, belluarum serpentûmque immanitatem, contemplari solerent. Fæcundissimæ terræ copia, fluviique ubertas varia in causâ erant cur Ægyptus ex infimis naturæ artificiiis deorum formas ac vim erueret. Neque apud utrosque discolor ab opinione cultus erat. Apud Græciam verò nihil tam extremum atque perfectum, nihil tam mirificum quàm hominum natura. Cætera enim temperata ac media, neque quidquam in cœlo aut in solo nimium—homines aspiciebantur. Unde factum est ut instar hominum perfectorum essent Dii, quos Græci tum sui simillimo propter-

^a Aristot. Ethica, (Bekker) p. 6. 22.—52. 7.—173. 5.—174. 6. Platonis Philebus, (Bekker) pp. 558—561. Luciani locus, de Gymnasiis, qui ad rem apprimè facit, describendus videtur; *εὐκαθεζόμενοι αὐτοὶ ἐν μέσοις τοῖς θιαταῖς βλίτοις ἀριτὰς ἀνδρῶν καὶ κάλλη σωμάτων καὶ εὐεξίας θαυμάστας καὶ ἐμπειρίας δεινὰς καὶ ἰσχυρὰς μάχων καὶ τόλμαν καὶ φιλοτιμίαν καὶ γνώμας ἀηττήτους καὶ σπουδὴν ἀληκτον ὑπὲρ τῆς νίκης, εὖ δὲ οἶδα ὅτι οὐκ ἂν ἐπαύσω ἱπαινῶν καὶ ἱπιβοῶν καὶ ἱπικροτῶν.*

eaque gratissimo honore prosequi se putabant, quotiescunque liberam ac masculam animi corporisque virtutem ante aras exhiberent. Nequaquam vereor ne nimius in hac re cuipiam fuisse videar qui reputarēt quanti sint cæca ista mentium momenta quæ mores plerumque publicos informant, inscientibus etiam ipsis civibus unde motûs principium acceperint.

II. Jam verò ad secundam operis nostri partem accedamus; quam auspicari melius non possumus quam Aristotelis proferendo sententiam; δεῖ διανοητικούς τε καὶ θυμοειδεῖς εἶναι τὴν φύσιν τοὺς μέλλοντας εὐαγώγους ἔσεσθαι τῷ νομοθέτῃ πρὸς τὴν ἀρετὴν—unde simul apparet ad quam disciplinæ publicæ partem spectare deberet ludorum institutio. Verùm rem, arbitror, facilius perspexerimus considerando ea quæ contra ludorum, quales existerent, utilitatem disputari solebant. (α) Nam ex iis qui putabant rei militaris omninò ^bcausâ instituenda esse certamina publica, nonnulli arbitrabantur infructuosum ac sumptuosum esse ludorum istum apparatus, utpote qui non satis ad bellum referretur. Cùm enim velocitatibus corporum ac viribus tot certamina peragenda proponerentur, ut nullum omninò exercitationis genus omissum videretur, qualia sunt peditum, equitum, aurigarum cursus, necnon saltus,

^b Plato de Leg. lib. 8.—Lucianus de Gym. (ed. 4to. Amsterd. 1743.) p. 905.

jaculatio, luctatio, pugilatus, eademque modo singulatim, modo conjunctim—illud tamen ubique vetitum ne quis telo quoquam uteretur. Heroicis sanè temporibus recentior hæc consuetudo erat; quis enim ignorat Diomedis Ajacisque armatorum ante Patrocli bustum contentionem? Itaque* Plato, cùm ex animi sententiâ instituta fingeat, armatis hominibus non nudis complebat gymnasia. Neque idem ab effusione sanguinis abhorrebat, qui vetaret ne cuiquam vitio daretur quòd alium casu in ludendo occidisset, neque magnoperè ejusmodi periculis a magistratibus cavendum vellet. Plerique tamen e contrariâ parte stabant, quorum coryphæus Lucianus esse potest. Τὸ δὲ δὴ ἐν ὄπλοις πειρᾶσθαι αὐτῶν καὶ ὁρᾶν τιτρωσκομένους, ἄπαγε* θηριῶδες γὰρ, καὶ δεινῶς σκαιὸν, καὶ προσέτι γε ἄλυσιτελὲς ἀποσφάττειν τοὺς ἀρίστους καὶ οἷς ἂν τις ἄμεινον χρῆσαιτο κατὰ τῶν πολεμίων. Satis constat neutrum philosophum contemplari jam certamina tamquam ad res sacras verum ad publicas spectantia, neque eadem Eleorum legibus verum commodi utilitatisque regulâ, æstimare. Litem facilius dijudicare possimus si Romanorum cum Græcâ consuetudine contulerimus. Multum enim inter hos illosque interest.

Cum de Romanorum ludis agitur nemini non potest in mentem venire Campus ille Martius ac

* Ibid.

Gladiatoria Munera, quorum neutrum cum Græcis institutis concordat, neutrum ab iis omninò alienum est. Nam si a Græcis certaminibus sejunxeris illud quod commune cum relligionibus habuerint, hoc verò nusquam apud Romanos ludos occurrit—restabit cùm juventutis erudiendæ tum spectatorum delectandorum notio. Cùm verò apud Græcos satis gloriæ adipisci posset is qui nihil extra ludos suscepisset, nequaquam primas respublica obtinebat. Apud Romanos autem neque theatra ad rempublicam neque Campus ad spectandi voluptatem referebatur. Scilicet hic civium, illa peregrinorum ac servorum. Neque iisdem commodum esse videbatur ita meditationes meras ac prolusiones præmiis afficere, ut adulto cuique citra officia verè civilia multum ambitionis pabulum esset. Commemorabatur nemo quia jam nobilis athleta esset, sed quia strenuus miles futurus esse videretur. Irrisionis enim plena ista

luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.

ista autem objurgationis

Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna Quirine
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

A juvenum igitur exercitationibus Romani simul cædes ac vulnera, simul inane circum rudimenta ipsa studium, ablegabant. Denique civibus cives

spectaculo esse, cùm nihil jam ipso spectaculo gravius quæreretur, indignum putabant. Itaque flagitiis ne nominandis quidem adjungitur illud

Vicit et hoc monstrum tunicati fuscina Gracchi.

Contrà virilem Campi simplicitatem suavissimo carmine depingit Horatius :

Cur apricum

Oderit Campum, patiens pulveris atque solis ?

Cur neque militaris

Inter æquales equitat, Gallica nec lupatis

Temperat ora frænis ?

Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? cur olivum

Sanguine viperino

Cautiùs vitat? neque jam livida gestat armis

Brachia, sæpe disco

Sæpe trans finem jaculo nobilis expedito.

Quam diversa hæc quasi quotidianarum exercitationum subsecivisque temporibus peragendarum descriptio levis ac perelegans ab illis laudibus, quibus athletas tamquam virorum primos cumulat Pindarus ! Quare cùm Platoni tum Luciano satisfacisse Romani videntur; neque enim aut a suo fine, propter nimiam in iisdem exsequendis ambitionem, ludi avocabantur, neque disciplinæ ferocia ac crudelitas immiscebatur. Denique perspicuum est toto cælo errare eos qui gladiatorias commissiones cum ludis Græcis conferant. Nihil enim commune habent, excepto quatenus

hi atque illæ spectandi voluptate contineantur. Verùm ad hujusce disputationis^d caput recurramus oportet.

(β) Dubitabatur nimirum aliquando rectenè omninò gymnasiorum finis unicus bellum diceretur. Enimverò fortitudo, quæ sine corporeâ quâdam disciplinâ nulla esse potest, alibi quàm militiæ cernitur. Multæ enim virtutum species ex eâ animi humani parte quam Græci *θύμον*, nos spiritum nuncupamus, profluunt. Aristoteles etiam^e amicitiam—quod subtilius videtur—eòdem refert. Quin ea quidem in genere virtutibus omnibus quasi nervos et vigorem et virilitatem suppeditat. Hoc igitur adjumentum excolere non modò bellicæ, verùm etiam togatæ (ut ita dicam) virtutis interest. Quamobrem miror equidem quòd Plato, cùm ludorum rationem spiritui confirmando prodesse ducat, eamdem tamen ad nullas alias partes nisi ad bellum accommodare velit. Concinnè quidem facetèque, ut semper, civiles ludorum utilitates prosequitur Aristophanes, apud quem Justus ille uno loco ait

ἀλλ' οὖν, λιπαρός γε καὶ εὐανθῆς ἐν γυμνασίοις διατρίψεις
οὐ στωμύλλων κατὰ τὴν ἀγορὰν τριβολεκτράπελ' οἰάπερ
οἱ νῦν.

^d Sententiam scilicet Aristotelis.

^e Pol. p. 192. 17.

altero

————— ταῦτ' ἐστὶ ταῦτ' ἐκεῖνα

ἂ τῶν νεανίσκων ἀεὶ δι' ἡμέρας λαλούντων

πλήρες τὸ βαλανεῖον ποιεῖ κενὰς δὲ τὰς παλαίστρας.

Nec ullus verò inficias ibo quin, sive opus sit recreare civium animos labore nimio^f delassatos, sive otia eorumdem studiis improbis præripere, gymnasia ac spectacula publico sumptu instructa maximas utilitates habeant. Sed hæc in ἰατρει-
μάτων loco ponenda essent, quod contra rem totam tamquam munus quoddam atque officium vitæ veteres Græci posuerunt. Ex hac igitur parte jam denuo disputationem ordiamur.

Itaque primum omnium, quod ad singulos cives attinet, officiorum magna pars ad æmulationem ambitionemque revocabatur; τὰ γὰρ ἄθλα οὐ μικρὰ ὁ ἔπαινος παρὰ τῶν θεατῶν, καὶ τὸ ἐπισημότερον γενέσθαι, καὶ δείκνυσθαι τῷ δακτύλῳ, ἄριστον εἶναι τῶν καθ' ἑαυτὸν δοκοῦντα. ὥς εἴ γέ τις τὸν τῆς εὐκλείας ἔρωτα ἐκβάλοι ἐκ τοῦ βίου, τί ἂν ἔτι ἀγαθὸν ἡμῖν γένοιτο^g; Utilissimum sanè illud, modo cautiùs, velut incitamentum ac stimulus, non fons ac causa ac finis agendi honestè, adhibeatur: idem verò modo carens perniciosissimum est. Nam adeo temeraria atque inconstans est gloria ut eandem aliter quàm merendo

^f Thucyd. ii. 38.

^g Lucian. p. 917.

consequi homines possint. Unde enim veram gloriam nisi ab optimis viris adipisci possumus? Qui igitur vir politicus ad opinionem atque estimationem cives semper respicere docuerit, nihil sibi fuleri relinquit quo contra depravationem animorum luctetur. Quod vitium publicæ isti veterum institutioni ac vitæ, cujus certamina exemplum sunt haud minimum, penitus inhærere mihi videtur. Fiunt palam omnia. Respublica non radices agit, non se solo affigit. Quemadmodum enim in navigando, quanto plus alvei extra aquam ostenderis, tanto facilius navis evertitur: quemadmodum in ædificiis, in arboribus, sustinet illud tantum quod latet: sic in hominum vitâ nihil stabile, constans, ratum, ubi omnia in omnium oculis ac celebritate versantur. Mihi quidem ejusmodi instituta memoriâ repetenti in mentem venire solet monogrammorum, quos Epicurus finxit, Deorum, non sanguinem sed quasi sanguinem, non corpus sed quasi corpus habentium. Nam quisque civis est idem homo: suis quisque procreatur parentibus, suam habet uxorem, suos procreat liberos, suam rem tutetur; quæ quidem munera cum nomine civico contineantur, in publicâ istâ vitâ expleri non possunt. Veteres autem, hoc est, Græci, ita societatem humanam intellexisse videntur tamquam fuisset eadem virorum tantum cum viris æqualium

æqualibus consuetudo. Sed tamen paulatim modo in ludis ordinandis obtinuisse istam opinionem ex eo constat, quòd feminæ seriùs^h exclusæ sunt: neque enim athletæ, paucis ante Thucydidem annis, cingula deposuerant, qui non nisi Græcorum mos esset. Hinc nimius ille concurrendi appetitus, qui sæpenumerò quidem contra utilitates publicas etiam peccabat. Quotiescunque enim orat obtestaturque Demosthenes suos cives ut cuneos cum transtris, gymnasia cum castris commutarent! quos sumptus a libertate defendendâ in spectaculorum inania aversos indignatur! Quamobrem de certaminibus in universum istis ita ferè censeo: minimè boni sapientisque esse viri aut levi ambitione provocare cives ad ea agenda quæ optimum quemque deceant—nempe ut patientiam et fortitudinem colant—aut iis rationibus favere quæ nimiùm homines a rebus domesticis avocent: aut puerilia studia ita amplificare honoribus ut in virilem ætatem invadant verumque officium extrudant.

Hoc autem loco de Dionysiis dicendum est; namque artium præmiis promovendarum alia causa esse videtur, dubitarique potest an, certamine tragico sublato, tot extitissent fabulæ pulcherrimæ, quæ mores, non Atticos modo dicam, non Græcos, non antiquos, verùm humanos informa-

^h Cf. Thucydidis locum suprâ descriptum.

rent. Hujusce verò quæstionis interest plurimum ut quatenus a priore istâ distet intelligamus. Actio enim, hoc est *πεῖσις*, quæ suum finem, ex quo tota pendet, abstractum quodammodo a rebus externis in se ipsâ habeat, imperari extrinsecus non potest: ars, quam *ποίησις* Græci vocant, non in ipso artifice, sed in opere ejus absolvitur. Quare non pro artificis fine magis minusve artificiosè factum erit aliquid, seu calceamentum (verbi causâ) seu statua, seu poema fuerit. Illud igitur, quod extra agentem est, *omninò* procurare possunt ii quorum in manu respublica est, neque aliud in hac re quærendum quàm expediat illud necne. Ex ejusmodi nimirum contentionibus eveniebat, ut copia cuique in suâ arte præstantissimo prodeundi fieret; nec, nisi suâ culpâ, latebat is (quod hodiè nimium solenne est) qui notescere deberet. Prætereà cùm liberales artes non ad victum cujusque necessariæ sint, eædem vero ad bonos in civitate mores ut quæ maximè spectent, dignæ videntur quæ vel publicis præmiis afficiantur. Certatio autem prohibebat ne opus esset cuipiam alienâ gratiâ quò posset inter vates publicos haberi. Nescio tamen an nusquam, nisi apud Atticos, ejusmodi tribunal inveniri possit, in quâ multitudo judicum privata studia, nec tamen acumen criticum, excludat. Quod verò ad pudorem istum cum ingeniis maximis ferè conjunctum attinet, recordandum est de

agendis fabulis quæstionem esse, in quibus poeta *nunquam non* populum quasi ipse de se in suffragia ferenda mittit. Nec fieri potest ut vir verè poeticus (ne quis poetas ipsos corruptum iri dixerit) victoriæ appetitu a celsiore quodam fine ducatur: neque enim poeta, nisi quem suum ingenium ad scribendum impulerit, in scribendo satis confirmaverit. Nolo equidem persequi minora emolumenta, qualia sunt advenarum frequentia ac negotia, quæ ad Athenienses ex Dionysiis profluerent, cum Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, totam rationem satis nobilitent. Verè quidem, typographorum arte nondum repertâ, de quatuor istis dici poterant ea quæ Flaccus de universo vatûm munere pronuntiavit:

Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat;
Torquet ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis et invidiæ corrector et iræ:
Rectè facta refert: orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis: inopem solatur et ægrum.

Videntur enim cùm ex relligione tum auctoritate publicâ constituti esse qui suos, id quod optimum est, doceant.

(γ) Sed, heus tu ! (fortasse dixerit quispiam qui ludorum reliquorum rationem a nobis improbatam audierit,) de Græcâ non de Platonis Politiâ loqui-

mur—nonne vinculum totius gentis erant certamina ista quatuor quæ quasi cæterorum exempla putanda sunt? an illud prorsus inutile quod in tantis finitimorum populorum inimiciis ad exercendum corpus quisque ducebatur? nihilne te commovent aut Phidiacus ille Jupiter, aut Altis tot athletarum pulcherrimis inter arbores statuis ornata, aut Olympiæ recitata Herodoti historia, aut Pindari carmina? At movent herclè, nequè nego, quæ erat Græcorum vita, plurima istis certaminibus non tam inesse quàm adjungi commoda. Ex his autem ipsis magna pars inchoata magis quàm perfecta atque actiosa erat. Nam periclitemur in eo quòd certandi Olympiæ copiâ quasi containerentur Græcorum populi, quòdque per sacrum quinto quoque anno mensem bella dirimerentur. Quamquam igitur de Macedonio rege dubitatio illa, rectenè posset in arenam descendere, argumento est quanti omnes Græci Græcum sanguinem facerent, non desunt e contrario exempla quæ demonstrent satis fuisse vel apud Olympiam inter consanguineos istos discordiæ. Privatos civitatis cujusque thesauros animadvertit vir doctissimus¹; et videre licet nonnullas civitates frequentiam ludorum ipsisque induciis abusus ad bella unâ cum sociis contra alias meditanda. Lacedæmonii saltem jussere Lesbiorum legatos præsto

esse Olympiæ, quum Lesbos defectionem ab Atheniensibus fecisset, jamque armis peteretur. Sed utilissimum, opinor, illud quòd certandi facultas, Græcorum omnium communis, ad partium inimicitias mitigandas spectaret, quippe quòd non ampliùs de quoque quærendum esset, utrùm optimatibus an plebi faveret: nullum enim, excepto aurigarum cursu, certamen suâ naturâ, ne dicam lege aut instituto, ad hunc potius quàm ad illum in republicâ ordinem pertinebat. Sunt ista quidem aliquid. Cimonem tamen, Miltiadis illius patrem, qui tres ab Olympiâ victorias iisdem quadrigis reportarât, Pisistratidæ interfecerunt. Necnon Alcibiades cùm contra adversarios suos se defenderet, id ipsum prætendebat, quòd septenas quadrigas ad Olympiam detulisset. Quum enim tantâ contentione inter ipsas civitates apud Olympiam certaretur, non fieri poterat quin singuli victores domesticâ etiam gloriâ flourerent. Nullâ autem civitate non in odia interneciva distractâ, neque quoquam cum neutrâ parte conjuncto, qui quantulamcunque rem benè gessisset, is tanto magis timori, proptereaquæ invidiæ, apud alteram factionem haberi.

Verum enimverò magnificum sanè illud apud veteres philosophos de ludis commentum, quamquam a veris vitæ rationibus alienum, quæ, quod ad plerosque spectat, neque splendida sit naturâ

neque speciosa. Cùm enim viderent id bella emolumentum habere ut magnanimos ac strenuos efficerent viros, volebant eadem disciplinâ suos cives *impunè* semper imbuere. Quòd ne ita fieret in causâ esse dicit Plato cùm pravas divitiarum cupiditates, quæ non satis otii ad ejusmodi studia relinquerent, tum partium invidiam, quæ cùm reliquos cives vicissim pertimescerent, eosdem oppressos potiùs quàm virtutibus auctos amplificatosque vellent. Recordemur autem oportet cessationes istas publicas non nisi aliorum ærumnis in frugalissimâ etiam civitate emi, (quid enim apud Spartam Helotes?)—conditionemque istam, quâvis præclara ac virtutibus apta videatur, non tam verè virilem esse quàm, luctantem quemque in suo loco contra paupertatem industriâ, quotidianis vitæ officiis, minimè certè magnificis, perfungi. Scilicet hæc naturam simplicem ac sanam, illa artem ambitiosam referunt, quoties ad ipsos rationis calculos revocantur. Denique, quod sæpius evenit, animadvertimus causas effectusque invicem mutari. Nam cùm publica ista certamina ac ludi, sine servitute quæ necessarium victum pararet, diu esse non possent, tum illa otia, quæ ex vicario gratuitoque servorum labore ad dominos redundabant, nisi perpetuis oblectationibus recreata, languebant. Itaque, amotâ servitute, neque instrumenta neque causas ejusmodi institutionum nos hodiè habemus.

Quod si totius rei vim ac spiritum ex Pindaro sumamus, quàm multa in eâ admirabilia ! imprimis enim docet ubique victores non pro suâ tantum quantum pro gentis patriæque gloriâ certandum esse, neque eventum suis tantum opibus quantum Deorum benevolentiae imputandum. Eodem refert tot ex puriori quâdam quàm popularis illa relligio desumptas fabulas : tot pulcherrima gravissimarum sententiarum exempla : tum piâ istam circa natalia ac majores memoriam, quâ nihil arbitror equidem aut ad bonum virum aut ad bonum civem efficiendum plus valere. Pindarum verò in hac causâ (quod vereor ne arrogantius quiddam sonet) testem minimè locupletem esse existimo. Quamvis enim omnia quæ modo memoravi sint egregia, quòd eadem ad ludos retulerit, illud mihi fortuitum potius quàm ab eo meditaturn videtur. Cùm enim ad Lyricam Poesin naturâ duceretur in eum campum profudit ingenii copias sui, qui ferè solus poetarum Lyricorum esset. Utinam apud Græcos extitisset aliquis qui eandem animi elationem, eundem excellendi appetitum, admistis cùm erga Deos reverentiâ tum erga suos cives liberalitate atque amore, privatis conditionibus, domesticis rebus, voluisset innectere, idemque potuisset !

Verum ut orationis vela contraham, in unum liceat ea colligere quæ antea disputata sunt. Itaque diximus nihil apud Romanos fuisse certami-

num, quæ propriè dicerentur, publicorum—apud Græcos autem eorundem vim intra potiùs quàm extra civitates quærendam esse: ludorum enim relligio, licet ambitione aliquando publicâ perfringeretur, apud omnes tamen eo usque obtinebat ut gravitati civicæ multùm noceret; Græcòrum contra Græcos studia nimium accenderet; gentem denique universam, præ Romanis, histrionali quâdam levitate dehonestaret.

R. R. WHEELER LINGEN,
E COLL. BALL. SOCIUS.

1
TRIUMPHI POMPA APUD ROMANOS.

CARMEN LATINUM

IN THEATRO SHELDONIANO RECITATUM

DIE JUNII XX MDCCCXLIV .



OXONII

FRANCISCUS MACPHERSON

MDCCCXLIV.

EXCUDEBAT GULIELMUS BAXTER.

TRIUMPHI POMPA APUD ROMANOS.

GENTIS Romanæ cineres æternaque circum
 Mœnia ductus adhuc sinuoso flumine Thybris
 Respicit herbosum collem, tentataque Gallis
 Culmina saxorum, viduâ quâ mole columnæ
 Horrentes superant dumos, mentitaque nomen
 Antiquum tenui surgunt Capitolia fastu :—
 —Vasta situ, et placidâ dudum loca sancta quiete.
 Attamen hîc olim, bello dum Roma vigeat,
 Ante Jovem (jam fana jacent, neque Jupiter usquam
 Numen habet) sævos fascēs, positumque tribunal
 Consulis, et ductas pariter sub signa cohortes
 Cernere erat : patriis hinc acer miles in armis
 Prodiat sacra testatus Geniumque locorum
 Custodemque Deum, seu gens Tyrrhena pararet
 Insidias celeresque dolos, seu linqueret Alpes
 Gallus, et infesto fremeret Latium omne tumultu.
 Atque huc, quum propriâ præsens victoria lauru
 Velârat sublimè comas, hostisque minaces
 Conciderant strepitus, ad templa faventia votis
 Flectere equos victor, spolia et pretiosa per aras

Fundere Diis pugnae auspicibus, Patrique Quirino.

Aspicias, ut praeceps salebroso tramite callis
Per juga formosâ latè collapsa ruinâ
Ambiguum demittat iter ? Solennia pompæ
Inde olim spatia, et multis bacchata triumphis
Strata viæ : gravis hâc Marius, contemptor et auri
Fabricius, Cossusque ferox, niveisque Camillus
Ibat equis ; necnon Cæninâ victor ab urbe
Romulus, in nemus et frondosa cacumina montis
Laureolâ insignis socios deduxit ovantes,
Armaque in aunosâ suspendit regia quercu.

Sæpius hîc festi post sæva pericula cives
Collecto fremuere choro turbâque frequenti,
Dum procul hinnitus audiri, visaque priinis
Densari via Sacra rotis, sive ima Palatî
Saxa legens curvum jam sese ostenderet agmen.
Mox propior visu latoque effusior ibat
Pompa Foro ; jamque ante oculos splendere recentes
Exuvias, et capta Deûm simulachra videbant,
Atque catenatos duci longo ordine Reges.
Nunc jacet informis latè, tumulosaque putri
Terra herbâ, Superûmque domos privataque condit
Atria : vix arcus veteri sub rupe superstes
Prima viæ signat, fracto vix tramite noscas
Quâ sese oppositi circum latera ardua clivi
Flexerit, et curvos inceperit orbita cursus.

Gesta tamen regum, antiquis ibi clara tropæis,
Tergemino servant pendentes fornice flores ;

Quà fuga Parthorum, torvique insculpta Severi
Effigies nitet; aut eversæ fata Sionis
Aspicias, sanctoque Aquilas insistere Templo;
Nec procul illius titulos, Byzantiâ primus
Mœnia qui patriæ Romanus prætulit urbi.

Suave laboratas moles et prisca tueri
Marmora, quæis magnæ laudis mens conscia, famam
Indignata brevem tacitæque silentia mortis,
Impressit monumenta sui, simulachraque rerum
Indidit; heroumque animos et fortia facta
Mirari in saxo, vivosque ediscere vultus.

Intereâ, obtutu dum fixi hæremus in uno,
Paulatim raptos cepere obliviam sensus,
Scenæque mutari, et rerum veneranda renasci
Nomina, jamque oculis species nova surgere nostris.
Roma caput mundi septem divisa per arces
Adversâ sub luce nitet; non marmore Graio
Aut Ægyptiacis splendens sublimè columnis,
Intonsi sed qualis erat sub fasce modesto
Scipiadæ, Fabiûmque, ubi jam de Tibure saxum
Magnificum, et solis credebant utile templis.
Undique candenti properantes veste Quirites
Sacra ferunt: pars festivas accingere lauru
Concertant de more fores, pars nectere multo
Flore Deos, et thura omnes adolere per aras.
Obsedere alii turres et celsa domorum
Culmina templorumque aditus, pompa unde videri
Ingressusque triumphales et ovantia possint

Agmina ; pars toto frondentia pulpita Circo
Inque Foro posuere : latus declive Palatî
Confertis stat densum humeris ; ceu flamine primo
Quum tumet assurgens et mille incanuit undis
Oceanus ; vel cum segetem delapsus in almam
Huc illuc Zephyrus condensa cacumina versat,—
Fluctuat omnis ager, celeresque moventur aristæ.
Paullum omnes, Paullum ingeminant, qui Persea bello
Fuderit, et Graias Romano Marte phalanges.
Illius auspiciis Pelopeas alma per urbes
Libertas iterum caput erigit ; ille superbos
Regum apices, genus excelsâ de stirpe Philippi,
Ferre jugum, et fasci docuit servire Latino.

At subito tacuere, simul compressus et omnis
Impetus. Ante oculos laxis compagibus aretæ
Dissiluere fores ; portâ venit agmen apertâ,
Affectatque viam. Spectandum in curribus altis
Phidiacum portatur ebur, vivæque tabellæ,
Cecropiis erepta diu spolia inclyta templis.
Succeedunt, tractuque gravi per strata viarum
Plaustra sonant onerata armis ; confusa feruntur
Spicula cum clypeis, miles quos Gnossius olim
Gesserat, et galeæ læves, mistisque pharetris
Bistonidum peltæ, gladiique hastæque coruscant.
Quid varios referam calices, atque aspera signis
Pocula ? quid gemmis regum crateras et auro
Insignes, vastoque argenti pondere tardos
Stridere sarraconum orbes ? Quin tristis imago

Lugentis vehitur terræ; mirantur ahenis
 Castella in tumulis, fictum mirantur Olympum,
 Pendentesque auro sylvas, et mœnia Pydnæ.
 Tum strepere horrendum litui, clangorque tubarum
 Audiri, velut oppositum Romanus in hostem
 Quum ruit, ardentesque accendunt classica pugnas.
 Inde tui, Clitumne, greges, queîs infula frontem
 Alligat, et tenui circumdant tempora vittæ
 Compede; candentes humeros aurataque circum
 Cornua purpurei nectunt retinacula flores.
 Nec procul Hæmonii currus, et regia gentis
 Arma micant, fratrisque olim diadema paratum
 Sanguine. ¹Subsequitur proles captiva tyranni
 Jam tenero miseranda ævo; tamen inscia sortis
 Ipsa suæ, pompam mirans circumspicit omnem,
 Insuetasque hominum facies, et non sua tecta,
 Nec dignatur adhuc flentes audire magistros,
 Nec vitam petere, et duplices extendere palmas.
 Quis tamen ille, gregem qui sic comitatur euntem
 Attonitus, tanquam ventis afflatus et igni
 Fulmineo? sic ora vacant, sic membra moventur
 Sponte suâ, fixique rigent in sedibus orbes.
 Non ebur intextum, clarâ non purpura veste

¹ "At a little distance Perseus' children were led captive, attended by a great number of governors, masters, and preceptors, all in tears, who stretched out their hands by way of supplication to the spectators, and taught the children to do the same."
Plutarch. in Vit. Æmilii.

Enitet: Emathio tantum de more recingunt
 Vincla pedes; humeris ater dependet amictus.
 Sed gemitus circa comitum, sed lumina in unum
 Conversa, et mœsti tacita observantia vultûs
 Significat Regem; neque enim sua vincula plorat
 Fida cohors; regi invigilat, regi imminet omnis,
 Huic timet, huic longo ducit suspiria luctu.

Jamque ipse ante oculos, quem plebs, quem Roma salutat,
 Factaque, fortunamque, et laudes nubibus æquans,
 Consul adest—Pæana canunt. Proh pectora frustra
 Cæca hominum! Pompamque inter plaususque secundos
 Dum stupet, et simulat composito gaudia vultu,
 Corda dolor premit intus agens. Quid laurea tandem,
 Quid currus aut sceptrâ juvant? quid turba faventûm
 Plurima, si feretro indormit, magis omnibus unum
 Quem pater optasset comitem; qui primus amicâ
 Voce decus patrium, et plenos celebrârat honores?²
 Parce tamen flendo, atque ingentes comprime luctus;
 Nam lateri tibi sospes adest, qui nomine quanquam

² “ Non Perseus tantum per illos dies documentum humanorum casuum fuit, in catenis ante currum victoris ducis per urbem hostium ductus; sed etiam victor Paullus, auro purpurâque fulgens. Nam duobus e filiis, quos, duobus datis in adoptionem, solos nominis, sacrorum, familiæque hæredes retinuerat domi, minor, ferme duodecim annos natus, quinque diebus ante triumphum, major, quatuordecim annorum, triduo post triumphum decessit: quos prætextatos curru vehi cum patre, sibi ipsos similes prædestinantes triumphos, oportuerat.” *Liv.* xlv. c. 40.

Clarus adoptivo, factis ad sidera tollet
 Æmilios; illum primo jam Marte furem
 Videre Emathii; mox diruta templa relinquens
 Arce Numantinâ Byrsæque in mœnibus ignes
 Flectet anhelantes Capitolia ad alta quadrigas.

Scilicet his animis, hœc olim munere lætæ
 Æneadûm viguere artes et maxima bello
 Gloria; sic omnis penitus surrexit in arma
 Italia; hinc Danaûm clades, hinc irrita virtus
 Rejectæque minæ Pœnorum, Indusque Latinis
 Additus imperiis, terrarumque ultima Thule
 Audiit impositas peregrino milite leges.

Ergo incumbere adhuc veteresque evolvere fastos
 Fert animus, jamque alta sequens fastigia rerum
 Laurigerum revocare æterni nominis agmen.
 Libera Publicolâ primûm victore triumphos
 Vidit Roma novos, pulsis quum Tusca tyrannis
 Deficeret manus, et Sylvæ pæana sonarent³.
 Longa inde heroum series. En! cura Deorum⁴
 Postumius venit: en! curvi moderator aratri
 Quinctius! Insequitur referens scuta aurea Cursor

³ “Adjiciunt miracula huic pugnæ: silentio proximæ noctis ex silvâ Arsiâ ingentem editam vocem; Silvani vocem eam creditam; hæc dicta, ‘Uno plus Etruscorum cecidisse in acie; vincere bello Romanum.’” *Liv.* ii. 7.

⁴ Referring to the apparition of Castor and Pollux at the Lake Regillus. *Liv.* ii. 20.

Ornamenta Foro, et lautis decora alta Tabernis⁵.
 Quin redit incompτος redimitus fronde capillos
 Œacidæ Curius gazas, turritaque jactans
 Lucarum terga ampla boum : Quem torquibus urget
 Nobilis Insubrium, conversique omine voti⁶
 Flaminius ;—felix, si non vidisset Etrusci
 Stagna lacûs, Pænoque obsessos milite saltus.
 Hos Umbræ misere arces, flumenque Metaurum,
 Egregios famâ parili : nec Livius ullâ
 Laude prior, licet alter equum post agmina Consul
 Solus agat, nullâque manu stipante suorum⁷ :
 At fremit Hannibalem lusum, fraudesque Neronis
 Tota cohors, miscetque suo cum consule nomen.
 Scipiadæ ducunt gemini læta agmina fratres,
 Hic Asiæ clarus spoliis ; illustrior uno
 Hic titulo, victum Ausonii quodd nominis hostem
 Turba legit, cladem Italiæ. Quid gentis Achææ
 Exitium referam, bimarisque incensa Corinthi
 Mœnia ? Quid Marii laudes, fastusque superbos
 Ultoris Syllæ, reducemque ad fræna Senatum⁸ ?
 Eminent ante alios regali insignis amictu

⁵ Liv. ix. 40.

⁶ The Insubres had made a vow to offer a chain (torquem) to their Gods which was to be made of the Roman spoils. Flaminius brought to Rome a great spoil of golden 'torques' taken from themselves.

⁷ Liv. xxviii. 9.

⁸ Sylla returned to Rome with a great number of noble exiles, who accompanied his triumphal procession on horseback.

Pompeius; juga cui variis ardentia gemmis
 Gætulæ subiere feræ; micat agmen onustum
 Tot regum exuviis: illic argentea signa,
 Hic lapides baccæque nitent; mox Indica pubes
 Fert ebum, Syrii gestant sua balsama servi.
 Quis procul ille autem tædarum lumine multo
 Per noctem ingreditur? nosco comites elephantos,
 Lychnigeram seriem; scandit Capitolia Cæsar,
 Sidus uti lucem referens; vis ignea flammæ
 Quadrijugûm lambit phaleras, captivaque tela
 Gallorum; micat æs rutilum, ferrumque coruscat⁹.

Fallor? an Hebræis adytis arâque revulsæ
 Ante oculos portantur opes? Ecce aurea fulgent
 Vasa Domûs, Solymæque semel prærepta ruinis
 Nequicquam, ramo septemplice mystica Lampas.
 Fertur et in manibus vivâ descripta tabellâ
 Sub palmâ Judæa sedens: quam forte, supremis
 Casibus insultans, Syrius sub mœnia pictor
 Fecerit, addideritque decus, quod viderat olim
 Collibus in patriis; mœstum spirare videtur,
 Et genere, et tristes Virgo demittere vultus.
 Longè alio incedunt gestu, quos victor adurgens
 Insequitur propiùs, spumisque humectat equorum,
 Flavius: afflictæ non illos funera gentis,
 Non captæ domuere arces, aræque parentum

⁹ “ Ascendit Capitolium ad lumina, quadraginta elephantis, dextrâ atque sinistrâ lychnuchos gestantibus.” *Sueton. in Vit. Julii.*

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 Non captæ domuere arces, aræque parentum

⁹ “ Ascendit Capitolium ad lumina, quadraginta elephantis, dextrâ atque sinistrâ lychnuchos gestantibus.” *Sueton. in Vit. Julii.*

Cælitus eversæ exitio ; stupet Itala pubes
Fixa oculos, viresque timet vultusque superbos
Vinctorum, certâque animos in morte feroces.—

Ergo agite, Ausonii, sævos celebrate triumphos,
Dum licet ;—ignari tantis quam parvula rebus
Stet fato concessa dies. Jam lugubre cælum
Ominibus scatet, et venturi præscia casûs
Pallescunt simulachra Deûm, suspiriaque alta
Audit, et insolitâ gemitus sub nocte sacerdos.
Magnus adest, jamque Hebræis e montibus Ultor
Exiit, Indigetes Divos et prisca locorum
Qui turbet sacra, cui cedit Rex Jupiter Arcis,
Et Mars, et Bellona :—Illi non horrida bella,
Non enses galeæque placent ; sed munera pacis
Casta ferent, gratæque albo velamine turbæ
Innocuas ducent pura ad donaria pompas.

EDVINUS PALMER,

E COLL. BALL.

BATTLE OF THE NILE:

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD;

JUNE 20, 1844.

BY

JOSEPH L. BRERETON,

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.



OXFORD:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. VINCENT.

M DCCC XLIV.

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

THOU memory-haunted sea, to glory dear,
Whose classic shores their deathless fabrics rear;
Home of the free! thy conscious waves could tell
Of old Athena's wooden citadel;
Thy virgin waters nurs'd the infant sail
That venturous Tyre first trusted to the gale;
And thou hast listen'd to the Afric blast,
Whilst widow'd Carthage mourn'd her empire past;
And Rome exulting could thine echoes rouse,
To the glad music of her laurell'd prow.

Lift thy proud waters! rear thy glist'ning crest!
For Albion's warriors ride thy throbbing breast.
Staunch as the oak that ribs their vessel's side,
True as the compass, dauntless as the tide,
Each heart beats worthy of their chieftain's fame,
Each soul is kindled with his soul of flame!

'Yet¹ deem not theirs the zeal that pants for strife,
The thirst for blood—the recklessness of life ;
No wild ambition with its boundless span,
The praise of History, but the scourge of man ;
No restless lust—no avarice led them on,
No dreams of empires gained, and golden conquests
won.

By the blue margin of Aboukir's bay,
The Gallic fleet in safety's slumber lay ;
Each spiry mast with pencill'd tracery deck'd
Seemed the mere whim of Fancy's architect—
So slight, so lofty ! not a sail was spread ;
The breeze sigh'd gently o'er the watery bed.—
Ah seeming rest ! fond ignorance of woe !
The bright waves glitter o'er a tomb below.

Mark yonder vessels crowding into sight.
'Tis Nelson's squadron, racing to the fight.
Heard ye that shout ? glad sound to Ocean's ear—
'Twas Bravery's eloquence—a British cheer !²

¹ Contrast Napoleon's Proclamations to his army before setting out for Egypt.

² When Hood, in the *Zealous*, made signal that the enemy was in sight, a cheer of anticipated triumph burst from every ship in the English fleet.

On, on they press, like falcons in the chace,
Each would be foremost in the glorious race !
Each feels the gush of valour's generous tide,
Glow on each hardy cheek the warrior pride.
One prayer half whisper'd—but no coward's cry,
One thought of home—but no reluctant sigh !
What though the foes their angry welcome fling,
Though wings of flame the iron tempest bring !
Though crash the masts—though burst the sails in
twain,
And the thick grape-shot rends the whiten'd main !—
Undaunted still, Britannia's heroes bide
The deadly storm, and seek the foeman's side.
No useless gun,³ no hurried movement tells,
The spurious valour that Inaction quells :
Till ship with ship, till foe with foeman meets,
And one dark wave upholds the hostile fleets.
Each gun found utterance then ; then burst the force
Of battle's tide—Oh ! who may stem its course ?
Then Terror pray'd for life—what prayer shall speed ?
The death-shriek told its anguish—who shall heed ?
Then flow'd the blood-stream—whose the trickling
life ?
Then rung the war-shout—who hath gained the strife ?

³ None of the British ships returned a gun till they had taken their several stations close alongside of the enemy's vessels.

Unhappy Brueys ! Oh, might valour save,
France had not wept above thine honor'd grave ;
Thy memory had not wreath'd one circlet more
For the rich crown victorious Albion wore !

It might not be. Lo, through the gloom of night,
The ruthless flames wave high their lurid light,
Sport like fell demons through the crackling shrouds,
And mock the fury of yon palsied crowds.
Stay, mortals, stay ! your feeble efforts spare,
A foe more dread, a mightier arm is there ;
In blazing tracery hung from mast to mast,
The wreathed flames their vivid lightnings cast ;
Far o'er the gleaming ocean's crimson'd wave,
Like fabled death-lights pointing to the grave ;
Far o'er the crowds that throng around to gaze,
O'er friends, o'er foemen, streams the mighty blaze ;
Till the vast fabric, leaping from the sea,
Rent with her throes of death-straught agony,
High through the air upheaves her giant frame,
And falls in thousand wrecks—a cataract of flame !⁴

⁴ “This tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful : the firing immediately ceased on both sides ; and the first sound which broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts and yards falling into the water from the vast height to which they had been exploded.”—*Southey's Life of Nelson*.

The startled Arab heard the distant sound,
And deem'd dread Azrael shook the quaking ground;
Far reach'd the fragments of that deadly shower,
From lone El Rashid⁵ to Aboukir's tower ;
Whilst the scar'd echoes on far Canaan's shore
In fainter cadence murmur'd back the roar—
Wide as the view from Pompey's column'd pile,⁶
The towery guardian of the wealthy Nile ;
Bright as the flame that erst in prouder days
Stream'd from old Pharos' rock—a warder blaze !

By Mizraim's storied shores the ling'ring sun
Gleams o'er the fight, and hails the avenging gun.
God of the East ! he marks her threat'ned woes,
And glares red anger on her daring foes :
Nor hid, pale Crescent, be thine amber light ;
Thine are the wrongs, and for thy weal the fight.
In motley groups around Canopus' bay
Thy swarthy votaries watch th' unwonted fray ;
And, half in wonder, half in terror, press
To curse the invader, and his foes to bless.
There the fierce Mamluke stays his fiery steed,
Whose God is war, and victory his creed ;

⁵ *El Rashid*—ROSETTA.

⁶ Pompey's or Diocletian's pillar. “ Elle sert en mer de reconnaissance aux vaisseaux, et guide les Arabes dans les plaines non moins vastes, et nues du desert.”—*Histoire d’Egypte. Antiq. Descr.* vol. ii.

O'er the strange sight Arabia's desert child
The roving Bedouin bends his glances wild :
Though all unskill'd the Giaour's stern fight to read,
How fares Britannia, how the Frenchmen speed ;
Whilst fear and wonder dim their aching gaze,
The Mamluke trembles, and the Arab prays.

Allah, give ear ! Oh, thou that rul'st the fight,
Rise, God of battles, and defend the right !
Here be thy terrors once again display'd,
Here with dread portents daunt the renegade !⁷

Joy to fair Egypt ! bid new smiles illumine
Her sadden'd brow, and chase oppression's gloom ;
Bid cheering hope, with nature's lavish hand,
Bless the bright scenes of that enchanted land !
Her green savannahs, soft as evening calm—
Her lotus-beds, and groves of feathery palm—
The emerald verdure that in Goshen grows—
The glist'ning olive, and the perfum'd rose.
Her lowliest spots with gilded memories spread—
Tents of the living—cities of the dead ;
Her ancient monuments, whose legends climb
Like ivy tendrils round the trunk of Time ;

⁷ *The renegade.* It seems certain that the Egyptians looked on Napoleon's conversion as mere imposture ; and therefore would apply to him all the disgrace of deserting his own religion, without the redeeming virtue of adopting theirs.

The giant Pyramids—Eld's mystic pile—
The desert's trackless graves—the life-streams of the
Nile !

But where the victors ?—where the exulting cry,
The thrilling shout of conscious victory ?
Why are they silent ? Nay, be silent thou !
Hush'd be each whisper—hear the seaman's vow !
“ Kneel, comrades, kneel ! let faithless Gallia mourn ;
“ Learn that God's scorers are themselves a scorn.
“ Be Albion's sons with holier thoughts imbued,
“ Their first glad breath be spent in gratitude !
“ Not unto us be praise or glory given—
“ Not unto us—but to the Lord of Heaven !
“ But that His aid was ours, we now may say,
“ But that His arm upheld us in the fray ;
“ We had not stemm'd them in their surging pride,
“ Our souls had perish'd 'neath the whelming tide.
“ No arm of man, no mortal's boastful sword,
“ Wrought this deliverance—'twas Himself, the
Lord !”

Nelson ! thou richest gem from glory's mine !
A priceless meed—a nation's thanks are thine ;
For thee the grateful chaplet Albion wreath'd,
Thy bright example to her sons bequeath'd :
And still, midst waning years, the hallow'd flame
Of patriot ardour kindles at thy name ;

The youthful sailor reads with beaming eye
Thy noble signal—and is bold to die !
E'en now, weak emblem of a nation's love,
Soars thy tall column, England's thanks to prove ;
There thronging crowds shall gaze with hearts of
pride,
Forget their sorrows, fling their cares aside ;
Ages unborn shall read that deathless scroll,
And spurn the ignoble joys of Pleasure's bowl.
When lawless force and factious storms are rife,
Thy name shall calm the bitterness of strife ;
Then shall thy spirit nobler thoughts inspire,
And Nelson's memory wake the patriot fire !

And ye, brave sailors ! were it mine to raise
A minstrel's tribute of Mæonian praise ;
Had I the art from mortal woof to frame
The deathless texture of immortal fame,
What nobler crown were e'er by minstrel wove,
What boon more precious than your country's love ?
For ye are Albion's chosen, Ocean's pride,
The cherish'd pledges of his island bride !
There were ye nurtur'd, where her warder rock
Stems the rude wave, and bides the tempest's shock ;
Where the hoarse shingle grates beneath the tide,
And screaming storm-birds on the surges ride.

There first th' impatient urchin learnt to steer
His rude-built vessel, and forgot to fear ;
There Nelson learnt to spurn his idler home,
And the wild waters' denizen to roam.
There from the village manse⁸ the brave boy flew
The tide, the boats, the distant sails to view ;
Whilst home, its friends, its pleasures all forgot,
Wild Nature school'd him for his future lot ;
And taught, amidst the bluff winds' rude embrace,
That ocean-love, no hardships may efface.

Caught with such love the veteran rears his head,
The fearless youngster pants the deck to tread ;
So Britain's sons, the high, the lowly feel
One heartfelt sympathy with seamen's zeal ;
So he, the Poet, though untaught to glow
With that stern rapture warriors only know,
O'er his lone task, yet felt the generous pride,
Whilst fancy bore him to the hero's side,
And patriot ardour nerv'd his soul to write
The glorious story of Aboukir's fight—
Death ! thou canst ne'er set seal to nobler fame,
Whilst sadden'd memory whispers Southey's name ;

⁸ Nelson's father was rector of the village of Burnham, on the Norfolk coast.

And tells how midst the praises o'er him sped,
Whilst bloodless laurels wreath'd his honour'd head,
'Twas his to seize on Learning's magic store,
From Wisdom's quarry dig the priceless ore,
By worth and virtue win to glory's goal,
And to his country consecrate the whole !

Years have roll'd by, and hoary Timè hath cast
His deep'ning shadows o'er the mighty Past ;
They whose high actions shook the startled world,
Whose arm wrought vengeance, or destruction hurl'd—
Victors and vanquish'd—dastard hearts that fled—
Brave souls that fought—survivors and the dead—
Like footsteps blotted from the faithless shore,
The grave hath claimed them, and their fights are o'er.—

The world rolls on—yet Time itself shall fail
Ere grateful England wearies of the tale ;
For not in vain her gallant heroes bled,⁹
No fruitless laurels twine the victor's head.
Bear witness, Europe ! for 'twas thine to feel
How sharp the scourge, how slow the wounds to heal.
Bear witness, Asia ! but for Nelson's aid
Thy proudest crowns had graced the renegade.

⁹ For the vast projects Napoleon had in view in his expedition to Egypt, and which were frustrated by the loss of his fleet, consult Bourrienne.

Chiefs had been fain their suppliant gifts to bring,
And Gallia's citizen been Salem's king.
Witness, fair Ind ! if Britain's care can bless
Thine abject sons, in number numberless,
Can bid them pierce Oppression's hopeless gloom,
And Superstition—grovelling to the tomb ;
Can tell of Heaven, of Life beyond the grave,
Can rear the cross, and preach its power to save—
Then lift thy voice, then wreath the grateful smile,
And bless the names of Nelson and the Nile!

THE END.

I

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But times are altered, trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.

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Thucyd. lib. iv. 62.

“Udum et molle lutum es, nunc nunc properandus et acri.
Fingendus sine fine rotâ.”

Pers. Sat. iii.

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On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HENRY IV. act i. sc. 3.

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Hic meret æra liber Sostiæ.—HORAT.

Petra,

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

JUNE IV, MDCCCXLV.

BY

JOHN WILLIAM BURGON,

WORCESTER COLLEGE.



OXFORD,

PRINTED BY W. BAXTER.

FRANCIS MACPHERSON, HIGH STREET.

MDCCCXLV.

PETRA,

THE capital of that portion of Arabia which is thence called Petraea, occupies a mountain-hollow in the rocky region known as the Land of Seir; extending from the north-eastern extremity of the Arabian gulph to the south of the Dead Sea;—a territory which the Almighty assigned to the Edomites, or descendants of Esau. It is twice mentioned in Scripture by the equivalent Hebrew name SELAH, or *the Rock*: and thenceforward, (namely, from the seventh or eighth century before our æra,) it obtains no further notice for four hundred years. During this interval the Nabathæans, or descendants of Nebaioth, the eldest son of Ishmael, had expelled the Edomites from their ancient stronghold, and driven them northward, where their territory was recognised for a few centuries under the Hellenized name of Idumæa. Then it was that one portion of the prophecy concerning the descendants of Esau obtained its fulfilment: they faded from the world's eye, and ceased to be a nation.

Petraea, henceforth part of the Nabathæan territory, became a Roman province; and PETRA, as some ancient historians relate, and as its astonishing ruins abundantly testify, continued to be its wealthy and flourishing capital.

It obtains some slight ecclesiastical notice so late as the sixth century: but from that time it suddenly disappears from the page of history; and the doom pronounced on the land of the Edomites was entirely accomplished. PETRA had continued wholly unknown for twelve hundred years, when the adventurous Burckhardt discovered its ruins in 1812.

Some valuable and interesting notices of this wonderful city, and the surrounding region, are found in the second volume of Dr. Robinson's *Biblical Researches*; and the external features of the place are delineated in Laborde's folio work on Petra; but Roberts's *Sketches* are by far the most eloquent commentary that has yet appeared on the subject.

ARGUMENT.

SACRED associations allow us to regard the land of Edom almost as the birth-place of song.—In the desolation with which it has been visited, Petra has shared largely.—Enviably feelings of the Traveller who discovered its forgotten site.—The magnificent scenery around Petra,—recalling the miracle of the Exode.—Wonderful approach to the city.—Meditation on its beautiful ruins.—The grandeur—gaiety (suggested by the remains of a theatre)—and flourishing condition of Petra in the time of the Romans,—from which, in common with the rest of the cities of Edom, it fell by some awful but unrecorded visitation.—The early and later state of the surrounding country contrasted.—Its present barrenness exhibits the fulfilment of the prophecies concerning it; denounced chiefly in consequence of the hostility of the Edomites against the children of Israel.

The Poem concludes by contrasting the hopeless desolation of Edom and the extinction of Esau's descendants, with the prospects of the Holy Land and the glorious promises in store for the posterity of Jacob.



Petra.

“The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart, Who shall bring me down to the ground?”

“Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the LORD.”

SPIRIT of Song! that oft at dewy eve,
 When Elfin sprites their frolic dances weave,
 Meetest the poet as he walks unseen
 The twilight valley, or the dusky green;—
 Or by some mountain lake's romantic brim
 Wakest the drowsy echoes, all for him;—
 And many a time art well content to stray
 Where garden-alleys quench the blaze of day,
 And small birds sing, and babbling fountains play: }
 Know'st thou the land—a land of giant mould—
 By Heav'n assign'd to Edom's race of old*?

* “I have given Mount Seir unto Esau for a possession.”
 Deut. ii. 5.

Where rock on rocks—on mountains mountains pil'd—
 Have form'd a scene so wondrous and so wild,
 'That gazing there man seems to gaze upon
 The rough rude ocean frozen into stone?
 Full well thou know'st! for sure, when Israel wound
 His homeward journey o'er that hallow'd ground,—
 Forc'd in the depths of those wild hills to wait
 And kneel, a suppliant, at his brother's gate,—
 While burning anthems rose from many a tongue,
 Not coldly mute the harp of Judah hung!
 And did not one, in yet remoter time,
 Wake there the ' birth-notes of the holy chime ?'
 Doth not to Edom's rugged land belong
 The man of Uz—the Morning-star of song^b!

Yea, and to Fancy's ear, o'er rock and hill
 More solemn harpings there are floating^{*} still.
 Harps that long since have been attun'd above
 'To hymns of joy, and seraph-lays of love,
 In awful strains from many a trembling wire
 Have pour'd o'er Edom words of deepest ire!

^b Job i. 1. The date commonly assigned to this Book, the most ancient in the world, is B.C. 1520.—The land where Job dwelt (which seems to have derived its name from Uz, the grandson of Shem, Gen. x. 23.) is identified with Edom by the prophet Jeremiah, Lament. iv. 21.

Words that yet live and burn—in whose keen ray
 The life and light of Edom ebb'd away :
 Still fading, star-like, from the blaze of day^c!

And thou too, Petra, tho' the Roman came
 And fann'd thy dying glories into flame;
 Carv'd the tall column—rear'd the stately dome—
 And seem'd the founder of a second Rome,—
 How brief the pageant^d! On thy dying brow
 Men laid a crown—but who shall crown thee now ?
 A thousand summers o'er thy ruins crept :
 A thousand winters o'er thy ruins wept :
 A thousand years—and still the very spot
 Where once thou wert so glorious, was forgot !

What joy was his—the wandering man, who first
 Dissolv'd the spell ;—on whom the Vision burst
 Of that enchanted City, as it lay
 Bath'd in the splendours of a Syrian day.
 O Fancy, thou that must so oft have shed
 Dreams of its beauty round his sleeping head ;
 Woke in his heart the wild-bird's wish to roam,
 And told of marvels in that mountain-home ;

^c The prophecies concerning Edom, in fulness and minuteness, are second only to those concerning the chosen people of God.

^d “ Whereas Edom saith, We are impoverished, but we will return and build the desolate places ; thus saith the LORD of hosts, *They shall build, but I will throw down.*” Malachi i. 4.

Still be it thine with angel-hand to guide
 These longing footsteps by that trav'ler's side!
 Waft o'er mine ear one echo of the strain
 Which dark-eyed Kedar pours along the plain;
 Or let one gaze, how brief soe'er, inspire
 These falt'ring lips to glow with Eastern fire!

Sudden, around me rocks and cliffs arise;
 The earth their footstool, and their crown the skies:
 Some soaring steep, as if to curtain round
 From mortal gaze each nook of holy ground:
 Some prostrate hurl'd, as if by that fierce storm
 Which rent the mountains, when th' Almighty form
 ' Rose up from Seir;' and trembling Sinai saw
 His thousand Saints dispense His fiery law^e!
 And one there is which, beetling o'er the rest,
 Pillows a Saint upon its rocky crest^f:

^e The scene of terrific splendour which attended the delivery of the Law, so dimly hinted at in the Book of Exodus, is partly disclosed to us in later portions of the Bible. Thus in Deuteronomy; "The LORD came from Sinai and rose up from Seir unto them; he shined forth from Mount Paran, and he came with ten thousands of saints: from his right hand went a fiery law for them." Deut. xxxiii. 2. Compare Ps. lxxviii. 17. and the references to the New Testament in the margin. See also the seventh and eighth verses of the same Psalm; which seem a quotation from the Song of Deborah and Barak.

^f "And Moses did as the LORD commanded: and they went

Uplifted high—where none but stars can keep
 Their bright-eyed vigils round his lonely sleep.
 Fit scene for marvels ! In such land should none
 But giants move, and giant deeds be done.
 O'er such huge hills might fitly seem to stray
 A ransom'd people on their homeward way.
 In such wild valleys, round their Ark rever'd,
 At set of sun their myriad tents be rear'd.
 Myriads ! and yet, above them and around,
 Such giant features of the landscape frown'd,
 They seem'd no more—that people and their guide—
 Than Jethro's flock on Horeb's hallow'd side !

Ah say, ere gather'd in their destin'd fold,
 While Israel wander'd o'er this waste of old;
 As, eve by eve, upon these mountains brown,
 Silent as snow the heav'nly bread came down ;—
 From the cleft rock as gush'd the sparkling wave
 To cheer their sinking spirits, and to save ;—
 And the bright pillar, through the livelong night,
 Shed o'er their tents its soft celestial light ;—

up into Mount Hor in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son; *and Aaron died there in the top of the Mount.*" Numb. xx. 27, 28.

Did none perchance of Judah's faithful line
 Read the high teaching of each heav'n-sent sign ^g ?
 Say—while around him others pin'd forlorn
 For Canaan's valleys “ standing thick with corn ”—
 Did no fond heart, with nobler instinct fraught,
 Sigh for the substance which those shadows taught ?
 On trembling pinions seek to soar above,
 Refin'd by sorrow, and sublim'd by love,—
 Till Faith discern'd what Reason dimly scann'd,
 And Hope gave promise of the better land ?

Still on for Petra,—till the desert wide
 Shrinks to a valley ; and on either side
 The rude rock springeth, and a long array
 Of tombs, forgotten, sadden all the way ^h.
 Then the earth yawns, terrific : and a path,
 By Nature fram'd in waywardness or wrath,
 Winds where two rocks precipitously frown,—
 The giant warders of that wondrous town ⁱ !

^g The spiritual nature of both Sacraments was clearly set forth by Moses in the wilderness. Deut. viii. 3. and x. 16.

^h “ The valley contracts more and more, and the cliffs become higher, presenting on each side a street of tombs. . . . Here is the opening of the terrific chasm, which anciently formed the only avenue to the city on this side.” Robinson, ii. p. 515, 516.

ⁱ “ The rocks are all of reddish sand stone, perpendicular on

Day comes not here,—or in such spectral guise,
She seems an outcast from yon happy skies.

In silent awe the Arab steals along,
Nor cheers his camels with their wonted song.
Well may the spirit, left alone to brood
On the dim shapes which haunt that solitude,
O'erflow with joy—that dreary pathway past—
When Petra bursts upon the gaze at last.

O passing beautiful—in this wild spot
Temples, and tombs, and dwellings,—all forgot!
One sea of sunlight far around them spread,
And skies of sapphire mantling overhead.
They seem no work of man's creative hand,
Where Labour wrought as wayward Fancy plann'd;
But from the rock as if by magic grown,
Eternal—silent—beautiful—alone!
Not virgin white—like that old Doric shrine^k
Where once Athena held her rites divine:

both sides; and in some places they overhang the passage, so as almost to shut out the light of the sky.... Indeed the whole vast mass of rock seems as if originally rent asunder by some great convulsion of nature, leaving behind this long, narrow, winding, magnificent chasm." Ibid. p. 516.

^k The Parthenon was constructed of the marble from Mount Pentelicum,—“admitting as fine a surface, and presenting as beautiful a colour, as ivory.” Leake's Athens, i. p. 334.

Not saintly grey—like many a minster fane
 That crowns the hill or sanctifies the plain :
 But rosy-red¹,—as if the blush of dawn
 Which first beheld them were not yet withdrawn :
 The hues of youth upon a brow, of woe,
 Which men called old two thousand years ago !
 Match me such marvel, save in Eastern clime,—
 A rose-red city—half as old as Time !

And this is Petra—this the lofty boast
 Of Edom's once unconquerable coast !
 These the gay halls thro' which, in days of old,
 The tide of life so rapturously roll'd !
 These the proud streets where Wealth, with lavish hand,
 Pour'd the rich spoils of ev'ry Orient land ;
 All that the seaman's timid barque beguiles,
 To Cush and Ophir, ' Tarshish and the Isles :'
 Afric's red gold,—Arabia's spicy store,—
 And pearl and plume from India's furthest shore^m !

¹ " Not the least remarkable circumstance in the peculiarities of this singular spot, is the colour of the rocks. They present not a dead mass of dull monotonous red ; but an endless variety of bright and living hues, from the deepest crimson to the softest pink." Robinson, ii. 531. Irby and Mangles, and Laborde, repeatedly notice the singular effect of the " rose-coloured granite" of Petra.

^m " The inhabitants of this region had early become extremely engaged in commerce, as the carriers of the rich products

How chang'd—how fallen ! All her glory fled,
 The widow'd city ⁿ mourns her many dead.
 Like some fond heart which gaunt Disease hath left
 Of all it liv'd for—all it lov'd, bereft ;
 Mute in its anguish ! struck with pangs too deep
 For words to utter, or for tears to weep.

Yet hearts and eyes there be, well skill'd to trace
 The living features in the lifeless face,
 For whom that silent desert air seems rife
 With tuneful voices and the pulse of life.
 For them sweeps by in glitt'ring pomp again
 The warlike pageant and the peaceful train :
 For them bright shadows fill these vacant halls,
 And Beauty wakes where'er their footstep falls.

Heard ye it not ?"—the bright-eyed dreamer cries,—
 " Heard ye no shout from yonder seats arise ° ?"

of the East between the Red Sea and the ports of the Phenicians. In the first expedition sent by Antigonus, the men of Petra were absent at a mart, and Athenæus found in Petra a large quantity of frankincense and myrrh, and five hundred talents of silver. Strabo relates that the merchandize of India and Arabia was transported on camels from Leuce Kome to Petra, and thence to Rhinocolura, and other places. Under the Romans this trade appears to have become still more prosperous," &c. Robinson, ii. 561, 562.

ⁿ On the coins of Petra, the city is represented as a veiled and turreted female sitting on a rock.

^o One of the first objects which arrests the eye of the

(And his rapt gaze in ecstasy is bent,
 On what seems Pleasure's mournful monument.)
 " Ye deem the actor and his mimic rage
 Pass'd like a shadow from you ruin'd stage ;
 But to mine eye he lives and moves :—'tis *we*
 Are shadows here—the substance only he !
 Or do I dream ?—they come and fade so fast—
 Now here, now there—now present, and now past.
 But now, a stern old king^p,—whom anguish strong
 Had goaded into madness—stalk'd along,
 Sightless and crownless : . . . now, a maiden^q stands
 Ev'n where he stood ; and in her lily hands
 Enfolds an urn : ineffable the grace—
 The marble sorrow of that classic face !
 It fades—'tis fled ! . . . and on a lofty car
 There sits another^r :—like some baleful star

traveller on emerging from the terrific defile which forms the approach to Petra, is a " theatre, wholly hewn out of the live rock. . . . The cliffs on each side are full of tombs ; while in front, along the face of the eastern cliffs, the eye of the spectator rests on a multitude of the largest and most splendid sepulchres. Strange contrast ! where a taste for the frivolities of the day, was at the same time gratified by the magnificence of tombs ; amusement in a cemetery ; a theatre in the midst of sepulchres." Robinson, ii. p. 521, 522.

^p Œdipus. See the Œd. Tyr. v. 1307, and following verses.

^q Electra. See the passage beginning ὦ φιλότατου μνημῆϊον ἀνθρώπων ἰμοί. Soph. El. 1126.

^r Cassandra. Æsch. Ag. 1039. 1054.

Glares her wild eye^s—and from her lips of ire
 Streams a full torrent of prophetic fire^t.
 She raves—she rises—and with frenzied hand
 Dashes to earth her garland and her wand^u
 Sublimely beautiful ! when this is o'er
 Let nothing follow.—I will gaze no more !”

And did ye thus, ye men of Petra—say,
 Thus did ye while the listless hours away ?
 Tho’ ev’ry cliff, tho’ ev’ry crag around,
 With graves on graves innumerable frown’d—
 Thus could ye sit, contented with a toy,
 And lapt in dreams of unsubstantial joy ?
 Light-hearted race ! o’er them it flung no gloom
 That Echo answer’d from a kinsman’s tomb.
 Bred in these mountain valleys, those dark eyes,
 Fierce as their summer—cloudless as their skies—
 Belov’d and loving—blest and blessing—here
 Made friends with Death throughout the livelong year^v :

^s Ibid. 1063. *τρέφοι δὲ θηρὲς ὡς ναιετάου.*

^t Ibid. 1215. *ὅτ’ αὖ με δεινὸς ὀρθομαντίας πόνος | στρεβοῖ,*
ταράσσειν φροῖμοις ἱφημίοις, κ. τ. λ.

^u *ἴτ’ ἐς φθόρον πιδόντ’.* See *ibid.* 1264—1270.

^v “ In looking at the wonders of this ancient city, one is at a loss, whether most to admire the wildness of the position and natural scenery, or the taste and skill with which it was fashioned into a secure retreat, and adorned with splendid

And hop'd, perchance, when Life's gay round was o'er,
 And joy and sorrow sway'd their hearts no more,
 Their faithful souls, unfetter'd, yet might dwell
 Amid the haunts they lov'd in life so well !

And Petra thus had rear'd another race
 In turn to revel in her pride of place :
 Thus the old eagles of imperial Rome
 Seem'd on her hills to find a second home :
 And Roman arts with Roman arms arose,
 To blot the mem'ry of her former foes.
 Tho' Edom's line, by Ishmael's^{*} sword oppress'd,
 Had long been exil'd from their rock-built nest,
 On Edom's rugged hills, as loath to set,
 The sun of bygone summers linger'd yet :

structures,—chiefly for the dead. The most striking feature of the place consists, not in the fact that there are occasional excavations and sculptures like those above described ; but in the innumerable multitude of such excavations, along the whole extent of perpendicular rocks adjacent to the main area, and in all the lateral valleys and chasms ; the entrances of very many of which are variously, richly, and often fantastically decorated, with every imaginable order and style of architecture." Robinson, ii. 529, 530. " Indeed throughout almost every quarter of this metropolis, the depositories of the dead must have presented themselves constantly to the eyes of the inhabitants, and have almost outnumbered the habitations of the living." Irby and Mangles (quoted by Laborde.)

^{*} See the Advertisement prefixed to the Poem.

And men forgot—or deem'd an idle tale—
 The words of doom that hung o'er Petra's vale.
 It could not be—that old portentous chime
 So long had slumber'd by the shores of Time,
 Why heed it now? why talk of gloom to-day,
 When Heav'n is blue, and Earth so green and gay?

So spake the men of old—and ev'ry heart
 To festive revel, or to crowded mart,
 Flew for its joy,—not oft'ner sought than found,—
 So gaily there the circling hours went round!
 And nurs'd were they in Luxury—and knew
 The spot of earth where ev'ry pleasure grew.
 Their fountains flung their waters to the skies:
 Their groves lay steep'd in hues of Paradise^y:
 Here rose the gorgeous sepulchre, and there
 Some fairy palace hung its roof in air:
 While climes remote each costly gift supplied,
 (For ships of Petra sail'd on ev'ry tide;)
 And all the East, in conscious splendour, roll'd
 At Petra's feet her jewels and her gold.

O that her rocks had language! and might tell
 In what wild shape the storm of vengeance fell^z.

^y Τὰ μὲν ἐκτὸς (says Strabo, speaking of Petra) κρημενῶν ἀποτόμευ, τὰ δ' ἐντὸς πηγὰς ἀφθόνους ἔχοντος εἰς τὴν ὑδρίαν καὶ κηπίαν. xvi. 4. 21. (quoted by Robinson.)

^z See Robinson, ii. 575, 576.

Swift—sweeping—sudden—whensoe'er it came ;
 Blighting and blasting,—like the breath of flame.
 One piercing cry—one agonizing wail—
 One voice from Edom's cities told the tale:
 One cry of bitterness—and all was o'er ;
 But the far echo smote the Red-Sea shore^a ;
 And peal'd along its waters—till the waves
 Made hollow answer from their coral caves^b !

How chang'd, 'O Edom, since that hour, the scene
 From what the morning of thy days had been !
 When many a valley rich with corn and wine,
 When streams of earth, and dews of Heav'n were thine ;
 And flocks and herds—a patriarch's ample store—
 Till all thy cup with plenteousness ran o'er^c.

^a “ Hear the counsel of the LORD that He hath taken against Edom. . . . The earth is moved at the noise of their fall, at the cry, *the noise thereof was heard in the Red Sea.*” Jerem. xlix. 20, 21.

^b An Italian traveller relates of his voyage on the Red Sea, “ that the weather was so calm, and the water so transparent, that he amused himself by observing the peculiarity of the depths beneath him, where weeds and corals grow to such a size, and so disposed, as almost to have the appearance of groves and gardens.”

^c The terms of Esau's blessing (Gen. xxvii. 39.) well agree with what we read of the pastoral wealth of Job. (Job i. 3.) See also the evidence of a similar kind afforded by Numb. xx. 17: but ‘ He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the watersprings into dry ground; a fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.”

Then Faith^c with thee her sacred mansion made;
 And holy lips, within thy summer shade,
 Of bright Arcturus and Orion told;—
 And the sweet sway the wand'ring Pleiads hold^d;—
 And of the matin hymn which burst sublime
 From all Creation at the birth of Time;
 When 'Earth self-balanc'd on its centre hung,'
 And 'all the morning stars' like seraphs sung.—
 Such were the themes thy children lov'd to hear
 When first they dwelt along the vales of Seir.
 While youths and maids from each romantic town
 Went forth in dances when the sun went down;
 And antique tale, and legendary song,
 And harp and timbrel^e made the night less long.
 But who are these^f that kneel in lowly state,
 And plead for love at Petra's haughty gate;

^c Job xix. 25—27.

^d "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion.....Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" Job xxxviii. 31, 32. See also ix. 9.

^e "They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ." Job xxi. 11, 12.

^f See the account of the application made by Moses for leave to conduct the Israelites, after their forty years wandering in the desert, across the mountains of Edom, which was the shortest road towards the Land of Promise. Numbers xx. 14—21.

'That urge by each endearing claim their prayer?—
 Thy kindred, Edom,—the redeem'd are there!
 Scan well that brow,—and dost thou mark no line,
 No stamp of feature that resembles thine?
 Does nought recall an old ancestral tale:—
 Two brothers bred in Hebron's happy vale,—
 Far Mamre's oak—where blazed their altar fires;
 And Mamre's cave—where sleep your common sires?
 Or if such plea, all cruel as thou art!
 Can wake no softness in thy rugged heart,
 Yet feel for these—the youthful and the fair,
 The weary mother, and her fainting care!
 Yea, feel for all—the mighty orphan host,
 Which GOD, in love, hath guided to thy coast^f:
 Which doth but crave along yon path to roam,
 And win the haven of its promis'd home:—
 And how spake Edom? Threatening words he said
 To men whom Edom's very rocks had fed:

^f It can scarcely be necessary to suggest in illustration of the preceding verses the history of Isaac's two sons:—Mamre, (or Hebron) the residence of Abraham and Isaac, and the scene of GOD's visit to the former patriarch;—the cave of Machpelah, where Abraham and Sarah were buried, and where Esau and Jacob buried their father Isaac:—and the circumstance that all but two of those who entered the Land of Promise had lost their parents in the wilderness.

Of all the past, no image filled his eye,
 But Jacob's blessing—Esau's bitter cry :—
 He bar'd his sword!—On that unnatural day
 A curse came down when Israel turn'd away.

Years sped their course: the fierce Chaldean came,
 And Salem's walls were wrapt in robes of flame:
 Fair Zion's height with carnage all o'erspread;
 Her temple fallen, and its glory fled:
 And *thou* wert there! with unrelenting brow
 The first to slay—the first to triumph, thou^g!
 Foremost to hurl the blazing brand^h, and fill
 The festive cup on Zion's holy hillⁱ!
 Could none be found but thee? Could wrath divine
 Be dealt on Judah by no hand but thine?

^g “ For thy violence against thy brother Jacob, shame shall cover thee, and thou shalt be cut off for ever.... In the day that the strangers carried away captive his forces, and foreigners entered into his gates, and cast lots upon Jerusalem, even thou wast as one of them. But thou shouldest not have looked on the day of thy brother in the day that he became a stranger; neither shouldest thou have rejoiced over the children of Judah in the day of their destruction; neither shouldest thou have spoken proudly in the day of distress.... Neither shouldest thou have stood in the crossway, to cut off those of his that did escape,” &c. Obadiah v. 10—14.

^h “ The Temple which the Edomites burned when Judæa was made desolate by the Chaldees.” 1 Esdr. iv. 45.

ⁱ “ As thou hast done, it shall be done unto thee.... for as ye have drunk upon my holy mountain, so shall,” &c. Obadiah v. 15, 16.

"Remember, LORD,"—the mournful captives cried
 As sad they wept by Babel's willowy side^k,—
 "O LORD, remember, in that hour of woe,
 How taunting Edom prov'd our deadliest foe!"
 And that sad plaint, to Heav'n's high throne upborne,
 Tho' all that heard it curl'd the lip with scorn,
 Call'd down the wrath which spake from many a lyre
 In strains that blasted like the breath of fire:
 And the wild winds the accents swept along,
 Till Edom's cliffs reechoed to the song.

On cold high hearts at first that warning fell,
 For Edom held his wind-rock'd citadel:
 From Petra's cliff look'd forth in impious pride,
 And Zion's wrath and Zion's GOD defied.
 Then spake a voice—"Altho' thou build thy nest
 High as the stars;—and on the mountain's breast
 Sitt'st brooding like the eagle;—yet My frown
 Shall hurl thy glory and thy greatness down^l:

^k "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows. . . . Remember, O LORD, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem; who said, 'Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof.'" Psalm cxxxvii. 1, 2, 7.

^l See Jerem. xlix. 16. and the quotation from the prophecy of Obadiah prefixed to the poem.

Yea, when all earth rejoiceth, there shall be
A desolation and a curse on thee^m!

Go, mark her well—and lies she not forlorn?
The stranger's wonder, and the heathen's scornⁿ!
Her royal roofs with nettles all o'ergrown^o;—
Her many towns a wilderness of stone^p;—
And save where swims the eagle high in air^q,
No sound of life—no pulse of motion there^r!
There springs no verdure in her pathless vales^s:
The river flows not, and the fountain fails:

^m “ Thus saith the Lord GOD; When the whole earth rejoiceth, I will make thee desolate.” Ezek. xxxv. 14.

ⁿ “ For, lo, I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men.” Jerem. xlix. 15.—Not to overload the page with quotations, it may suffice to state that the accounts of modern travellers shew that the prophecies concerning Edom have all met with the most extraordinary literal fulfilment.

^o “ And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof.” Is. xxxiv. 13.

^p “ He shall stretch out upon it the stones of emptiness.” Is. xxxiv. 11.

^q “ The owl also and the raven shall dwell in it.” Is. xxxiv. 11.—Eagles, hawks, and owls are the only living creatures Irby and Mangles found at Petra.

^r “ I will make thee perpetual desolations, and thy cities shall not return.” Ezek. xxxv. 9. “ From generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever.” Is. xxxiv. 10.

^s “ Thus saith the Lord GOD; Behold, O Mount Seir, I am against thee, and I will stretch out mine hand against thee;

She keeps no feature of her ancient face :
 There breathes not one of Esau's royal race^c :
 And while yon stars in tuneful circles roll,—
 While Summer cheers, and Winter chills the pole,—
 While Night and Day in soft succession shine,—
 So long shall Edom own her doom divine :
 Attest His truth, who spake the word of old,
 And stand, a mark for ages to behold :
 A wreck thrown up on Time's deserted shore,—
 A blight—a blank—a curse for evermore !

Daughter of Zion^u—fallen as thou art,
 Far other strains address thy sorrowing heart !
 Tho' bare thy mountains, and thy vales forlorn
 Unblest by culture, yield thee briar and thorn,—

and I will make thee most desolate. . . . O Mount Seir, and all Idumea, even all of it; and they shall know that I am the LORD." Ezek. xxxv. 3—15.

^c "There shall not be any remaining of the house of Esau; for the LORD hath spoken it." Obad. v. 18.

^u As the sacred narrative of the fortunes of God's chosen people begins by setting before us the hostility of Esau and Jacob; and at intervals, as if incidentally, reminds us of that continued and ever-widening breach; so the prophetic canon, when it is drawing towards a close, constantly brings before us, and sets in awful contrast, the ulterior destiny of Edom and Israel (e. g. Ezek. xxxv. and xxxvi. : Joel iii. 19—21 : Obad. v. 1—16. and v. 17—21.) The writer judged he could not more fitly conclude his verses than by exhibiting this contrast, in terms borrowed from prophecy.

Yet shall thy wilderness break forth and sing^a;
 The myrtle smile—the graceful cedar spring^y;—
 Life-giving streams thy barren rock disclose^a,
 And all the desert ‘ blossom like the rose’^a!
 Thy scatter’d sons, tho’ now they wander wide,
 Shall yet be gather’d to thy longing side^b;
 And all Ezekiel’s solemn vision be^c
 A type of faithful love fulfill’d in thee.
 Yea, tho’ rude hands have spoil’d fair Salem’s tow’rs;
 Tho’ steps profane have press’d her hallow’d bow’rs;
 Tho’ ‘ Siloa’s brook’ no longer softly flows
 Fast by the hill where once her glory rose^d;

^a “ The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.” Is. lv. 12.

^y “ Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree.” Is. lv. 13. “ I will plant in the wilderness the cedar....and the myrtle;.....I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together.” Is. xli. 19.

^a “ I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry lands springs of water.” Is. xli. 18.

^a “ And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom like the rose.” Is. xxxv. 1.

^b “ Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.” Is. lx. 4.

^c Ezekiel xxxvii. 1—14.

^d Isaiah viii. 6.—Dr. Robinson mentions that there was no water in the reservoir of Siloam, when he visited Jerusalem.

Yet fear not thou ! the voice of Love divine
 Still cries—"Awaken thee !" "Arise, and shine^e."
 'There is a river' which shall yet make blest
 Thy heav'nly home, the city of thy rest.
 That holy City, seen by prophet eyes^f,
 Waits but the signal that shall rend the skies,
 And thou shalt all the glorious sight behold^g,—
 The walls of jasper, and the streets of gold :
 The twelve bright Saints, impatient to unfurl
 The twelve broad gates,—and ev'ry gate a pearl^h !
 The Tree of life beside the crystal wave,
 With 'leaves to heal the nations,' and to saveⁱ :

^e "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city." Is. lii. 1.
 "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee." Is. lx. 1.

^f "And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Rev. xxi. 2.

^g "And there came unto me one of the seven Angels.... and he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious." Rev. xxi. 9, 10, 11.

^h It "had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve Angels....and the building of the wall of it was of jasper....and the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass....And the gates of it shall not be shut at all." Rev. xxi. 12, 18, 21, 25.

ⁱ "And he shewed me a pure river of water of life clear as

And HIM reveal'd whom thou so dimly knew,—
 The LAMB,—thy Sacrifice and Temple too;
 Whom Seraphs veil their faces when they sing^k,—
 Thine own Thrice-holy, Prophet, Priest, and King!
 And there no sun shall daily need to rise:
 And there no moon shall nightly sail the skies.
 What need of sun by day, or moon by night?
 The LORD thy glory, and the LAMB thy light^l!
 Thy portion there, where Time itself shall be
 One long long rest—one sabbath-day to thee!

crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb and on either side of the river was there the tree of life, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." Rev. xxii. 1, 2.

^k "And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." Rev xxi. 22. "I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up. . . . Above it stood the Seraphims: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face and one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy." Is. vi. 1—3.

^l "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Rev. xxi. 23.

THE END.

NUMA POMPILIUS:

CARMEN LATINUM,

IN

THEATRO SHELDONIANO RECITATUM,

A. D. MDCCCXLV.

by
[Goldwin Smith]



OXONII:

TYPIS ET IMPENSIS J. VINCENT.

1845.



NUMA POMPILIUS.

Ὑπηρεσίαν Θεοῦ τὸ βασιλεύειν ἡγούμενος.

PLUTARCH.

ROMULA vix primis sese gens extulit armis,
 Parvaque fatali posuit cunabula saxo,
 Cum cives pater ipse suos ad sidera raptus
 Deserit, et cœli solio stellante resedit.
 Necdum animos natale solum neque avita locorum
 Religio, aut vinclis leges junxere sacratis.
 Turba Palatino discors consedit asylo,
 Verbera qui ruptis domini fugere catenis,
 Quos timor et scelerum diræ, quos egit egestas
 Res dextra tentare novas et vivere raptō.
 Quem vocet imperio virtus? Quem turbida regem
 Corda ferant? Lapsos cui tradat curia fasces?

Quis novus instabit condendæ Romulus urbi,
Romuleamque geret bellis surgentibus hastam?

Jugera forte procul contentus pauca Sabini
Ruris arat, Curibus parvis venerabile nomen,
Pompilius ; quem non sapientem Græcia chartis
Docta laboratis, Samii non mystica verba
Effecere senis,* sed virtus vivida, sed mens
Haud ignara mali, vitamque experta magistram.
Quin et nascentem placidis videre Camenæ
Luminibus, sanctumque sibi legere ministrum.
Montibus alta quies puerum, silvæque profundæ
Scilicet, et varii vultus mutabilis anni
Secrevit populo, ac vigilantem nocte serena
Lucida sublimes docuerunt sidera nisus.
Illam sæpe domum dubiis vicinia rebus
Stipabat, leges hinc ultro ac jura petebat.
Necnon Romulidum fando pervenit ad aures
Fama viri, et subito percussit pectora motu.
Ergo oratores secreto calle profecti

* Samii—senis, alluding to the tradition, rejected by Livy, that Numa was a disciple of Pythagoras.

Devenere locum : sola quos ipse sub umbra

Accipit, et mœstis ultro sic vocibus inquit.

“ Vestra mihi, (precibus ne sit mora longa,) voluntas

“ Cognita, nec superum monitis parere recuso.

“ Quanquam O ! sponte mea si ducere fata juberent

“ Hocce ævi, aut nostris potuissent cedere votis,

“ Has equidem valles, hæc, parvo lætus, amâssem

“ Flumina ; sic placida contentus pace quiêssem.

“ Dis aliter visum. Divûm vox dura repostum

“ Excitat—æternûm dilectæ vivite silvæ,

“ Et sine lite quies, et puræ somnia mentis !”

Sic ait, atque oculos retro cum voce natantes

Vertit, et aspectu lustrat sua regna supremo.

Illinc cæruleas glomerat Lucretilis arces,

Saxaque nigranti pendent undantia pinu :

Hinc inter tremulas albo casa pariete frondes

Subridet, dominique labor lætissimus olim

Hortulus, et clivo pomaria parva supino—

Ingemuit, lacrymisque pedes avertit obortis.

Jamque iter emensus fumantibus arva ruinis

Vasta videt, belli furias testata recentes ;

Et desolatis Romæ dominantia campis
 Mœnia se tollunt, radiantque in turribus arma.
 At procul ærisono pubes effusa tumultu
 Excipit, et, cœli postquam sententia certis
 Firmata auguriis, regem clamore salutat
 Sublatum clypeis, solioque imponit acerno.
 Ille super plenos præsentî numine vultus
 Erigit, inspiratque novam placido ore quietem ;
 Qualis, ubi effusæ jam detonuere procellæ
 Solis ad occasum, gravidæque volumina retro
 Lenta trahunt nubes, apparet lumine molli
 Hesperus : illum alto montis de vertice pastor
 Vidit, et insolito tentatur pectora sensu.

Aspera continuo prædonum sæcula regnis
 Mitibus assuescunt : penitus sapientia mentes
 Edomitas, puræque tenet pietatis imago.
 Limina clausa silent belli, telisque repostis
 Defessæ cocunt optata in fœdera gentes.
 Unus inassueta cunctos dulcedine solvit
 Pacis amor : cupida regem cinxere corona,
 Et sanctæ veneranda bibunt oracula vocis.

Ille jubet certo partiri limite campum,
 Ille olea et pingui clivos vestire Lyæo,
 Et pecorum curas artesque inducit agrestes.
 Versa loci facies : regna inter avita ferarum,
 Raptor ubi infesta nuper tendebat in umbra,
 Undat aprica seges, rident intersita dumis
 Pascua, pampineis magalia collibus alben.
 Fœdera tum cultæ veniunt civilia vitæ,
 Tum sine labe fides, et morum gratia simplex.
 Vim fasces domuere, manûs lex æqua furorem
 Ultricis cohibet, tædamque Hymenæus honestam
 Extulit, et certi nectunt sua vincla penates.

Aspice ! per flavos tranquillo vespere campos,
 Fluminaque, et densam tectis candentibus urbem
 Fluctuat, ac tremulas pingit lux dædala silvas.
 It cœlo placidis lætabile murmur ab arvis.
 Fistula de pastu cedentes agmine lento
 Mulcet oves, verso sulcum bos linquit aratro,
 Villarumque rotant undantem culmina fumum.
 Undique ruris opes, sinceraque pacis imago.

Vidit, et intumuit sancta dulcedine pectus,
 Inque novas fausto surgit rex omine curas.
 Abdita vallis erat viridi spelunca recessu,
 Plurima quam densa ramorum obtexerat umbra
 Arbutus, et prono fons vitreus amne rigabat,
 Egeriæ sedes ; dea quæ mortalis amorem
 Passa viri, et dignis respondet conscia euris
 Huc, quoties terras late sopor altus haberet,
 Ibat, et arcano noctem sermone terebat
 Pompilius : rerum nebulis secreta remotis
 Illa sequi docuit ; quo se revolubilis annus
 Fœdere continuet, quis cœli spiritus orbes
 Intus alat, pulchro quæ sit concordia mundo.
 Numina dein cœtusque Deûm, quique æthera magnum
 Quique tenent terras, et quorum Acherontia regna,
 Edocet, et varias cultu discriminat aras.
 Ille suis mandata canit, moremque sacrorum
 Ordinât, et certis designat tempora fastis.
 Cœlicolum regi, Martique, patrique Quirino
 Ante omnes, Romana quibus Capitolia curæ,
 Faetus honos : niveo Flamen procedit amictu,
 Festaque laurigeris undant sacraria pompis.

Necnon et Salii cantu saltuque per urbem
 Armati rutila quassant ancilia turma.
 Innuba nunc ignes virgo tibi, Vesta, pudicos
 Æde fovet tacita, tibi nunc altaria surgunt,
 Cana Fides, et farra manu libantur operta.*

Atqui † nullus adhuc Clitumni e gramine taurus
 Ducitur; haud ulla donaria cæde rubescunt.
 Pocula non radiant auro, aut laquearibus altis
 Indum lucet ebur, Nabathæave thura vaporant.
 Munera, quos tellus flores injussa ministrat,
 Et quæ rura ferunt, rubeis oblata canistris,
 Credita magna satis: necdum aspernantia visus
 Numina mortales surdo sibi ponere saxo
 Cultor, et indignas audet venerarier artes.
 Ipse pater, montes ubi lux nova tingat Eoos,
 Matutinus adest, laticesque in honore Deorum

* Fidei solemne instituit—manu ad digitos usque involuta rem
 divinam facere.”—Liv. i. 21.

† “But though Numa took so much care for the service of the
 gods, yet he forbade all costly sacrifices; neither did he suffer blood
 to be shed on the altars, nor any images of the gods to be made.”—
 Arn. i. p. 14.

Fictilibus libat pateris, neque cedere seræ
 Ante sinit nocti, pleno quam limina cœtu
 Sancta petant, cantuque diem votisque coronent.

Sunt et ruricolis sua numina : vere reducto
 Annuus herbosa placatur Terminus ara :
 Atque ubi collectas ceperunt horrea messes,
 Uvaque purpureis spumat calcata racemis,
 Lætitiæ te, Bacche, pater, te pagus adorat,
 Alma Ceres, patulaque dapem posuere sub ulmo.
 Pocula dant animos : gestit vincere solutas
 Flore comas, terramque chorus pede quassat ovanti ;
 Luna super summas donec se pallida frondes
 Erigat, et longis densentur collibus umbræ.

Quinetiam * gelidi claustra ultra pallida lethi,
 Et formidatae spatium irremeabile noctis,
 Nunc alias mens ægra domos, placida arva silentum
 Prospicit, et cura cœtus luctuque vacantes.
 Ac sibi ruptus amor tristi solatia finxit

* “ Nec cœlestes modo cærimonias, sed justa quoque funebria placandosque Manes ut idem Pontifex edoceret.”—Liv. i. 21.

Officio, et manes caros ter voce vocavit,
Nec nihil argenti credit superesse favillæ.

Hic primum tenebris fulsit lux alma fugatis :
Rebus numen inest : fati non omnia cæca
Sorte fluunt, nullisve agitur rectoribus ævum.
Est cœlo virtutis honos, sunt tarda malorum
Supplicia, et nebulis cinctus nigrantibus Ultor
Fulminat, ac rutila terret corda impia dextra.
Omniferos nec ut ante aperit lætissima frustra
Terra sinus, nullosve sui communis amores
Accendit genetrix. Formosam didita late
Mens animat molem et permanat viva venustas.

Mox etiam studiis decor additus. Intulit artes
Religio, atque omnes penitus generosior æstus
Percitat, et curas alios extendit in annos.
Assurgunt niveis inter myrteta columnis
Templa Deum, seros generis visura nepotes,
Et gracili discit frondescere marmor acantho
Atque alius liquidis vocum discrimina chordis
Elicit, aut patrias inculto carmine pugnas,

Heroumque animos et molles dicit amores.
 Emicat exultim pulchris mens vivida cœptis,
 Et vegetum inspirat spes intemerata vigorem.

Florea non aliter primæ sub limina vitæ
 Venturi lætatur adhuc bene nescius infans.
 Olli semper agunt rapidi nova gaudia soles,
 Semper terra viret, semper nitet aureus æther.
 Necdum oculi lachrymis caligavere nitentes,
 Aut rebus tenebras offudit durior ætas.

Ipse viam invigilans præsentî numine monstrat
 Pompilius, studioque arridens prima paterno
 Ausa fovet, dictisque animos accendit amicis.
 Sæpe tamen turbas furtim regnique tumultus
 Effugit, et priscae recolit vestigia vitæ.
 Et nunc ambrosios puri bibit aeris haustus
 Colle vagans alto, ac mortalia mente serena
 Despicit, et cœli fruitur propioribus oris.
 Cespitem nunc vivo, secreta in valle repostus,
 Procubuit, nemorum æstivos ubi frondea soles
 Atria defendunt, ripæque sedilia lambit

Deviis, et fracto scintillat vortice torrens.
 Non ibi (sic perhibent) solus ; licet alta profanos
 Distineat toto gressus reverentia luco—
 Sæpe vagus dubio vidit sub lumine pastor
 Æthereos radiare choros, vocesque Deorum
 Nec mortale melos pavidis procul auribus hausit.

Quid memorem quæ fama volans miracula vulgo
 Sparsarit, ut viles epulæ pauperque supellex
 Illius arbitrio versis abiere figuris,
 Mensaque regali se protulit aurea luxu :*
 Aut ut victa pio morbi vis pallida voto
 Fugit, et ore salus roseo insperata refulsit.
 Atque ubi venturæ cladis prænuntius horror
 Ingruit, et cæcis trepidarunt omnia fati
 Ausus inexpertas superum decreta per artes,
 Elicere : arcanis tremere hinc penetralia sacris
 Nocte super media, pascique innoxia circum
 Fulgura, et ardentes Divum descendere formæ.

* " Yet a story was handed down, telling how, when he was entertaining his guests, the plain food in the earthenware dishes was transformed on the appearance of Egeria, into a banquet fit for gods on vessels of gold."—Nieb. i. p. 237.

Jamque opus exhaustum, atque animis per mutua
nexus

In solidas rerum coalescere semina vires ;
Legibus unde potens olim se maxima Roma
Erigat, et totum virtutibus occupet orbem.
Ergo parta seni requies, sensitque vocatus,
Et fessum superis fas absolvisse ministrum—
At tibi trans undas devexo sole rubentes,
Sancta anima, et roseæ suprema cubilia lucis
Est domus, et lætis curarum obliviam campis.
Illic, ut perhibent, non vano in pulvere rerum
Sudandum, aut ægro volvendi corde labores—
Non miseros angit timor aut spes lenta fatigat.
Vix ævi placidis acti simulacra recursant
Mentibus, et nullo labuntur tempora sensu.
Æternam adspirat submissa voce quietem
Oceanus ; Zephyri mulcet levis usque virentem
Ala torum, liquidoque irrorat lumine Vesper.
Nec tamen in terris adeo tua dulcis imago
Occidit : attollant vastas sine nomine moles
Pyramidum, aut titulos incidant ære caducos,
Gloria quos brevibus lusit male parta triumphis.

Te pius humanæ miseratum tristia sortis
Servat amor : dum flumina erunt et saxa Camenis
Nobilitata tuis, Latiae testudinis echo
Dum super ulla, animos puro dum fonte vetustas
Alliciet fessos rerum, tua regna manebunt
Lethæam sæclorum inter lucentia noctem.

GOLDWIN SMITH,

E. COLL. MAGD.

THE RIME OF
THE NEW-MADE BACCALERE.
IN SEVEN PARTS.

And now I WILL UNCLASP A SECRET BOOK,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you *matter deep and dangerous* ;
As full of peril and advent'rons spirit
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HENRY IV. act i. scene 3.

OXFORD,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. VINCENT.

1841.

P R E F A C E.

It is unnecessary to trouble the public with an account of the manner in which the following poem fell into the hands of the publisher. After some doubts concerning the propriety of printing it, the authority of several members of the University has prevailed in this difficult question.

The objections against it may be considered as two-fold : first, as to the moral character of that individual whose history is herein unfolded ; and, secondly, as to the originality of the composition itself. It may, however, be doubted, whether a habit, which is so extensively permitted at modern schools, and which would seem, in a manner, inseparably connected with the attainment of a Bachelor's degree, can, in reality, deserve any thing but the commendation of a discerning and enlightened public !

In the next place, several persons, who value themselves on their penetration, may be found bold enough to hazard an assertion, that the dress and manner of this poem are entirely borrowed from the "Ancient Mariner" of S. T. Coleridge. It might be observed,

that, as the date of this composition cannot be to them a matter of certainty, there is no reason why they should not rather suppose that he borrowed from the author of the *New-made Baccalere*; and conclude, in all possible charity, with acquiescing in the opinion of Mr. Coleridge himself, who entirely repudiates the dictates of such ignorant and narrow-minded criticism. "For," says he, "there is among us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank."—*Preface to Christabel.*

THE NEW-MADE BACCALERE.

FACILE credo, plures esse Naturas bibaces quam sobrias in Oxoniensium Universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit, et GRADUS, et COLLEGIA, et discrimina, et singulorum, munera? Quid agunt: quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium Procuratorum, INTERDUM attingit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in corpus, tanquam in lagenam, ampliore et meliorem vini haustum infundere! ne mens assuefacta Collegiæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in umbrosas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, MODUSQUE servandus, ut CERTA AB INCERTIS, DIEM A NOCTE DISTINGUAMUS.—*Archæol. Phil. Editio emendata.*

PART I.

It was a new-made Baccalere,
One freshman stops of three:—
“By thy long sleev’d gown and hood of down,
Now wherefore stoppest me?
“The bursary doors are open’d wide,
And I must next go in:
The men are met, the papers set,
May’st hear the freshman-din.”

A newly-made
Baccalere meet-
eth three fresh-
men bidden to
matriculation,
and stoppeth
one.

The freshman
willeth not to
hear of GREAT-
GO,

He holds him with his inky hand,
“There was GREAT-GO,” quoth he,
“Hold off! unhand me, Baccalere!”
Eftsoons his hand dropp’d he.

yet he is spell-
bound by the
eye of the
new-made Bac-
calere, and con-
strained to hear
his tale.

He holds him with his glitt’ring eye—
The freshman standeth still,
He listens like a three-years’ child;
The Baccalere hath his will.

The freshman green sat on the step,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that wond’rous man,
The new-made Baccalere.

The Baccalere
telleth how the
men walked
onwards until
they reachèd
the quadrangle
of GREAT-GO.

Breakfast was done, white tie put on,
Wearily did we plod;
Past Balliol, past Trinity,
Into the GREAT-GO quad.

And Purdue came into the quad,
In hat and gown came he;
In hat and gown—and the school door
He op’d with his great key.

More men, more men, more pale-fac’d men,
It was two hours ’erc noon—
The freshman green to weep was seen,
For GREAT-GO comes full soon!

The Dons now pac'd into the room,
Pale white-tied Dons are they—
Bearing his book before them goes
The Clerk of the Buttery.

The freshman
beholdeth the
Examiners of
matriculation,
but the Bacca-
lere continueth
his tale.

The freshman green to weep was seen,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that wondrous man,
The new-made Baccalere !

And now th' Examinere came, and he
In learning was full strong ;
He Logic set, and we straightway
'Gan read and write along.

The Logic
papers given by
the Examinere
of GREAT-GO.

With master's gown, and cap on brow,
High sat th' Examinere of GREAT-GO,
And forward bends his head,
The hours flew past, the men wrote fast,
The Logic was well sped.

And now they gave us English lines,
In Latin to unfold ;
And the weary eye stern words might spy,
That made the heart grow cold.

And to the sight the tables white
Did send a dismal sheen,
And weary men with ink and pen
Were at each table seen.

Tables were here, tables were there,
 Tables were all around ;
 The men that sat, those tables at,
 Seemed spectres in a swoond !

The leaves of a
 book called
 "AINSWORTH"
 came into the
 GREAT-GO, and
 were received
 with great joy
 and hospitality.

And the leaves
 proved of good
 omen, and fol-
 lowed the men
 as they essayed
 to write the
 Latin.

At length did come some AINSWORTH leaves,
 In an hour of need they came ;
 As if they'd got us through GREAT GO,
 We hail'd them in Fortune's name.

We found the words we ne'er had found,
 From man to man they flew ;
 Soon I, for one, had my Latin done,
 And we thought we'd yet get through.

But still there were hard words behind
 That had made our hearts despair,
 But every hour, in sweet or soure,
 The AINSWORTH leaves were there.

"Now save thee, new-made Baccalere !
 From the fiend thine heart that grieves !—
 Why lookst thou so ?"—"In that GREAT GO
 I tore those AINSWORTH leaves !"

PART II.

Th' Examinere rose from off his seat,
 In cap and gown rose he,
 And with stately step walk'd down the room,
 That he the men might see.

And I had done a shameful thing,
 And it would work them woe;
 For all averr'd I had torn the leaves
 That would get them through GREAT-GO.
 "Ah wretch!" they say, "to tear the leaves
 That would get us through GREAT-GO."

His comrades
 cry out against
 the new-made
 Baccalere for
 tearing the
 AINSWORTH
 leaves;

With his hood of red slung from his head
 Th' Examinere uprist:—
 They said 'twas well I had torn the leaves
 Or they GREAT-GO had miss'd:
 "'Twas right," they swear, "those leaves to
 tear,
 Or we GREAT-GO had miss'd."

but when the
 Examinere drew
 nigh, they
 justify the same,
 and thus make
 themselves ac-
 complices of the
 deed.

Our hopes were high—the hours flew by,
 Right glad was every one:
 The first was I of that company
 Who had my Latin done—

Joy is in their
 hearts: the
 new-made Bac-
 calere hath writ
 his Latin.

But the men
have suddenly
been seized
with dismay.

Down dropt the hands, the pens dropt down,
'Twas sad as day of doom;
And none did speak, though but to break
The silence of the room.

Hour after hour, hour after hour,
Without or note or number
We sat—as idle as GREAT-GO
Seen in a freshman's slumber.

Paper, paper, every where,
And all our hearts did shrink;
Paper, paper, every where,
Paper, and pen, and ink.

The GREAT-GO quad was full of men,
(That ever this should be!)
Yea, happy men, in long-sleev'd gowns,
In the GREAT-GO quad we see.

A Spirit had followed them, one
of the residing
members of the
University, nei-
ther Baccaleres
nor Undergra-
duates,—they
are very nume-
rous, and there
is no College or
Hall without
one or more of
them.

And all of us assuréd were
Of the Spirit who plagu'd us so,
Along the streets he had followed us,
From the bottom of Beaumont Row.

And every tongue, through utter fear,
Was dried and parch'd I ween—
We could not speak—no more than if
We all had pluckéd been!

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
On me that hour did fall!
They said I'd torn the AINSWORTH leaves,
And so had pluck'd them all!

The men, in
their sore dis-
tress, would fain
throw the whole
guilt on the
new-made
Baccalere; in
sign whereof,
they accuse him
of having torn
the AINSWORTH
leaves, and so of
having plucked
them.

PART III.

The Baccalere
beholdeth a sign
in the element
afar off ;

The *vivâ voce* pass'd—each throat
Was parch'd, and glaz'd each eye—
A weary time, a weary time,
How glaz'd each weary eye—
When we beheld a wondrous form
Appear full suddenly.

A hat, and gown, and bands !—what now ?—
'Twas a strange shape I ween ;
It came to tell of those who'd pass'd,
And those who'd plucked been.

and at its near
approach it
seemeth him to
be Purdue.

With throats unslak'd, with black lips bak'd,
We knew not what to do ;
My heart beat high, fear chill'd my blood,
I could not move,—but where I stood
I cried—“ Purdue !—Purdue ! ”—

A flash of joy—

With throats unslak'd, with black lips bak'd,
Agape they heard me call ;
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breaths drew in,
As they were drinking all.

“See! see!” cried I, “we’re pluck’d, no
 doubt,
 And all our hopes are o’er!
 Without a testamur in his hand
 He stands at the GREAT-GO door!”

but horror fol-
 loweth; for can
 it indeed be
 Purdue that ap-
 peareth without
 a testamur!

The Dons return’d them to their rooms,
 The day’s GREAT-GO was o’er—
 When Purdue came full suddenly,
 And stood at the GREAT-GO door.

And straight the quad was fill’d with men,
 Now Fortune send us grace!
 And every man on Purdue peer’d
 With pale and anxious face.

Alas! thought I, and my heart beat loud,
 With mingled hopes and fears!
Are those testamurs in his hand?
Shall we be Baccaleres?

Is that his hat, is that his gown,
 On which the lamp doth shine?
 Is that a testamur that I view?
 And is that all? or are there two?
 Is that testamur mine?

He wears a hat, a gown of black,
 And bands so short and small;

The Baccalere
 describeth
 Purdue to the
 freshman.

He sits by the Schools continually,
 Purdue, the Clerk of the Schools is he,
 His office is known to all!

A scholar came, and he had his
 Testamur in a trice—
 “GREAT-GO is passed, I’m through at last,”
 Quoth he, and shouteth thrice.

We listen’d, and look’d sideways up!
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 The life-blood seem’d to sip!
 The sun was down, and dim the light,
 And Purdue’s face by the lamp gleam’d
 white,
 From the tiles the rain did drip—
 And Purdue stood at the GREAT-GO door,
 With two testamurs, and no more—
 ’Twas a dreary fellowship.

One after an-
 other

One after one, in the GREAT-GO quad,
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turn’d his face with a ghastly pang,
 And curs’d me with his eye.

his comrades
 are plucked.

Twice seven weary living men,
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)
 That stood in the quad by the GREAT-GO door,
 Were plucked one by one.

Their friends all from the quad did go—

They went to hall and wine !

And not a man his testamur had,

But the scholar—and I had mine !

PART IV.

The freshman
feareth that a
spirit is talking
to him!

“ I fear thee, new-made Baccalere !
Thou art a woful man !
For grief doth appear thy comrade dear,
And thou art wild and wan !

But the Bacca-
lere assureth
him of his bodily
life, and pro-
ceedeth to relate
his horrible
vision.

“ I fear thee and thy glitt’ring eye,
And thy long-sleev’d Baccalere gown.”
Fear not, fear not, thou freshman green,
This Baccalere broke not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
To pass GREAT-GO was I !
And never a man took part with me,
In my hour of revelry.

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all pluckéd were ;
And happy, happy Baccaleres
Stood by—and I stood there.

I look’d upon the GREAT-GO schools,
And drew my eyes away ;
I look’d upon the GREAT-GO quad,
And the pluck’d men—there were they.

I look'd to the skies, and tried to shout ;
But or ever a sound had gush'd,
The thought of the pluck'd men came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I clos'd my eyes, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the schools, and the schools
and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the men my gaze did meet.

They took their bands from off their necks,
Nor sigh nor speak did they :
The look with which they look'd on me
Has never pass'd away.

The table deck'd with glass and plate—
'Tis a beauteous sight to see,
But oh ! more beautiful than that
Is the day to take degree !
Seven days seven nights I waited it,
And then I took degree.

The Proctors twain strode up and down,
And no where did abide ;
Softly they strode up and down,
And the Dons were at their side.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth toward the day of degree : and the Proctors which still sojourn, yet still move onward ; and every where the high hall belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, which they enter unannounced, like

lords that are
certainly ex-
pected ; and yet
there is a silent
joy at their
arrival.

Their gowns bemock'd the dusky hall,
That is so still and dread ;
But where the throne stood in its state,
The high Vice-Cancellere, he sate
In his gown of awful red.

He beholdeth
the high Dons
in the House of
Convocation,

Before the throne, the Proctors twain
They walk'd continually ;
They mov'd upon the floor so bright,
And their velvet sleeves and hoods of white
Were beautiful to see.

Around, around, all, all around,
On seats with velvet lin'd,
Sat Heads of Houses in a row,
And Deans, and College Dons below,
With a Poker or two behind.

their beauty
and their hap-
piness—he
blesseth them
in his heart.

Oh happy, happy Dons ! no tongue
Their beauty can declare,
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware ;
Sure those kind Dons took pity on me,
And they made me a Baccalere.

That moment I the fees did pay,
And then for evermore
My Commonere's gown fell off, and sank
So stilly on the floor.

PART V.

A Baccalere's gown is a glorious thing,
A thing belov'd alway!
To Joy, the tailor, be renown!
He made the long-sleev'd Baccalere's 'gown
That I put on that day.

The idle glasses on the shelf
That had so long remain'd,
I fill'd them every one with wine,
And every one I drain'd.

I mov'd, and could not feel my limbs,
So pasing light they were,
I knew I had pass'd GREAT-GO, and was
A blessed Baccalere.

I saw the Radcliffe, I saw the Schools,
I saw them—they stood there!—
They mov'd—they turn'd about—they danc'd—
They stood upwards in the air!

The upper air burst into life,
And a hundred gas-lamps sheen;
To and fro they were hurried about—
And to and fro, and in and out,
The gownsmen walk'd between.

In joy and triumph the
Baccalere hath
done a strange
and marvellous
deed; such as
doeth no man,
save those who
hath passed
examination.
He knoweth
that he hath
passed GREAT-
GO, but he
knoweth no-
thing more.

He heareth
sounds, and
seeth strange
sights and com-
motions in the
sky and ele-
ment.

Some look'd on me and laugh'd aloud,
Some pass'd me silently ;
The rain pour'd down from one black
cloud,
And then they hurried by.

The Radcliffe, with its huge black bulk,
Haunted my sight alway ;
It mov'd—it widen'd—it grew higher—
It had a dome—it had a spire—
I kick'd—I push'd—I strove in ire—
It would not move away !

By the power
and spirit of
his good father
Bacchus, the
new-made Bac-
calere sleepeth
on the bosom
of Earth his
mother, and it
seemeth him
that although
the door is un-
opened GREAT-
GO beginneth,
for he hath a
wild and won-
drous dream.

And Purdue never op'd the door,
Yet now GREAT-GO began !
It seem'd me in the GREAT-GO quad
There stood full many a man.

It seem'd me they that all stood there,
Nor spake nor mov'd their eyes ;
It had been strange, e'en in a dream,
To have seen their glitt'ring eyes.

Papers were set, GREAT-GO began,
As it was wont to do ;
The men they all 'gan read and write,
If they might now get through ;
We rais'd our arms like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of a man I knew
 Sat by me, knee to knee ;
 The body and I sat at one desk,
 But he said nought to me.

" I fear thee, new-made Baccalere !"
 Be still, thou freshman green !
 'Twas not those men were pluck'd before,
 That to the GREAT-GO came once more,
 But a troop of spirits sheen.

But it was
 not of Under-
 graduates of
 College or Hall,
 but a troop of
 spirits sent to
 the Baccalere
 by his good
 father Bacchus.

For when 'twas noon they dropp'd their
 pens,
 And from the quad fled fast ;
 Strange sounds rose slowly through their
 mouths,
 And from their bodies pass'd !—

Sometimes a-dropping on the floor
 I heard the glasses ring ;
 Sometimes all bottels of wine that are,
 How they seem'd to fill the earth and air
 With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all men that pass,
 Now like a lonely shout ;
 And now it is a freshman's voice,
 That calleth to his scout.

And then till eve they wrote again,
 As they were wont to do;
 Slowly and calmly wrote the men,
 In hopes to pass GREAT-GO.

Along the streets full many a yard,
 From the bottom of Beaumont Row
 The Spirit slid; and it was he
 That ruleth o'er GREAT-GO.
 He sets the Latin that men must write,
 To get them through GREAT-GO.

The lonesome
 spirit's fellow-
 demons, the
 Examiners of
 GREAT-GO, take
 part in his
 office, and two
 of them relate
 one to the other
 that penance
 long and heavy
 for the Bac-
 calere is ac-
 corded by the
 lonesome spirit,
 who demandeth
 more Latin.

How long in this same sleep I lay,
 I have not to declare;
 But ere my living life return'd,
 I heard, and in my soul discern'd,
 Two voices in the air.

“Is it he?” quoth one, “Is this the
 man?”

The deed my spirit grieves;
 With his cruel hand in the GREAT-GO Schools
 He tore the AINSWORTH leaves.

“The Spirit who bideth by himself
 At the bottom of Beaumont Row,
 For that he hath us'd the AINSWORTH leaves
 He will pluck him for GREAT-GO.”

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew :
Quoth he, " The man hath Latin done,
And Latin more must do."

PART VI.

“ But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
 Thy soft response renewing—
 What makes these men write on so fast ?
 What is that Commonere doing ? ”

Still as a slave before his lord,
 He knows not what to write ;
 His great dull eye most hopelessly
 Is turn'd to the ceiling white—

If he may find what he should say,
 For little he doth know.
 See, brother, see ! most certainly
 He'll be pluckéd for GREAT-GO !

In his dream
 he seeth that
 GREAT-GO is
 over, and he
 beholdeth the
 men plucked
 anew.

The scene was chang'd, I stood in the quad
 Expos'd to wind and weather ;
 'Twas evening—Purdue, he stood by,
 And the pluck'd men were together.

The pang, the curse, with which they look'd,
 Had ne'er been blotted out ;
 I could not take my eyes from theirs,
 Nor lift my voice to shout.

And now my sleep was broke : I view'd
 The Radcliffe grass so green,
 And look'd far forth, yet little saw
 Of what had else been seen—

The Baccalere
 awaketh, and
 straightway he
 beholdeth the
 grass of the
 quadrangle of
 Radcliffe Li-
 brary.

Like one, that with his hat and stick
 Doth walk in fear and dread,
 And having once turn'd round walks on,
 And turns no more his head ;
 Because he knows the Proctor stern
 Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there blew a breeze on me,
 Nor sound nor motion made ;
 Its path was not upon the ground,
 In moonlight or in shade.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the moon,
 Yet she sail'd softly too :
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
 On me alone it blew.

It rais'd my hair, it fann'd my cheek
 Like a meadow-gale of spring ;
 It mingled strangely with my fears,
 Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Oh ! dream of joy ! have I indeed !
 Have I a hood of down ?

And the new-
 made Baccalere

with joy be-
holdeth his new
gown.

And have I truly pass'd GREAT-GO ?
Have I a Baccalere's gown ?

I turn'd upon the cold flag-stones,
And I with sobs did pray—
Oh let me now be through GREAT-GO !
Or let me dream away.

The Radcliffe grass was smooth as glass,
So smoothly was it mown !
And on the grass the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The Schools shone bright, the Kirk no
less,
That speaketh by its clock :
The moonlight steep'd in silentness
The gilded weathercock.

All Souls was white with silent light,
Till passing by the same,
Full many men, that Bull-dogs were,
In hats and cloaks there came.

The Baccalere
beholdeth the
Bull-dogs, but,
by power of
the Divinity

A little distance from All Souls
Those bull-dogs standing were ;
I turn'd my eyes into the light—
Alas ! what saw I there !

Each lamp shone bright,—steady and bright,
 And, by my Baccalere's hood!
 A man in a cloak, a Proctor's Man,
 By every lamp there stood!

afore named,
 he much magni-
 fieth their
 number.

This Proctor's band, each wav'd his hand,
 No voice did they impart—
 No voice—but oh! the silence sank
 Like ice upon my heart.

But soon I heard the sound of steps,
 I heard the Proctor near;
 I could not draw my eyes away,
 For I saw a form appear.

The Proctor and the Proctor's Pro,
 I heard them coming fast;
 Those bottels of wine! those bottels of wine!
 I'll be expell'd at last.

I saw them both—I heard their voice:
 As they did come anear,
 Loudly they hail'd their Bull-dogs twain,
 They fill'd mine heart with fear!
 They'll take my gown—they'll send away
 The DROONKEN Baccalere.

PART VII.

The Proctor.

The Proctor liveth in the Turl,
A right merrie man is he,
How loudly his sweet voice he rears,
He loves to talk with Baccaleres,
And men without degree.

The droonken
Baccalere de-
scribeth his
office and at-
tire to the
freshman.

The High Street he walks up and down,
Both morn, and noon, and eve,
He wears white tie and bands alway,
And a gown with a velvet sleeve.

The Pro` came near, I heard them talk,
“Why this is strange, I trow !
I marvel where be our Bull-dogs twain,
That signal made but now ?”

“Strange, by my faith,” the Proctor said,
“And they answer’d not our cheer !
The night is dark ! and see those clouds
How black they are and drear !—
I never felt aught like to this,
Unless perchance it were

When wither'd leaves are blown about
 Our garden far and near—
 And the College quad is filled with snow,
 And the men call to their Scouts below,
 Which call to the Messengere."

"It is a wet and darksome night,"
 The Pro did make reply—
 "I am a-cold"—"Walk on, walk on!"
 Quoth the Proctor cheerily,

All in the dark he walk'd along,
 I mov'd nor limb nor head;
 All in the dark his foot struck me,
 The Pro fell down like lead.

And as I lay upon the ground
 My heart for fear did gasp,
 But, swift as dreams, myself I found
 Within the Proctor's grasp.

The droonken
 Baccalere is
 held in the
 grasp of the
 Proctor.

I rais'd my arms—the Proctor's Man,
 Who doth with the Proctor go,
 Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
 His eyes went to and fro—
 "Ha ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see
 'This man hath pass'd GREAT-GO!"

I mov'd along with footsteps faint,
 The Proctor had me now—

“ Say quick,” quoth he, “ I bid thee say,
Of what College or Hall art thou ?”

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench’d
With a woful agony,
Though with a lecture stern and long
The Proctor set me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour
This agony returns,
And, for that I have droonken been,
This heart within me burns.

The Baccalere
finisheth his
tale ;

What loud uproar bursts from that door ?
Some man hath pass’d his “ Small ;”
And in the garden are the Dons
And Freshmen walking all ;
And hark ! the little vesper bell,
That biddeth me to hall !

Oh ! sweeter than the wine-partie,
’Twas sweeter far to me,
To walk to Convocation-House,
And there to take degree !—

To walk to Convocation-House,
And there the fees to pay ;
While bend to the Vice-Cancellere,
Scholar, and Clerk, and Commonere,
And they all take B. A.

Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
To thee; thou freshman green,—
He passeth well, who readeth well
Both Latin and Greek I ween.

and teacheth *by*
his own example
study, and
knowledge of
all books which
Examineres
read and love.

He passeth best, who readeth best
All books both great and small;
For the grave Dons who examine you,
They read and know them all.

The Baccalere, which still is droonk !
To eat and tippie more
Is gone—and now the freshman green
Turns from the Bursary door.

He went like one which hath been pluck'd,
And is of sense forlorn;
Back to his home unenter'd, he
Did go the morrow morn !

VIAE PER ANGLIAM FERRO STRATÆ.



EDITIO ALTERA.

OXONII,
IMPENSIS J. VINCENT.

MDCCCXLI.

VERSIBUS EXPONI TRAGICIS RES COMICA NON VULT.

But times are altered, trade's unfeeling train

Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain!

Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

TARTARÆ Musæ vehementi voce canamus

Carmen in infernos quod semper tradat honores

Artifices illos, Speculators, atque Mechanics,

Quos ferrum, fumusque juvant, nebulæque vaporis.

Non ego viginti librarum præmia quæro,

Nec mea mens turpi decepta cupidine lucri;

Carmina non fingo, mentes motura Leonum
 Infirmas, puerisve diu plaudenda sonoris,
 Aut Sheldoniaco timidè recitanda theatro.

TEMPUS erat quondam cum tuta petorrita nobis
 Præbebantque viam, portmanteaus atque trahebant
 Coachæ quadrijugæ, sed nunc stabula alta, tabernæ,
 Aurigæ, Guardî, perierunt turpiter omnes.
 Cornua cuncta silent, nam "Salisbury, Mountain, and
 Co., Sir,"¹
 Jack Adamumque diu celebrem, una eademque tenet
 nox.

Postchaisos etiam virides flavosque tenebræ

¹ *Salisbury, Mountain, and Co.*] Aurigæ apud Oxonienses quondam
 notissimi, de quibus nunc canunt Poetæ.

Obscurant atræ: Vosque O clarissima roadi
 Ornamenta diu, (defuncta cadavera quorum
 Quis vidit? ²) juvenes antiqui, nomine Postboys,
 Extinctum genus, ah periistis morte supremâ!
 Impia nam diri redierunt sæcla metalli
 Temporibus nostris, et ferro cuncta moventur.
 Castraviri primum vicos Jecorisque paludem
 Conjungere viæ multo sudore paratæ,
 Quas mercatorum congesta pecunia fecit.
 Exsurgunt valles, colles æquantur, et omnis
 Naturæ facies mutatur, Bainsia tellus
 Fit stabilis,³ saxoque manet constantior ipso.

² *Defuncta cadavera quorum Quis vidit?*] Considerable light is thrown on this subject by referring to a passage in the *Pickwick Papers*; where the learned author, remarking the singular disappearance of dead Donkeys and dead Postboys, connects the two facts, and gives an ingenious theory, accounting for the phenomenon.

³ *Bainsia tellus Fit stabilis.*] Edward Baines, Esq. the liberal M.P.

Jam nova per nostros grassatur bellua campos,
 Monstrum horrendum, informe engine, cui sæpe
 caminus

Evomit infernos ignes, et luce coruscat.

Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem
 Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favillâ.

Non mihi si linguæ centum essent dicere possem,
 Quali cum sonitu quantisque ululatibus arva
 Impleat et campos, cum diro sibilet ore.

Non ego sulphuream possum tolerare mephitim,
 Quique solet nares classis torquere secundæ
 Sævus odor; malim plures insumere nummos,
 Et penitus clausâ nasum celare fenestrâ.

for Leeds, is the owner of a large estate on Chat Moss. The Manchester and Liverpool Railway Company found considerable difficulty in carrying an embankment through this swampy ground, but eventually succeeded in rendering it as firm as any other part of the line.

Eustoni statio misceri murmure magno
 Incipit, et longo nectuntur syrmate currus,
 Visuri Eboraci muros fumumque Leodis.
 Machina detrahitur vinclisque ligatur ahenis,
 Ac manet eructans, fundoque exæstuat imo.
 Tum campana sonat, stipatus ut Omnibus intrat
 Mœnia Depoti, Bagmenque effundit et omnes
 Quos velit ad trainum seros argentea sixpence.

Ascendunt currus baggos tiketumque gerentes
 Quisque manu cantâ, quod nulli amittere fas est,⁴
 Nam si forte cadat sublatum flamine venti,
 Quanquam per divos jurares atque parentes,
 Officer iratus nil crederet, inde Policemen
 Cærulei apparent, qui te committere quaddo

⁴ Any passenger not producing his ticket when called for, is liable
 to a fine of forty shillings.

Et bis viginti solidis multare minantur.

Non hîc Havannæ placidos emittere fumos •

Audendum est ; argilla brevis, teretesque cigarri

Hinc absunt, densi satis unâ nube vaporis

Omnia miscentur. Vosque o procul ite profani,

Ite canes,⁵ catulique simul, quos fœmina molli

Veste tegens gremio foveat, vigilemque Policeman

Nequidquam fallat; neque enîm genus istud inire

Fas, aut illa sinunt rigidi decreta senatûs.

Ne rutilum currûs ostrum, pictive tapetes

Inter iter medium maculentur sorde caninâ ;

Unde viatores tetro afficiantur odore.

O fortunati quos stagæ culmina coachæ

⁵ “ No dogs to be introduced in any of the company’s carriages,—
No smoking allowed on any part of the company’s premises ; any
person found so doing is liable to a fine of forty shillings.” See
Railway tickets.

Vexerunt olim, clausos vos carcere diro
 Audebant nulli clavis cohibere tyranni,
 Nec pressos inter viduas stipare procaces,⁶
 Nec sibi si quidquam peteret natura negabant.

Jamque iterum campana sonat, suspiria fundens
 Machina progreditur, Zephyri velocior aurâ.
 Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.
 Tarda quidem primo, sed mox impulsa vapore
 Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter tunnela condit.
 Illam Vulcano Neptuni filia prolem ⁷

⁶ See Humphrey's Clock, Mr. Weller's opinion of Railroads, and widows as fellow travellers.

⁷ *Illam Vulcano Neptuni filia prolem.*] The three great inventions of the age, Gaslighting, Waterproof Indian rubber manufactures, and Locomotive steam engines, are all sufficiently connected with fire and water, to render probable the common origin and relationship here

Extremam Gasso Căòtchoquoque sororem
 Progenuit; mirâ vel Wattius arte Jacobus⁸
 Fecit, et insani nervos animumque leonis
 Imposuit stomacho monstri, quod clara propago
 Brunelli et Stephani, necnon Dionysius iste⁹
 Foverunt almæ nutrices, hunc tamen olim
 Perdit amor nummi, cauta et meditata libido.
 Nam baculo et scuticâ rabies truculenta mariti
 Doctoris quanquam miserandos verberat artus,

ascribed to them. The enlightened eye of a Niebuhr, an Arnold, or a Twiss, would immediately, without the assistance of an explanatory note, detect the appearance of truth here partially concealed under the veil of mythic tradition.

⁸ *Wattius arte Jacobus.*] Some daring Rationalists and perverse Sceptics have ventured to assert, that the monster here described was the invention of some modern Prometheus of this name.

⁹ *Dionysius iste.*] Clericomechanicus quidam, Μετεωροφέναξ, (idem valet quod apud nos *humbug*.) Stupri fœdissimi nuper reus. [Schol.]

Inveniat donec piano tectus asylum.¹⁰
 Nec misero prodesse in tali tempore quibat
 Mudfogii cætus, nec Cabinet Encyclopædy.
 Hæc dum narramus citiori machina motu
 Arva per et saltus perque intima viscera terræ
 Progreditur, passus viginti mille per horam
 Tranantur, totidem lapides, totidemque Policemen.

Sed ne forte putes nullo vexata periculo
 Corpora vectari mortalia tutaque semper ;
 Interdum attonitos collidi murmure currus,
 Cunctaque conquassari in parvo tempore cernes ;
 Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.
 Tum piget incepti, quam vellent tramite prisco

¹⁰ *Piano tectus asylum.*] See account of castigation of the above learned Doctor at Paris, described in all the leading Journals of the day.

Nunc et equos lentos atque omnia ferre morando,
 Fata obstant ; miseros intus custodia clavis
 Alligat, et pinguis vidua instipata coercet.
 Horribiles gemitus, morientûm vulnera sæva,
 Effractos currus, volitantia crura per auras,
 Truncatum caput, et mutilata cadavera vates
 Quis potis est tandem describere ? dira ruina
 Omnia confundit, Directors atque Policemen
 Festinant trepidi, nitidas donare benigni
 Sandapilas :¹¹ reddique viro sua crura jubentes
 Cuique cito, multum deplorant horrible upset,
 Et medici longum promittunt solvere billum
 Lignea quo mancis vel corkea crura parentur.
 Sed non hoc satis est, corkeigena membra parari

¹¹ *Nitidas donare benigni Sandapilas.*] This benevolent and handsome conduct on the part of Railway Directors, has been commented on in various interesting articles in the John Bull Newspaper.

Sandapilasque pias, si publica vita periclo
 Stet tamen in dubio; quocirca Chairman et omnes
 Vos O Railroadi Directors signa parate
 Quædam nota satis rubro viridique colore,
 Quo sic impositum sapienti jure deodand
 Canti vitetis, sharæque ad præmia surgant;
 Nec plures medicus teneat Wakleyius inquests.

Hic quoque jamdudum ferro via tecta fuisset
 Oxoniæ, si non Vice-Chancellor ipse petition
 Proctoresque ambo fecissent, atque senatum
 Acriter orassent oblatum expellere billum.
 Quo ne Londino juvenes incurrere possent ¹²
 Urbi damnosæ, patriosque expendere nummos,

¹² See examination of the Vice-Chancellor before the House of Lords, on the occasion of a bill being brought forward for an Oxford and Didcot Railway, to join the Great Western.

Talorum in jactu, visendis atque theatris.

Sed precor O sapiens Vice-Chancellor accipe miti

Pectore consilium ; et si ferrea munera nobis

Hæc iterum Occiduus¹³ male gratis offerat Ingens,

Ne pete, "suavis Hyems," avertere flamine sævo

Commoda tanta viæ, Rhedycinæ rursus ab urbe.

Tempus enim juvenum pariter nummosque parentum

Sic minus expendes, statio Stephanæa caballis

Mox deserta foret, plorarent Squeaker et omnes ¹⁴

Queis curæ est rapidos juvenes imponere screwis.

Promptior haud esset certè, si tuta fuisset,

Migrandi ratio, quocirca vivite Railroads,

¹³ *Hæc iterum Occiduus.*] The Great Western Railway Company, on the occasion above mentioned, offered very liberally to support the undertaking, and to bear a large portion of the expense.

¹⁴ Faber quidam, qui conductitios equos alit.

Vivite, at humanam melius curate salutem.

Nam Rivalis¹⁵ adest, et quanquam Costar or Waddell

Adversas vobis inetuant producere coaches ;

Sunt alii magis audaces, quos commoda vestra

Non tantum afficiunt, nec terrent voce Policemen.

¹⁵ CHELTENHAM RIVAL.—This truly elegant and fast four-horse coach, the only one on the turnpike road throughout, and by which the passenger is not subjected to the inconvenience of frequent shifts of conveyance, leaves the Belle Sauvage, Ludgate-hill, every morning, except Sunday, at half-past eight.

FINIS.

1

A LEGEND
OF THE
LATE ILLUMINATION.

A LEGEND OF THE LATE ILLUMINATION¹.

Pulsatus rogat et pugnīs concisus adorat,
Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.—Juv.

PREFACE.

THE subject of the following tale is matter now of history,
Though shrouded, to avoid offence, in due poetic mystery ;
And I assure my readers all, in cottage or in palace, Sirs,
That, though I “nought extenuate,” I “set down nought in malice,”
Sirs.

A tragi-comedy I sing—three “grave and reverend signors,”
Who sallied forth one luckless night, with dignified demeanours,
To send home all their college men, on pain of rustication,
Whom they found joining in the row, at last illumination.

For sundry graceless undergrads, with wine somewhat “promiscuous,”

From flowing bumpers to the Queen, (such power good port and
whiskey has,)

A gown-and-town row had got up, to testify their loyalty,
By milling of all rads and cads, and other foes to royalty.

At length the streets, at “noon of night,” had grown a little quieter,
For one by one had dropp’d off home, each capless, gownless rioter ;
On which our heroes satisfied, with this consoling knowledge, Sirs,
And thinking all their labours o’er, were hast’ning back to college,
Sirs.

¹ For these very clever lines, the translator is indebted to the Oxford Herald of Feb. 22nd.

IDEM LATINÈ REDDITUM.

PROÆMIUM.

MATERIES sequentium verborum est historiæ,
Obscura scilicet, ne hinc cui offendatur gloriæ :
Assevero lectoribus, in casâ et in regiâ,
Non plus minusve fide hæc dicturum me egregiâ.

Hæc tragico-comœdia est, et viri tres verendi,
Qui infelici nocte sunt egressi, concinendi :
Quo commensales quærerent—nam pœna rusticatio,
Si quis tumultuatus sit, cùm fit illuminatio.

Non pauci atroces juvenes, Reginam gratulati,
(Væ ! tam potentes spiritus !) mentes mero lymphati ¹,
Civile bellum gesserant, regalem vim amantes,
Et fuste cœercuerant plebeios contra stantes.

Quictiores trivias effectas nocte mediâ,
Et petasis carentibus togisque esse tædia,
Cum jam heröes senserant, hoc scito lætiores,
Collegium redibant, nam confecti sunt labores.

¹ “ Mentemque lymphatam Mareotico.”—HOR.

When, just as they had turn'd into the lane of classic "Simmery"
 They fell among a mob of cads, assembled there in grim array,
 Who set upon them, black'd their eyes, and maul'd them so con-
 foundedly,
 That one of them "entirely kilt" and bleeding on the ground did
 lie.

As he lay groaning o'er his wounds in sad and doleful barytones,
 There chanc'd to be among the crowd some modern good Samari-
 tans,
 Who pitying sore his hapless plight, with love quite demiurgical²,
 Conveyed him home, where he was forc'd to send for aid chirurgical.

The "Sawbones" came, with visage long, and shook his head mys-
 teriously,
 Says he, "The patient has, I fear, been damag'd very seriously;"
 "But trust my skill," (on frailer hopes does oft the life of man turn,
 Sirs,)
 "They haven't quite put out the light, though they've sorely
 smash'd the lantern, Sirs."

Some drugs were sent instanter by this son of Esculapius,
 "Hanc lotionem applices, et huncce haustum capias:"
 But by his stupid scout's mistake, who fuddled is diurnally,
 He swallowed up the lotion, and applied the draught externally.

By gnawing pains was rack'd e'er long his stomach magisterial,
 Which made him dread his latter end, and inquest coronerial.
 "Quick, fetch a stomach-pump," he cried, "with strong emetics cram
 me well—"
 "I've been and done it, 'tis a case of 'pison yourself, Samiwell."

² Vulgo, St. Mary Hall; familiariter, Simmery, alias Skimmery.

³ For the enlightenment of unscientific readers, I have the honour to inform them that the Demiurgus was the deity of the Platonists, and by them regarded as a being of pure love and benevolence.

Sed quando viam classicam Simmerii intratum,
 In vulgi turbam incidunt, quam torvè præparatam !
 Plebs tunc eorum oculos confusè sugillare—
 Et unus semimortuus lugere se amarè !

Ut ululatus illius dolorem ediderunt,
 Benevoli in stantibus coronis audierunt :
 Et sortem infelicem miserantes, demiurgici ² !
 Hunc deduxere callidi egentem jam chirurgici.

En ! torvus Esculapius profundum caput nutat—
 Et “ hic tremendè læsus est ” hoc omine salutat :
 “ Mihi confide ! ”—quantulo res hominum vertantur !
 “ Lanternam fractam socii, non lucem huic, querantur.”

Instanter herbas medicas remisit Esculapius ;
 “ Hanc lotionem applices, et huncce haustum capias,”
 At servi fraude stolidi, qui semper ebriatus est,
 Exhausta statim lotio, et haustus applicatus est.

Eheu ! magistri stomachus mordetur veneficio,
 Et mors minatur—atque de coronâ inquisitio,
 “ Cito portate antliam—et citius exantlate me,
 “ Jam actum est—et suicidam, socii, spectate me ! ”

² Demiurgus hic, ut docti prolixè disserunt, Platonicorum numen, ab
 iis amoris puri (quem nos hodie Platonicum) et benevolentiae Deus habebatur.

A stomach-pump was quickly brought, and "all hands" set to work at it—

And speedily they cleaned him out, (let no one smile nor smirk at it :)

His life was saved—but to this day, of that night's row the last trophy,

That stomach-pump sticks in his throat! Thus ended this catastrophe.

Be warned, ye dons ; for gown-town rows, like matrimonial quarrels,
Sirs,

Produce for those who interfere more broken heads than laurels,
Sirs :

But if you will thus waste the breath, that was to cool your porridge meant,

You'll meet with many a "heavy blow, and many a sad discouragement."

Sage counsel would I likewise give to each bold undergraduate,
Experto crede,—brothers all, when in a row a cad you hit,
The chances are, that tho' you win, you'll find it bad economy,
And carry home a tattered gown and battered physiognomy.

Portata citò antlia—omnes exhauriebant—
 (Favete risu, vulgus,³) et emunctum mox videbant,
 Sed quamvis vita salva est, tropæum noctis ejus,
 Hæc antlia pœnè suffocat—et infert fatum pejus.

Doctori, in tumultu seu conjugulo seu alio
 Qui interest, periculum non laudem affert talio :
 Sed si expendat spiritum, quo jus refrigerabitur,
 Non pauca huic convicia et plaga multa dabitur.

Quin sapiens consilium pupillis do audacibus—
 Experto crede, fratres, si minis placet pugnacibus
 Vexare plebem—prodigum hoc bonorum credo multùm,
 Nam togam referetis, atque laceratum vultum.

³ “ Favete linguis.”—HOR.

Robertus Lowe.

I

THE CHINAID,

OR THE

“PERSÆ” OF ÆSCHYLUS BURLESQUED.

7

THE CHINAID,

OR THE

“PERSÆ” OF ÆSCHYLUS BURLESQUED.

Ah, me ! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron !

HUDIBRAS.

OXFORD :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. VINCENT.

1843.

PREFACE.

THE following composition was undertaken purely for amusement; nor would it have appeared before the public, had it not been for the suggestion of a friend. If “anacolutha,” or any of those hard names in which critics rejoice, be found, I can only say in defence, “So much the better.” It will but further my object; viz. to invest with absurdity that Parody on a Tragedy, “The Persæ of Æschylus.” With respect to the nomenclature used, the names of Provinces may often be observed to be applied to Persons, but in the multiplicity of “heroes by flood and field” such an application is almost excusable. At all events, it answers the purpose; and by those who are ignorant of the geography of China, it would not be perceived. If, however, the “Burlesque of the Persæ” assist in whiling away some of those hours not bestowed on more “learned lore,” then will be crowned the highest wishes and utmost expectations of

THE AUTHOR.

3

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHINGYANG—supposed Emperor of China.

CASHGAR—mother of Chingyang, and wife of the defunct
Keshin.

SHADE OF KESHIN.

MESSENGER.

CHORUS OF MANDARINS.

THE CHINAID.

CHORUS OF MANDARINS.

OF Chinamen departed to Amoy
 The "Faithful of the Faithful" we are called,
 And guardians too of ev'ry snug abode;
 For e'en according to our portly size
 Of corporation, mighty Lord Chingyang,
 Keshin-begotten King, appointed us.
 But as regards the Royal Host's return
 Of Opium-eaters, in a screwy style
 Our heart doth whirl it round, and sicken us,
 For all the force that China e'er produc'd
 Is quickly gone, and moans its novice King.
 No breathless rider, dry for drink, arrives
 To tell us Chinamen of those who left
 Peking, or stoutly fenc'd Cantonapa.
 On horse, on junk they went, while others tramp'd,
 A sorry troop of miserable "muffs"¹

¹ Muffs] Editors have exerted themselves to find out the application of this word. To me it appears that "the softness" of these articles, so necessary to ladies, is metaphorically applied to the human skull.

As were Loochoo, Yangoo, and Kiangli,
Tho' Kings of King the mighty subalterns,
And on they rush, inspectors of the force
Those match-lock wielders, mounted too on steeds
Most dread to view, and terrible in fight
Through stern resolve and hardihood of soul.
Shantung, delighter in narcotic weed,
And Yunnanfoo, dead shot at sixty yards,
With brave Honan, and Kiangsee that drove
His father's kids along with Tchekiang.
But others, too, Whang Hai, or Hoang Ho,
Of bounteous flood hath sent brave Singanfou,
Stream-nurtur'd son of kindly Yang-tse-Kang,
And he who rules Mitschou, the noble Tong,
With Soung, inspector of the ancient Si,
All marshy men, and nervous plucky oars
Of cranky junks; in countless multitude
Then follow next the delicate Mantchoos
That sway the continent, whom ruling kings
Sangkoi and Lin, with opium-eating Yang,
'Turn out in "spicy traps" and "drags of four,"²
A fearful sight for freshmen to behold.
Out pour the neighbours of the sacred Chiu,
Quangsee and Yalong, anvils of the spear,
To ward a British yoke of slavery

² Drags of four] Högh and Blundermühl (valdè ineptè) would read "cars of eight;" but the passage only shews that the Chinese must have universities.

With Kian bowmen ; and the tinsell'd Heng
Sends forth a gilded rabble crowd, array'd
In guise of Junkites, warriors of the bow,

* * * * *

* * * * *

While wives and parents day by day recount,
And counting shudder at the length'ning term ;
For now the tea-producing host has gone
To forge a lime-bound handicraft, and rear
A stony causeway, much cemented o'er
With Claridge's asphalté, or bitumen,
To check the sons of Albion and St. George.
'Gainst all the world, by land and sea alike,
In full reliance on his "awkward squad,"
Our chief does urge his troops celestial,
A fiery man, and sprung from glitt'ring race,
That sported ne'er but "paste and real Mosaic."³
A toady glare he looks from out his eyes,
And drives a Calmuck pair of Tartar hacks,
And goads Toxopholite on musketry.
Nor is there found a man of soul to stand
This mighty flood, tornado of a host
In swelling stream that roars invincible !
For who avoids the envious eye of gods,
Or bounds so lightly with his agile feet ?
For Fate at first so fondly lures us on,

³ Paste and Mosaic] Vide Snobbiculos ad infinitum.

And draws a mortal to its fatal toils—
That “bourne from whence no traveller returns.”
Such Fate of old from out its seven realms⁴
Hath urged all China to the wars that joy
In fell grenades, and noisy cannonry:
From Fate it learnt to view the briny waste
Of sacred Hoang, and to trust in oars
All “sprung,” and in such host-conveying schemes.
On this account, our heart doth wear a suit
Of “seedy” black, most fearfully despoil’d.
Ah, me! for lest the rabble rout should leave
The mighty city of Pekin, alas!
The Cochin fortress, empty of its men!
(Ah, me! and sure enough, do what we will,
Those women’s tongues will mag incessantly!)
And, truth, upon our silken “togs”⁵ there’s come
A great considerable damage.
On horse, on foot they went, like swarming bees,
And must e’er long have finish’d to their heart
The strong-cemented work of masonry.
Our Chinese dames with tears bedew their couch,
And wives do mourn their absent lords’ return;
For each hath sent her paramour in arms,

⁴ Seven realms] Ringtum was promoted from the sixth to the second heaven, for asserting that βαρβαροι had ceased firing.

⁵ Togs] Boz, in his “Wellerisms,” hath dilated largely on this subject: he applieth the term more particularly to obese stage-coachmen.

And thus is left disconsolate and lone.
 But come, ye tenants of this ancient pile,
 Come, Mandarins, and pluck your spirits up,
 And need there is to see how fares Chingyang,
 Keshin-begotten, (and he shares our race,)
 Whether "Joe Manton" and the "patent caps"
 Havē beat the lighted match and harquebuss.
 But here's our Queen, a lady with an eye
 Would shame the sun. On marrowbones ! I say,
 And all address her with a fit salute.
 Deep-waisted lady, stoutest dame of all,
 Thou aged mother of Chingyang, all hail !
 Keshin's delight ! and daughter of the Moon,
 If now she shine upon the serried host.

CASHGAR.

On this account I left my gilded home
 And common couch of Keshin and myself,
 For indigestion lacerates me sore.
 To you I speak, tho' perfectly compos'd,
 Lest hasty Plutus spurn Keshin's success,
 Not gain'd without the deity sublime,
 And in a fit of colic turn it o'er.
 Two cares most difficult assail me now—
 "Chinese depriv'd of opium are as nought ;
 Without Chinese, no opium would be brought."

* * * * * * *
 * * * * * * *

Since things are thus, with kindly good advice
 Assist, ye tried Estates of Crockery,
 For all my measures do repose in you !

CHORUS.

Be well assur'd, O Queen, not twice to speak,
 " No sooner said than done" 's our motto.

CASHGAR.

I'm rack'd by nightly dreams, and get no sleep,
 E'er since that Chingyang fortified Amoy.
 Last night I saw most clearly, in a sort
 I never saw before. I'll tell it thee :—
 Two comely men, in decent vest array'd,
 I seem'd to see : the one of them did wear
 " Nankeen continuations,"⁶ while the other
 Those " inexpressibles" of divers shade ;
 Both firmly limb'd, and both in colour white.
 They dwelt—the one, 'neath Albion's chalky cliffs,
 While 'tother " guess'd" he liv'd with " Uncle Sam."
 These two did seem to bicker ; when my son
 E'en chaf'd them both, and fum'd, and look'd as tho'
 He'd ride them both as " hobby," and alone
 Would hook them to his car, and gall their necks.

⁶ Continuations] Fergusonius facetiously observeth, " No end of a pair o' breeks." But I have remarked, in my *Ἐπεαπτεροεντα*, that " long-shorts" are equivalent to " lengthy productions."

The one was proud, and "show'd off in his gear,"
 And prick'd his ears, and "tooled" most gallantly;
 The other plung'd, and "bolted" with the "drag,"
 E'en took the bit between his teeth, and snapp'd
 The ashen pole asunder. Then, alas!
 My boy is thrown! his father, Keshin, comes,
 Stands by his side, and pities him. Chingyang
 No sooner saw than "ripp'd" his mantle!
 These things by night I view'd, and thus I tell.
 When I arose, and dipp'd my fever'd brow,
 I ran, with hands of sacrifice, and heap'd
 The *tinsell'd paper*⁷ on its sacred shrine,
 As gifts propitious to averting gods.
 When lo! a species of the *feline race*⁸
 In terror clinging to the Llama's hearth!
 (With speechless fright I stood,) and near her rush'd
 A savage large *bull-terrier dog*!!!⁹
 She nothing did, but screech'd beneath his fangs!
 Dread things for me to see, and you to hear!

CHORUS.

We would not wish, O mother, to applaud,
 Or scare thee with our words, but ask the gods,

⁷ Tinsell'd paper] Offerings made by the Chinese to their gods.
 The poorer class content themselves with old shavings.

⁸ Feline race] The civet cat is a native of China.

⁹ Bull-terrier dog] Bosh, in his "Freborniana," hath copious comment on this subject.

If bad thou see'st, and supplicate again
 Aversion of the ill, and gently smear
 The melted chrism on their greasy chops,
 To bring good luck upon ourselves and city.
 Aye, coax Keshin, whom in the night you saw,
 To broach his *richest*¹ blessings for his son,
 But keep the "corky" bottl'd in the bin.
 For thus (between ourselves) we judge the case,
 And think that yet the matter may be well.

CASHGAR.

(*Aside*—The maggot bites, the first is seer of good,
 And may indeed success await my son!)
 Your good behests I'll do, and brew bohea
 For our departed friends. But tell me, now,
 Where in the world is Britain situate?

CHORUS.

Where Boreas blusters at the Northern Pole.

CASHGAR.

E'en such a race my son desir'd to snare.

CHORUS.

Why, thus, for then he'd rule the *Realms* of Sugar.²

¹ Rich] This term is spitefully applied to "Undergraduate Port," better known as a composition of logwood and brandy.

² Realms of Sugar] It is disputed by Wacshe and many com-

CASHGAR.

Maintain these boors a standing force in arms?

CHORUS.

E'en such as work'd the brave Chinois much ill.

CASHGAR.

What else besides? Exchequer, how stands that?

CHORUS.

Oh! lots of tin! a treasure-house of gold!

CASHGAR.

Do they excel with bow and feather'd shaft?

CHORUS.

Not so; they cast a loud artillery!

CASHGAR.

Who lords it o'er, the shepherd of the flock?

CHORUS.

No lord they own, as subjects of his will.

mentators, whether the Emperor of China taketh sugar in his tea; but, in my opinion, this passage seems to favour the idea that he had a "sweet tooth," and "cast an eye" on the colonies.

CASHGAR.

How then resist the huge celestial horde?

CHORUS.

E'en thus to sink Keshin and junkery.

CASHGAR.

For anxious mothers dread indeed to hear!!!

CHORUS.

To us it seems you'll hear the tale aright,
For by his running, Chinese, I'll be bound
This man is like to bring intelligence.

MESSENGER.

O frail pagodas of the Chinese soil!
Alas! Emporium of the best Souchong!
At one fell swoop, the newly-raised Assam
Hath spoilt our sale, and ta'en the cream off.
But yet I must the thrilling news unfold:
Ah, me! Chinese, Celestials are done!

CHORUS.

Woe worth the day! Woe worth an awful wail!
Come drench your 'kerchiefs at the sad account!

MESSENGER.

How fairly settl'd is their hash, indeed !
While I alone return to tell the tale.

CHORUS.

How long, indeed, appears this life of ours !
For aged men to hear such horrid woe !

MESSENGER.

No borrow'd tale I tell ; myself did see
The dreadful ill they did provide themselves.

CHORUS.

Hollah ! Baloo !³ In vain the countless shafts
Of angry China rattl'd on the ribs
Of British oak and dauntless mariner.

MESSENGER.

Now teem the rivers and th' adjoining plain
With luckless corpses of the mingl'd dead.

CHORUS.

Hollah ! Baloo ! And sayest thou aright,
That " moist unpleasant bodies " in the stream
Together roll and float tumultuously ?

³ Hollah ! Baloo !] All the MSS. read Hullah-baloo, as if the powers of the " singing million " had reached even to China.

MESSENGER.

No junk withstood ; for mighty Steam did work
A sad confusion in our antique gear.

CHORUS.

O bellow forth the wasting hapless cry—
For brave Chinese ! Alas ! how ill it far'd
That fell-destroy'd and miserable host !

MESSENGER.

Alas ! Amoy ! thou cursed name to hear !
How shudder I rememb'ring Britishers !

CHORUS.

O hated name of stalwart Britisher !
I' troth recount, how many beds it made
To lack their lords, and wives their paramour.

CASHGAR.

I long ago in sad amazement struck
E'en speechless stood—this ill o'ertops me quite !
I ne'er can speak, or question of our woes.

* * * * *

* * * * * No *shuffling*⁴ in our pangs,
But speak compos'd, though out with it at once,

⁴ Shuffling] See "De Roos" and "Barabbas Whitefeather."

What warrior's dead, and whom of Mandarins
Must mourning greet, and who by dying left
His opium-box without a master?

MESSENGER.

Chingyang himself doth live and see the light.

CASHGAR.

Great light indeed thou say'st to regal homes,
A brilliant day from out a murky night!

MESSENGER.

Chonkou, the leader of the Tartar host,
On shore of Tosiang degraded lies;
While bulky Quang a musket-ball hath sent
With agile bound from out his crazy junk;
And brave Sayansk, e'en sprung indeed from Nor,
The sea-girt isle of Songari frequents;
Balkash, Shahi, and eke a noble third,
With thicken'd skulls rebut the shores that rear
Old Mistress Cary's inauspicious brood.⁵
Squishsquash, that neighbour'd on the streams of Ho,
Tsanpo, and Ling, at once fell overboard;
While Chingonou, with miserable death,

⁵ Mistress Cary's brood] Sailors have a superstition about these birds, that they are omens of ill. "Mother Cary" has no connection with "Mother Redcap," as the learned Crachshawsh supposed.

Thrice-myriad leader of a swarthy crew,
Quite chang'd their colour to a purple tinge,
And dy'd his bushy locks of caroty,—
Kayuk the Tartar, and the Burmese Kin,
The wretched tenants of unfriendly soil,—
Tongting, and Choo, and mighty Futtibosh
Affording trouble with his arrow-heads,—
And Kiangu, no coward he, I trow,
Lyrnean chief, and comely in his form,
Of fifty times five hundred junks the lord,—
All these lie dead in death ; while first Chelang
Mantchoosan Sheik, in hardihood of soul
Oppos'd his portly person to the toil
Of thickest foemen, and in glory fell.
Of these our captains I remember now,
Though few, ye stars ! of many woes I tell.

CASHGAR.

Ah ! woe is me ! supreme of ill I hear
Disgrace to Chinese, and a dismal howl.
But now relate, returning to the theme,
How great the number of Britannie ships
That dared to battle with the Chinese host,
And mingle conflict with Immortal junks !

MESSENGER.

O rest assur'd, we Chinamen had most,
For ten times thirty squadrons of Chinese

Were numbered all, and ten of them were pick'd,
Chingyang (I know?) a thousand vessels led,
Two hundred "crank," for thus the story runs,
E'en seem we now deficient in the fight?
But, sure, some deity destroy'd the host,
In envy kick'd the equal-poising beam,
Tho' gods preserve the shrine of Laokung.⁶

CASHGAR.

But what! Is Britain's isle not desolate?

MESSENGER.

While men are in her, sure is her defence.

CASHGAR.

Explain the prompt beginners of the fray,
Whether the Britons or my noble boy
First mingl'd fight, e'en vaunting multitude?

MESSENGER.

Some Fury, mistress, or an evil god,
E'en ev'ry evil of the host began.
For there did come a villanous Sepoy
From Britain's force, who thus address'd thy son:
"That on a night both drear and dark" with clouds,

⁶ Laokung] He was supposed to be the inventor of religion for the Immortals.

The Britishers would quit, and loudly pipe
“All hands on deck,” and by a stealthy course
Preserve their lives, and indirectly “mizzle.”
But he, on hearing, knew not of the “dodge”
Of wily Sepoy, nor of starry ire,
And thus he issued to his naval chiefs :
“That when the sun should quit the glowing earth,
And darkness cover the domain of air,
To range their junks in triple row and file,
And watch the flowing of the briny floods,
While others circle round the isle of Fo !
So that if Briton ’scape his evil lot
By neatly ‘skulking’ from the vessel’s port,
That all should pay the forfeit—minus, head.”
Thus much he spoke, the guerdon of his mind,
Nor knew the future from his twinkling gods.
But they in order, and obedient zest,
Despatch’d their dinner, and sea-going man
Each plied his oar in easy-rowing thong ;
And when the glorious light of day had wan’d,
And night advanc’d, each man the lord of oar,
E’en trode the plank with overseer⁷ of arms.
The rank cheer’d rank of each Immortal junk,
And “pull’d,” as thus it was appointed them,
While all night long the captains of the ships

⁷ Overseer] No connection with our “zealous guardians of the poor.”

Do keep the great celestial host "a slaving."
The night drew on, and yet no muffl'd oar
With stealthy stroke from Britisher was heard ;
Until the morning, with her snowy steeds
In beauteous light, shed o'er the joyous earth,
From Britons first, a shrill and ringing sound
Did greet its echo, and a loud "huzza"
From rocky isle does e'en reverberate.
But fear on all the Chinamen did come
Of their intent so "miserably sold ;"
For not in flight did Britons raise that shout
Of cheering Pæan, but in sturdy soul
Did rush to battle, for the boatswain's pipe
With searching whistle kindl'd up the flame.
And then in time they smartly "bouted ship,"
In order "scudded o'er the briny waste,"
And "hove in sight" for all of us to view ;
The right wing led, while second in the tier
The rest advanc'd : nathless the shout we heard—
"Huzza ! my lads, for sweethearts and for wives ;
Come, steady, boys, and cry again once more,
St. George ! Old England, and for ever !"
But, lo ! a sputt'ring of the Chinese tongue
From us did greet them ; for, without delay,
Each ship on ship the grappling-iron flings.
And first in action was the Britisher ;
Who, pouring broadsides on our noble junks,
In diff'rent place did spoil their figure-heads.

At first the stream of our celestial host
 Withstood the fight; but when the crowded ships
 In narrow room were thrust, and none could give
 Assistance to his fellow, they themselves
 Did "foul themselves," and break their oarage.
 Britannic ships, and with design, I trow,
 Were pouring grape-shot round, and "riddling" all
 The hulls of vessels, as no sea is seen,
 So teem'd its bosom with the wrecks and gore,
 So groaned the shores with corpses of the dead.
 In flight disorderly each ship was pull'd,
 At least as many of our fleet as could,
 While they as thunnies, or a cast of fish,
 Did cleave and strike us, 'midst the wreck of junks,
 A lordly bellowing possess'd the brine,
 Until the eye of murky night restrain'd.
 Nor if ten days my abacus I told,
 Could I fill up the multitude of ills;
 For I would stake, that in no single day
 So many mortals met a sorry death.

CASHGAR.

Alas! a mighty ocean of our ill
 Hath burst on China, and immortal race!

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MESSENGER.

As many Chinese as were gross in size,
Or did excel in gastronomic art,
Or smoked a "weed" in royal confidence,
All, all are dead by most unnat'ral death.

CASHGAR.

Ah! wo is me! for wretched news, my friends!
By what foul death say'st thou the heroes died?

MESSENGER.

There is an isle, and neighb'ring to Hongkong,
But very small, bad haven for the ships,
Where once did Laokung in sacred dance
Cry "whoop" around his deity of wood—
E'en there he sends them, with the view that when
Their foes were wreck'd from out their frigates bold
And sought the isle, then they should rise and kill
The host of Britishers, an easy prey.
But "ill he kenn'd the future;" for the day
When Heav'n "gave Kûdos" to Britannic ships,
That day, each sailor "hitch'd" his breeches round,
And jump'd ashore, surrounding all the isle,
That they were fairly "flummax'd" to escape,
And much their poles were hammer'd with the fist,
And many died from stroke of cutlasses;
At last the "tars," with one and loud "huzza,"

Did rush, made havoc of the wretched gulls,
 Until "they did to death" the whole of them.
 Chingyang shriek'd out, at viewing depth of woe,
 For he had ta'en a seat commanding all,
 A lofty mound, and neighb'ring to the shore,
 When, having howl'd, and rent his gorgeous "rig,"
 He gave quick "furlough" to his noble force,
 And rushing made a most indecent "mizzle."⁸
 Such added ills it is for thee to mourn.

CASHIGAR.

O hateful gods! how "miserably sold"
 Are we Chinese! and bitter did my son
 The vengeance find of great Metropolis.
 While they suffic'd not who before were slain,
 For whom e'en thinking to effect return,
 My boy has gone and "made a mess of it."
 Do thou narrate what junks escap'd their fate,
 And where thou left'st them. Dost thou know full well?

MESSENGER.

Why, yes. The captains of remaining junks
 Did skulk away in flight not orderly.
 The army's remnant in the land of Bosh
 Did perish; some e'en tantaliz'd and "sold"

⁸ Mizzle] Most of the MSS. have "misle," as if the word had connection with "misle-toe."

At Fountain's joy—

And next we plodded o'er Chingchanken earth
To stream of Ooshi, and the mount of Jaw,⁹
To fenny reed of Bulbi! In that night,
The deity did bring a heat intemperate,
And Ho, with holy stream, was set a boiling;
While he who ne'er had wearied gods with vows,
On marrowbones now worshipp'd Earth and Heav'n.
And when the host had ceas'd their countless pray'rs
To countless gods, they cross the hissing flood;
And he of us, before the rays grew warm,
Did "cut his lucky,"¹ was preserv'd and sound.
For, lo! the sun, the burning orb of day,
Did make the shallows bubble with his blaze,
Pellmell they tumble, and good luck had he
Who first did snap the fragile thread of life.
But those remaining, with a wretched toil
To Cochin land are come, (some certain few,)
The land of bacco' box, so well, alack,
May Chinese mourn the flow'rets of their soil.
These things are true, tho' many ills escape
That fell divinely on the Chinese host.

⁹ Jaw] The Latin "Pithecusæ," or "Wilderness of Monkeys." The continued "jaw-work" of these animals in "cracking nuts," has thus given the name to the mountain.

¹ Cut his lucky] I believe the French have a similar expression—"coupez vos batons."

CHORUS.

O, toilsome god ! how heavy are the feet
That stamp'd too weighty on the Chinese race !

CASHGAR.

O, wo is me ! for devastated land !
O nightly vision, clearly in the dream,
Too clear are woes that thou didst manifest !
Nathless, since ye, my Mandarins, applaud,
I'll pray the gods, and bring away from home
A mutton chrism for the earth and dead.
I know its o'er a hash that's settl'd,
But still I hope for "better luck next time."
'Tis yours, the Faithful, faithfully to give
Your kindly counsel o'er the fated host ;
And should my boy e'en hither wend his way,
O mop him up, conduct him to his home,
Lest ills be added to the ills that are.

CHORUS.

O, ruling Sun, thou'st been and finish'd quite
The swarming magging host of Chinamen,
And cloth'd Pekin, Cantonapa in "dumps."
And beauteous maids, all dabbled o'er in tears,
Do claw their night gear with extended nail :
While Chinese matrons, delicate in grief,
Do fondly wish the couching of their lords ;

And having left the patchwork² of the quilt,
The joyous work, and revelry of youth,
Do fiercely howl with yells insatiate.
But I prefer the melancholy doom
Of those departed, as befitting theme.
O, now the land of pepper'd China mourns,
Chingyang led forth, My stars! and Chingyang lost,
Chingyang did rule his junks most haplessly!
O, why was Keshin not at the command,
Belov'd of all, a great Toxopholite?³
Our junks like rigg'd, and like grotesquely smear'd,
Convey'd our soldiers and the brave marine;
Those junks, ye planets all, destroyed them!
Chingyang himself, as by report we hear,
Did scarce meander through the realms of Choosh;
While they first doom'd, alas, around Amoy
Do lie in heaps considerably pickl'd!
O shriek, and scratch, aye, scratch your nasals all,
And bellow all a beastly brutal cry,
While they are rack'd, and mangl'd by the fish,
The voiceless tenants of the briny waste.

² Patchwork] Nanzi remarks, that the Chinese could only have been tyros in this "conjunction of particles," as the Emperor has lately been presented with a tea-urn rug, worked in "Berlin wool," the subject being "a group of Polar bears."

³ Toxopholite] It would seem that the Chinese also have these societies, which are generally interpreted as "The Bow and Arrow—shooting at a mark—Clubs."

Hooroosh ! Hooroosh !

No more will nations own the Chinese sway,
Or pay such tribute to imperious pow'r,
Or meek salaam, and bow them in the dust,
For all the might of royalty is gone.
No more will mortals bind the prating tongue,
For all are free to sputter as they choose !
That bleeding soil of sea-girt islet, Hong,
Now holds the fortunes of the brave Chinese.

CASHGAR.

To me, ye loves, now all is full of fear,
And gods do seem most adverse in my eyes,
With shouts unpleasant dinning in my ears—
A second time I therefore left my home,
Depriv'd of palanquin, or shutter'd van,⁴
And bear paternal off'rings of a son,
The sweetest soothings to unhappy dead !
The best white milk, tho' skimm'd, of brindled cow,
New " virgin honey " of the toiling bee,
Some wat'ry droppings of pellucid spring,
Unmingl'd, " neat," of mother wild and free,
The strongest extract of a sturdy vine ;

⁴ Shutter'd van] Commentators have much exerted themselves on this point, some likening the vehicle here mentioned to a go-cart, and others to the conveyance of washerwomen ; but surely it must signify an " universal particular," or " private omnibus."

The fragrant fruit of olive is at hand,
 With verdant crop of ever-blooming leaves,
 With child of earth, a woven daisy crown.
 But, O belov'd, come tip the stars a stave,
 And summon forth the deity, Keshin,
 While I do pour these off'rings on the earth.

CHORUS.

O, royal lady, glory of Chinese,
 Do thou expend thy honours on the ground,
 But we will howl in concert to the sky,
 And beg a gracious favour of the stars.
 Ye Seven Realms, and potentates of air,
 Hümboog, and Singsong, deified of all,
 Send down a hero to the globe below.
 Does, then, the bless'd, the monarch, and a god,
 E'en hear our plaint, aye, most barbaric row,
 Yell'd forth aloud in tones diversified?
 And shriek, I will—Dost hear, I say, up there?
 But thou, Myhei, and other lords of blue,
 O grant our pray'rs, convey this mighty man,
 Pekin-begotten liege of Chinamen!
 O send him down, for ne'er alack I trow
 Was land of China so beset with "mumps."

* * * * *

O, Booohooshing, send down, thou Booohooshing,
 Keshin, I pray, as Emperor Keshin.

For ne'er did he by misery of war
Destroy his men; a counsellor divine,
Divine as counsellor, and so he was,
And well he rul'd the opium-eating host.
O come, my lord, approach, thou doughty lord,
And plant thy foot (for haply thou hast "corns")
Quite softly on Pagoda's pinnacle!
Display, besides, that venerable tail
Of grizzled hair bestiffen'd on thy back!
Great father! come, Keshin, Hooroosh! What Ho!
That thou, a King, may'st hear a kingdom's woes,
Both new and old. O, speedily approach,
For Stygian mists have "doubl'd" all our eyes,
While youth have sunk in ruin on the earth!
Great father! come, Keshin, Hooroosh! What Ho!
O thou bemoan'd so deeply by us all!
O why has horror lighted on thy boy,
And havoc seiz'd his triple row of junks?
Tho' junks no more, so utterly destroy'd!

(Shade of Keshin ascends.)

KESHIN.

Faithful of Faithful, playmates of my youth,
Ye ag'd Chinese, what's happen'd to the state?
The plain doth howl, and hurly-burly roar,
E'en I felt queer beholding o' my spouse,
And yet I've had her kindly deluging,
While ye, with cries as loud as lungs can clink,

Do take your station at my tomb, and bawl,
As if an egress were an easy thing.
But, sure, close-fisted are infernal gods,
And better hands at grabbing than to give.
I've "done 'em" once, and "doubly brown,"⁵ I guess!
So, quick, what ill has fallen on Chinese?
Look sharp, or else I vow I shall be "gated."

CHORUS.

I've quite a dread to prate before my lord,
From qualms of old my very tongue is tied.

KESHIN.

O since your old poltroonery besets,
My aged spouse, thou partner of my bed,
Do cease that loud untimely bellowing,
And tell me straight, for men will get involv'd
By land and sea, in miserable woes,
Just only give the puny mortals time.

CASHGAR.

O thou that didst all mortals overthrow

⁵ Brown] This term is very ambiguous: it applieth to the "well-doing" of most meats, more particularly to "Knibbs's Sausages." It hath a second meaning—the exchange of certain copper moneys of Britannie coinage. The whole passage indicates, that Keshin must "have come the artful" over the infernal gods.

In fortune's lot, while yet thou blowed'st cloud,
Nay, as a god, didst trample on Chinese,
In death e'en lucky to have "whiff'd" away,
Before bestif'd with the fumes of ill.
To thee, Keshin, this bulky tale in brief—
E'en thus to speak—the Chinese cause is "Walker!"⁶

KESHIN.

But how? Some wind did knock them off their pins?

CASHGAR.

Not so; the Londoners did settle them!

KESHIN.

But which, I pray, of my brave boys was General?

CASHGAR.

Chingyang, hotheaded youth, destroyed them.

KESHIN.

By sea or land did Chingy play the fool?

CASHGAR.

By both; and twofold was the mighty force.

⁶ Walker] I have still retained this reading, in spite of the assertion that it ought to be "Ferguson." The evanescent character of H. Walker, Esquire, is too well known to need comment.

KESHIN.

What? How could hordes accomplish such a work?

CASHGAR.

He got his bricks by contract, to be sure.

KESHIN.

Fulfilled it, too, and fortified Amoy?

CASHGAR.

Aye, so; but gods had finger in the pie.

KESHIN.

Yea; mighty gods, that stultified my boy.

CASHGAR.

So thus, you see, the matter how it stands.

KESHIN.

But how far'd they, o'er whom ye howl and cry?

CASHGAR.

The junks by sea did ruin us ashore.

KESHIN.

But were Immortals utterly destroy'd?

CASHGAR.

Canton, methinks, goes dolefully and glum.

KESHIN.

How vain, my Buddha, was the splendid host !

CASHGAR.

Our ag'd, O Hong, are forc'd to stump the tin.

KESHIN.

Alas ! My pretty flow'rets of the land !

CASHGAR.

Chingyang alone, with portly gang obese—

KESHIN.

Is dead and gone ? O whither, when, and where ?

CASHGAR.

Did bolt and run as fast as grossness may.

KESHIN.

And did escape ? O tell me, is it true ?

CASHGAR.

O yea, my lord, on this report sounds clear.

KESHIN.

How swift has come completion of the great
Divine predictions fallen on my boy,
As sung those idols " Present and To Come."
I knew full well the mess of ill would drop ;

But when a man himself may ope his jaws,
The god will ram the sable mixture down !⁷
And thus my son unwittingly has “sold,”
“Let in” his friends, who succour’d his mad plan
To raise a fortress, and of bricks all made
Of mud, old straw, brown paper, any thing.
But, Mandarins, Chingyang was lunatic !
And now I fear, lest all my gotten gold
Do thus be snatch’d “First comer, poo, first serv’d.”

CASHGAR.

Chingyang, I fear, did keep bad company !
For all the wealth that thou didst win by war,
He warred away upon his downy couch,
And play’d the woman with his dainty airs !
’Twas thus he learnt to form the mad design,
To thwart the will of lordly Britisher.

KESHIN.

But well, they’ve done imperishable works,
Such glorious deeds as Peking ne’er has seen
Since Buddha gave one man alone to hold,
Alone to sway the realms of Mulberry.
Micksbrede at first did reign ; and then his son,
Whose ire was steer’d by Captain Common Sense ;
And third from him, Poopoo, a pleasing man,

⁷ Sable mixture] Poeticè for “black draught.”

That let the nations batten at their ease—
For he acquired Singsing and all Myhish,
Without the grumbling of the jealous gods.
The fourth a Tartar, and be sure he prov'd
We caught a Tartar, and in earnest too,
Till brave Foofoo did watch his hour to sup,
And smote him o'er his "thimble" of Souchong.
The sixth was Loo, and seventh Ring-Funk-te-Ki;
And "last, not least," e'en I obtain'd my lot;
For tho' I caus'd the state full many a blow,
Yet ne'er did hit so hard as this Chingyang,—
A boy in years, and boyish in his plan,
A boy, (alas!) forgetting my behests.
For know full well, O compeers of my youth,
Ye Mandarins, that all of us who reigned,
All put together, did not make a mess
So foul, so sad, as this same silly boy.

CHORUS.

Hold hard, Keshin, where drives your busy tongue?
And how will China fare the best from this?

KESHIN.

Do you keep still; for tho' your countless hordes
Outdo the sands, the very earth itself
Does seem allied in favour of their arms.

CHORUS

But we'll fit out a proper row of junks.

KESHIN.

But, nay; the force that fortified Amoy
Has not return'd, methinks, all safe and sound.

CHORUS.

How say'st? Not safe, those valiant Chinamen?

KESHIN.

But just a sprinkling of those glorious men,
At least if we can all sure credence give
To bulky gods "Past, Present, and To Come."
And there they lie, where Hoang winds his stream,
A good fat banquet to the greedy land,
A rich desert for folly and for pride,
To think that they could man their shaky junks,
Could plant their cannon and their rusty guns
Against the roar of grand artillery.
They did their "tit," and got a precious "tat,"
But yet there's left the bottom of the cup,
A bitter draught to gall Immortal throats.
So great a cake of misery (not plums)
Is kneaded up, that races three remov'd
Will see this voiceless monument of ill,
And (strange) will beg to be excus'd a slice.
For growing pride, that rears its head too high,
Is topp'd down, and sure to have a fall.
O, seeing these memorials of ill,
Remember Britain and the Britishers,

Nor let Chinese, o'ergorg'd with stomach full,
Desire that opium to allay his maw,
And reeling quit prosperity and life.
For gods detest a palate over nice,
So plain is their supreme Imperial fare.
O therefore teach my "son, my own brave boy,"
To rule his appetite, and draw it mild.
And thou, belov'd, old mother of Chingyang,
Go home again, and hither bring a vest,
Of "newest cut," the "fastest"⁸ that you can;
For I'll be bound his jacket's all in holes,
"Continuations" seedy, too, I trow.
O sooth him kindly with mellifluous words,
For thee alone, I'm certain, he will hear.
But I'll away, to seek my den below.
Do ye rejoice, O Mandarins, I say,
Tho' sorrow press, throughout the livelong day,
As wealth to "bodies" does not, cannot pay.

(Shade of Keshin descends.)

CHORUS.

O what a pain did twinge our blushing nose,
At hearing ills both present and to come!

CASHGAR.

O gods, what woes discharge their fury now!

⁸ Fastest] *Lucus a non lucendo*; inasmuch as fast-cut clothes, from their accurate fit, impede the motion.

Tho' this most keenly striketh in its fangs,
Chingyang's dire seediness of toggery.
But I will speed, and bring embroidered vests,
And thus endeavour to appease my son,
For in his "shift" I'll ne'er desert my love.

(Exit Cashgar.)

CHORUS.

O gods ! what easy sit-still⁹ lives we pass'd
When that most sage and opium-eating prince,
The godlike Keshin, sway'd Celestial land !
For, first of all, our army was supreme,
And laws of science rul'd our grand attacks,
Return from war was tearless and serene,
We "smoked our clays" in happiness and peace !
What states he rul'd, nor ere so much has stirr'd,
Nor turn'd his quid of opium in his jaws,
As were Kuchbang, Tumtum, and Fouchtifoo,
All sea-girt isles, and fortified so strong
With Chinese walls and skilful masonry.
Ningpo, Chinghae, Macou, all own'd his pow'r,
And he did lord them with Imperial will ;
Nay, all the world did feel his lengthy arm,
Nor e'er did dine, before his brazen trump
Proclaim'd aloud his Mightiness had "done."
Such condescension in a godlike prince,

⁹ Sit-still] Rotundity and crippled feet are beauties in Chinese women. The Mandarins are referring to the "otium cum dig." of Keshin's time.

To let Barbarians calmly pick a bone !
 But now, alas ! we find the tables turn'd,
 Subdued by blows most foul and watery.¹

(*Enter Chingyang.*)

CHINGYANG.

O wo is me ! for hateful luckless fate
 That baulk'd our plans ! O deity, how sharp
 Thy ferule rapp'd the toes of Chinamen !
 What shall I do ? My knees quite nervous knock,
 I'm quite unstrung ; in brief, I'm screw'd all o'er,
 Beholding thus my citizens destroyed.
 O that the Sun would cover up his beams,
 And Porpus seize me in his drowsy arms.

CHORUS.

Alack ! my liege, the deity has shorn,
 Has cropp'd, and dock'd those venerable tails
 Of mighty men resplendent at Peking.
 For all the land, Chingyang, *Infernal-Crammer* !
 Doth weep and cry with miserable howl.
 For dauntless men, sweet nature's kindly care,
 Those furious bowmen are abased and gone.

CHINGYANG.

My stars ! My stars ! That glorious armament !

¹ Watery] Blundermühl has, that from the scarcity of provisions, and more especially "tea," that beverage had to be "drawn milder;" and thus the inhabitants were "*blown out with water.*"

CHORUS.

The land of China, ruler of the land,
Is bent, is bow'd most lowly on the knee.

CHINGYANG.

I know, through me, these realms, alas, did suck
Not sweets, but sours, nauseous to the taste.

CHORUS.

At thy return, the most infernal row,
Barbaric noise, and inharmonious strain
We'll shriek, we'll shriek in notes of Tartar cry.

CHINGYANG.

Send forth your whining, squeaking, piggish screams,
Again the deity has play'd me foul.

CHORUS.

I will exert, aye, crack my heaving lungs,
For all the sea-toss'd grievance of the race ;
I will e'en spout a cataract of tears
For these defeats by stalwart Britisher.
Our Chinese Mars has reap'd indeed the main,
And gotten plenteous harvest of the dead.

CHINGYANG.

*Hoorroosh!*² ye swine ! acquaint yourselves full well.

² Hoorroosh] Vid. cap. ii. sec. 3. of "Rorecomoriana," ed. S. Loverus.

CHORUS.

But where's the host, beloved band of friends,
And where thy comrades of the direful fray,
As were Quingquang, Shinghi, and Tongitoo,
Who left in arms the great Cantonapa?

CHINGYANG.

I left them beating with a thicken'd skull
A rocky shore, so fearful to a junk!

CHORUS.

But where's Ringtum, Kangsee, and brave Kibbosh?
Of these I ask, O grant me a reply.

CHINGYANG.

At very sight of Britain and the steam,
At one fell swoop they wretched kiss'd the ground.

CHORUS.

But him that *told* the myriads of the force,
That precious eye, and jewel of a man,
That son of Ling, and Kings-te-Kung, I say,
Did'st thou desert?

CHINGYANG.

Thou daughter of the Moon!³

³ Daughter of the Moon] Chingyang was first-cousin to the Sun, and uncle to all the Stars.

CHORUS.

Thou speak'st of nought but sorrow for Chinese.

CHINGYANG.

Thou dost, in sooth, recall those glorious friends,
While thus you prate and chatter of our woe!
My heart doth bump, and thump, and bump again!!!

CHORUS.

Another yet we miss, Tingtong the brave,
Langshi, and Foosh, that bulky gorging chief
Who gloated o'er rat pie with puppy sauce!⁴

CHINGYANG.

They went, they went, not in sedans, I trow.

CHORUS.

Are those commanders of the army gone?

CHINGYANG.

Too true, alas! Hollah! Hollah! Baloo!

CHORUS.

Hollah! Baloo! Thou moon of verdant cheese!
Ye stars chopp'd up, what misery ye make!

⁴ Puppy sauce] An English officer was dining with a Chinese, and having asked the nature of some dish, the Mandarin replied, "Me know not what you call him, but he say 'Bow wow.'"

CHINGYANG.

We're struck, alas ! by fortune's jealous dart.

CHORUS.

We're struck, 'tis plain, but sorrow waits us now,
Altho' the Britishers so hammer'd us !
Unhappy lot ! Thou race of Chinamen !

CHINGYANG.

'Tis strange that I, most wretched hasty boy,
Should be so smitten with Celestial men !

CHORUS.

Why strange ? Is China not abased, my lord ?

CHINGYANG.

See'st thou this remnant of my sorry rags ?

CHORUS.

We see, we see !

CHINGYANG.

This quiver, too ?

CHORUS.

What say'st ?

CHINGYANG.

This small receptacle for deadly shafts ?

CHORUS.

Aye, small indeed, for such a prince as thou.

CHINGYANG.

Hooroosh ! My brave supporters all are gone !

CHORUS.

The host of Chinamen ne'er shrunk from fight.

CHINGYANG.

Most valiant they—but I mistook my strength.

CHORUS.

Immortal junks all routed, you do mean.

CHINGYANG.

It is : for them I rend my gorgeous vest.

CHORUS.

Hollah ! Baloo !

CHINGYANG.

Aye, more than cry Baloo !

CHORUS.

O yea ; for double, treble are our pangs.

CHINGYANG.

No doubt sad pangs, but gladness to our foes.

CHORUS.

Our prowess maimed !

CHINGYANG.

My fatted escort gone !

CHORUS.

Those loving friends all sunken in the deep.

CHINGYANG.

Come, Mandarins, come, toddle ye to home.

CHORUS.

Hooroosh ! What Ho !

CHINGYANG.

Aye, howl in loud response.

CHORUS.

A wretched boon of wretches to a wretch.

CHINGYANG.

Hollah ! Baloo ! Do wail aloud, I say.

CHORUS.

We do, my liege, as loud as screeching owls.

CHINGYANG.

Come, smite your breasts, and pummel them all o'er !

CHORUS.

We're drench'd in tears, by weeping wash'd away.

CHINGYANG.

Hooroosh ! Come, scream in answer to my cry.

CHORUS.

Methinks, we groan most heavily, Chingyang !

CHINGYANG.

At my request, make havoc of your chins.

CHORUS.

With uncut nail with vehemence we scratch.

CHINGYANG.

Come rip and tear those robes of flowing fold !

CHORUS.

They see, they see considerable damage.

CHINGYANG.

Come, pluck your locks, commiserate my friends.

CHORUS.

Our aged scalps with vehemence we tear.

CHINGYANG.

And steep your eyes in gushing floods of tears.

CHORUS.

Our eyeballs redden with our hearty cry.

CHINGYANG.

Move on, away, come toddle on tow'rds home.

CHORUS.

Hollah! Baloo! Hooroosh! This fated land!

CHINGYANG.

O cease to bellow as ye slink along.

CHORUS.

Alas! the land of China doth resound!

CHINGYANG.

Ah, me! for those that perish'd in the junks!

CHORUS.

I'll be thy escort with a far-fetched sigh!!!⁵

⁵ Sigh] It is now maintained by all good critics, that this "heaving" (no connection with coals) cometh from the chest, and not from the pit of the stomach. I do not see that it militates against the supposition, that "that thing of sighs," Æneas, must have been accompanied with a pocket force-pump.

FINIS.

GRAY'S
ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

TRANSLATED INTO

LATIN ELEGIAC VERSE,

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM HILDYARD, M.A.,

SECOND MASTER OF BEVERLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
AND ASSISTANT CURATE OF THE MINSTER, BEVERLEY.

LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

M.DCCC.XXXVIII.

VENERABILI VIRO

HENRICO VINCENTIO BAYLEY, S. T. P.

ARCHIDIACONO SIDNACESTRIENSI

NECNON ECCLESIAE SANCTI PETRI WESTMONASTERIENSIS

UNI E REGIIS PREBENDARIIS

QUI

MIRÂ PRÆDITUS HUMANITATE

INTEGERRIMOS MORES

SUMMIS VIRIBUS INGENII ARTIBUSQUE EXQUISITIONIBUS

ADÆQUAT

HANC LUCUBRATIONEM

QUALISCUNQUE FUERIT

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WWW.CHICAGO.PRESS.EDU

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

5

1743. 34.

ELEGEIA CÆMETERIO IN RURALI

SCRIPTA.

ELEGY.

I.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

II.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

ELEGEIA.

I.

AUDIN' ut occiduæ sonitum campana diei
Reddit, et à pratis incipit ire pecus;
Jam proprios petit ipse Lares defessus arator,
Et passim, extinctis ignibus, omne silet.

II.

Nunc crepera ex oculis rerum evanescit imago,
Altaque per cælos regnat amica quies,
Nî rotet agrisonum sese scarabæus in orbem,
Tinnitusque gravis pulset ovile procul.

III.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain,
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

IV.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

V.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

III.

quæ noctivagus frondoso in arbore

Nî, quæ, tecta hederâ, venit illic turris in auras,

Noctua funestum fundat ab ore melos;

Multa querens homines regni violare silentis

Numina, dum tremulo lumine Luna micat.

IV.

Ulmus ubi pandit ramos, ubi taxus opacum

Diffundit frigus, cespes et ossa tegit;

“Quisque suos patiens manes,” placidâque quiete,

Majores vici contumulantur humo.

V.

Heu! frustrâ vinctos durâ sub compede mortis

Auroræ allicient thuriferentis opes!

Frustrâ cheu! galli cantus, cornuve sonorum,

Stramineo aut vocitans tegmine hirundo casæ!

VI.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

VII.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

VIII.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

VI.

Illis haud iterum simplex domus igne nitebit,

× Qua properat vestes uxor amata viro* ;

Haud iterum adcurrent "dulces circum oscula nati,"

Neu patris in gremio se glomerare petent.

deus nec congerit videri, deus nate

VII.

Sæpe expectatis flavescens messis aristis,

Accisa illorum falce, tegebat humum ;

Ah ! quotiès læti urgebant jumenta per agros,

Frangebant quoties pingua terga soli !

VIII.

Parcite vos magni, cæcâ ambitione ruentes,

Parcite vos humilem ludificare gregem !

Nec moveat tumidæ procerum fastidia menti

Pagina, quæ sanctæ nomina plebis habet.

IX.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

X.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

XI.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

IX.

Stemmata quæ longo volvuntur in ordine, gazæ,
 Flosque juventutis, purpureusque nitor,
 Omnia nox eadem manet—heu persæpe sepulchro
 Gloria funeream prætulit ipsa facem!

X.

Nec culpæ adtribuant illis gens turgida fastû
 Quòd tituli bustis nulla trophæa ferant,
 Ædes quæ extentas inter, laqueataque tecta,
 Plurima consurgit laudis Hosanna Deo.

*via per longas hinc atque inde ducta cota
 laudibus æternis personat tela Dei*

XI.

Urna incisa notis, aut "vivi ex marmore vultus,"
 Ætherios ignes an revocare valet?
 Ah! quando è tacitâ surgent responsa favillâ?
 Audiet aut quando trux Libitina preces?

XII.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;

Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

XIII.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;

Chill penury repressed their noble rage,

And froze the genial current of the soul.

XIV.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

*sub his ubi secretum in sedes
 thum caelesti praeclara igne jacet.*

XII.

Hosce inter tumulos forsitan, secretaque regna,

Cælesti olim aliquis præditus igne jacet;

Dextra potens cujus sceptro fulsisset eburno,

Aptâssetve modis carmina grata lyrae.

Morpheus aurea feruida gola

Non quibus aduersus aspiciemus

XIII.

doctrina arcana non uenerat
 Ast oculis nunquàm monimenta Scientia, plena

Annorum exuviis, conspicienda dedit;

Res dura, et miseris urgens in rebus egestas,

Mentibus imposuit vae! glaciale gelu!

XIV.

Sæpiùs Oceani latet abdita gemma profundis,

Casso resplendens lumine subter aquas;

Sæpiùs incultis flos sese expandit in arvis,

Et vacuos colles implet odore suo.

XV.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest ;

Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

XVI.

The applause of listening senates to command,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

And read their history in a nation's eyes,

XVII.

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone

Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

XV.

Reliquis facit hic Hampdena quies
in infans succubique pigo
 Forsitan, inter avos, Hampdeni hic ossa quiescant,

Qui sæva intrepidâ fregerit acta manû;

Hic sacer ante alios, Miltonus, *que nonne vales*
ἐπώνυμος, adsit,

Cromvellus ve, vacans proditione ferâ.

XVI.

Contigit haud illis plausum captare Senatûs,

Aut populi, impavido pectore, ferrè minas;

Contigit haud illis largiri dona per urbes,

Audire aut coram—"Rexque Paterque Meus!"

XVII.

Præscripsit fines quamvis virtutibus, esse

Immunes culpæ sors tamen æqua dedit;

Dum prohibet patriæ vertendo in viscera dextras,

Civium et adspergi sceptrâ cruore vetat.

XVIII.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

XIX.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

XX.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

XVIII.

Dum foveat è teneris, generoso pectus honesto,

Suffundit roseo sive pudore genas;

Virgineum decus aut Musæ temerare recusat,

Illustrans, casto carmine, Vatis opus.

XIX.

Hi, procul ex urbis fumo strepituque, volebant,

de creta lacibus confusum
Arcentes demens vulgus, inire viam;

Frigida apud Tempe vitæ, callesque reductos,

Juverit innocuos excoluisse dies.

XX.

Hæc tamen, in, justo serventur ut ossa sepulchro,

Cippus, inæquali culmine, signat humum:

Quà sculpta infabrè, ac incondita carmina nostras

Exposcunt lacrymas, imaque corda cient.

Carminum

XXI.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Mu

The place of fame and elegy supply ;

And many a holy text around she strews,

To teach the rustic moralist to die.

XXII.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,

This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,

Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

XXIII.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,

Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,

E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

*Imagines occurrunt ab eis vix habitantibus
 annis sine tremulo bustici
 XXI. Nova clau*

Scilicet, antiquâ pro laude, elegisque superbis,
 Nomina et ætatem Musa pedestris habet;
 Verba Dei passim inscribens, atque "aurea dicta,"
 Rurigena ut discat deniquè pace mori.

XXII.

Nam quis, Lethæi sopitus frigore rivi,
 Corporeæ cuperet solvere fila lyræ?
 Longiùs aut vertens tenebrosa ad Tartara cymbam,
 Ne bis respiceret littora nota diu?

*Of that haster enim pro quibus
 incubat annis
 XXIII. lacrymas ultima dona fide*

Pectore dilecto forsân suffulta recumbit
 Ægra anima, atque alas, jam tremebunda, movet;
 Adsint et lacrymæ, "nostri pars optima sensûs,"
 Dum sacro cineres excitat igne Deus.

XXIV.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

XXV.

Haply some heary-headed swain may say :
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

XXVI.

“There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic arms so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

XXIV.

Tu tamèn, in nostris te versans sedibus, hospes,
Qui vici exequias solvis ab ore pio,
Et tu rite pari, forsàn, celebrabere famâ,
Nec tibi, quem dederis, optime ! deerit honos.

XXV.

“ Illum mane novo (quærenti Rusticus aiat,
Cui nive conspersit tarda senecta comas)
Vidimus usquè citis properantem passibus, ortum
Solis ut adspiceret graminis inter opes.

XXVI.

“ Illic quâ patulo viret ista cacumine fagus,
Tortilis implicitans, altior, orbe pedes,
Solibus æstivis, et molli stratus in herbâ,
Spectabat cursum prætereuntis aquæ.

XXVII.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove:
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

XXVIII.

“One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

XXIX.

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchyard path we saw him born
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

XXVII.

“ Sylva ubi fert virides, velut in ludibria, ramos,
Nescio quid meditans, sæpe terebat iter;
Tristis, inaccessus, nunc secum solus oberrans
Lymphatus curis, victus amore gravi.

XXVIII.

“ Matutino autem scandenti tempore collem
Nuper ab his casulis abfuit ille mihi;
Nuperior frustrà quæsivi in sede quietâ,
Nec circa saltus, nec prope flumen erat.

XXIX.

“ Tertia lux oritur, sonus exauditur amari
Planctûs; effertur corpus, amatque rogam;
Haud mora, sacratas quâ semita ducit ad ædes,
Multa gemens, longo funere, turba venit.

XXX.

* * * * *

 * * * *

* * * * *

 * * * *

XXXI.

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

XXXII.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
 He gave to misery all he had, a tear;
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished,) a friend

XXX.

“In lapide incisum stat carmen, ‘nominis umbra,’
 Quà trudit flores oxyacantha suos;
 Perlege quod scriptum est, accedens, advena! bustum,
 Perlege, nam nobis doctus es alta loqui.”

XXXI.

Epitaphium.

Hic caput adponit gremio telluris ephebus,
 Cui nunquam est opibus lætior orta dies;
 Sed placido adspexit nascentem lumine Musa,
 Et mens plena fuit Relligione loci.

*nascentem placido adspexit. frequentia
 larga manus succera fides acc. no. valem*
 XXXII.
ante credidit de huius

Candidus, et simplex, miseris succurrere promptus,
 E cælo accepit dona repensa tamen;
 Quod potuit, flebat sempèr cum flentibus ipse,
 Quod cupiit, trepido semper amicus erat.

XXXIII.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike, in trembling hope, repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

XXXIII.

Ne scrutare ultrà—quodcunque peregerit olim

Restat, et à nobis facta tacenda manent;

Crede igitur Superis; trutinâ ponentur in æquâ,

Quum steterit cunctis Ultimus Iste Dies.

*Destinae virtutes sequi—desu
nec
i sua per humanum sunt—ma
facta refu
penque meliorum inter
in deo quod
Patris in cetero fectore claud*

LONDON :
JOHN W. PARKER, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

THE
COLLEGIAN.

1848.

"SCRIBE, PUER, VIGILA."

JUV. SAT. XIV. 192.

Bristol :

HUGH C. EVANS, CLARE-STREET.

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COLLEGII EPISCOPALIS PRINCIPI
QUIPPE QUI LITERARUM HUMANIORUM AUCTOR
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DEDICATUS EST,
A.D. MDCCCXLVIII.

C O N T E N T S.

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION	5
PATRIOTISM	6
FREE PORT ODE	10
LIBERTE, EGALITE, FRATERNITE	17
HONOUR	18
LEGEND OF LLANGORSE	20
NIOBE	22
GREEK DRAMA	23
GLYGLUMGLEAGH	31
VISION OF SAGES	37
HELICON	44
ANTIGONE, CHORUS	44
HORACE, ODE I. 7	47
ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY	48
HORACE, ODE I. 30. VARIOUS TRANSLATIONS	60
TALE ABOUT NOTHING	63
HORACE, OD. IV. 2	66
VOTUM	67
LAY OF ATHENS	67

THE COLLEGIAN.

INTRODUCTION.

God said, "Let there be light; and there was light." Over mountain and dale, over land and ocean, from the jungles of Hindoostan to the halcyon nests of the Pacific went forth the decree of heaven; not a nation, or city, or desert, but is cherished and enlivened by the light and heat of the solar ray. As free to the peasant as to the prince, this heavenly beam is universal.

But there is another sun, which adorns the firmament of this our earth; there is another light, whose genial rays influence the heart and enlighten the understanding. This is the light of literature; and no less potent is the divine decree respecting this sun, that ere long all mankind shall enjoy its grateful and humanizing influences. Shining over the Ethiopian ridges, penetrating among the forests and roaring torrents of the New World, and reflected in the coral wave of the Polynesian Archipelago, this sun of literature is spreading its wonder working beams on every land. From England it radiates as its *μεσόμφαλα γῆς*, for here it is that the light of knowledge is glittering in its splendour, shining from the shrines of a hundred colleges, and even peering between the broken bars of the poor man's cottage window. And shall not Bristol be ever foremost in reflecting its beams? When the chimney-sweeper from his chimney-top

is taking angles of depression, and the cabin-boy on his nightly watch is measuring the courses of the golden spheres ; shall not the Bishop's College, the haunt of philosophy and science and the muse, welcome the rising day of liberty and prove itself worthy of the benefits of literature ? To assist in such an endeavour, it is that the present work is commenced, designed to be a modest temple, whose pillars shall be the staple columns of prose, and on whose altars the fire of poetry shall ascend. The kind welcome that we have already received, calls for our warmest acknowledgments and assures us that the imperfections of our youthful undertaking will be overlooked in the spirit that prompted it.

PATRIOTISM.

WHAT is Patriotism ? What ! Can a Briton, can any man, make such an enquiry ? Patriotism, one of the fairest passions that smiles upon our world, the faithful shield of liberty, the spell that makes the coward brave ! Patriotism, the gentle chain that binds us all by an indissoluble tie to the land our infant eyes first gazed upon, whose air we first inhaled, whose name our tongues first learned to lisp ! Patriotism, common to the most savage and the most civilized, the glory of many a hero, the theme of many a bard ! Breathes there a son of Adam who is ignorant of her ? Go, thou dead among the living, ask Epaminondas what feeling was the rule of his life ; what, in his expiring agonies, on hearing that victory had declared for Thebes, made him cry out in triumph "I die happy," and he will tell you, Patriotism ! Go inquire of Xenophon what subject chiefly

occupied his abilities, what made exile easy to him, and he will answer, Patriotism! Put the question to Camillus, or Æmilius Paullus, what induced the one to come with unexpected succour to his ungrateful countrymen, what encouraged the other to die bravely on the battle field, and they will reply in united acclaim, Patriotism!

But is it Patriotism to excite revolution, to overthrow authority, to give rise to carnage and devastation? Is every one who is dissatisfied with the existing state of things in his country, and wishes to change them, a Patriot? Is he a Patriot who is inseparably attached to his country's laws, however absurd, its religion, whether true or false, merely because they are those of his country? Is it a necessary proof of Patriotism to hate all countries except one's own? In answer to these queries, suffice it to say, that the true test of Patriotism is sincerity, not the mistaken zeal of a fanatic, too often construed into sincerity; but a firm conviction of the judgment, founded on impartial investigation and sober reason. The true Patriot's affection for his country is free and disinterested; he desires nothing for her but her welfare, without reference to his own (except inasmuch as her prosperity will be his also); he loves her institutions when he thinks they are a glory and a blessing to her. In the savage, indeed, such principles are almost invisible; but as men grow more civilised this root of genuine Patriotism shoots forth above the ground, and becomes more developed as mankind increase in polish and enlightenment. It is, then, an affection which a beneficent Providence has implanted in the human breast, which neither time, nor adversity, nor travel can destroy; nay, they rather tend to implant it more deeply in the heart, for sure he must be an isolated being

“Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand,”

and who has not cried in rapture, when he once more beholds his own shores,

“This is my own, my native land!”

There are several of the brute creation to whom Nature has given the same attachment to any place to which they are become accustomed; but in proportion as man is superior to the irrational animals, so must his affection be nobler than theirs. He will regard his countrymen as one large family of which he forms a part, and as he prefers

“The bonnie bright blink of his ain fireside”

to that of his perhaps richer neighbour, and feels convinced that there is no place like “Home, sweet home,” so will he cling with a social fondness to his country; he will desire her honour, he will seek her prosperity.

Yet there are not wanting objections to Patriotism; they will, however, be found to spring chiefly from those who have no interest that there should be such an affection, but rather the contrary. Some, with a pompous air, claim to be citizens of the world alone, and look with contempt and pity on those who are slavishly devoted to one particular land; others take a higher ground, and object to Patriotism as being opposed to the spirit of Christianity, in other words, as being, not a virtue of God’s implanting, but one of the corruptions of human nature. And yet such men, probably, never admired David the less on account of the attention which he paid to his country’s welfare, or the kind consideration which he expressed for his countrymen in 2 Sam. xxiv. 17. It may be doubted, too, whether they ever blamed St. Paul for the manifest partiality which he often evinced for his benighted brethren. There may, indeed, be extremes in this, as in everything human; but there is no reason why a man should hate his neighbours because he has some bosom friend, nor will any one be likely to say that such friendship is unchristian. Then why not extend the circle, why make

it unchristian for a man to choose his country as a peculiar object of his affections? *It* will not lead him to hate other countries: indeed the truest Patriots will generally be found to be most liberal in their love to their fellow-creatures.

The many advantages of a patriotic spirit might now be treated of; its prevalence over majestic mountains and fertile plains, the thick forest and the heathery prairie, the heats of a tropical clime and the icy torpor of the poles. Examples might also be sought in the mirror of history; and with regard to almost every country, on almost every page of their history, whether of war or peace, we should find some display of the spirit of Patriotism. But time and space forbid us to go into these particulars, they are so extensive that they would never end; there is not a region, yea, we may almost say, there is not a spot of earth where human foot e'er trod, upon which this guardian angel has not smiled;

“The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own,
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long night of revelry and ease;
 The naked savage, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave;
 Nor less the patriot boasts, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country, ever is at Home.”

BRITANNUS.

CARM. IN PORT. LIBERAND. LAUDES REDDIT R. CLARO
 TRIBUN. CONSULAT. DECIMI POUNTNEII, BRISTOLII,
 VIII. ID NOV., MDCCCXLVIII.

TO
 ROBERT BRIGHT, Esquire,
 PRESIDENT OF THE FREE PORT ASSOCIATION,
 IN TESTIMONY OF
 HIS PATRIOTIC ZEAL AND DEVOTION
 FOR BRISTOL,
 THE FREE PORT ODE
 IS
 RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

BRIGHT, as thy name, thy fame shall be,
 Honour'd by long posterity;
 And when old Bristol's town shall reign
 A queen upon the swelling main,
 Ages unborn shall hail the hour
 When friends and foes confessed thy power,
 And carol Freedom, fair of yore,
 But ne'er so soothly bright before.

Good citizens of Bristol ! with loving hearts and true,
 Attend the praise in joyful lays that echoes round to you ;
 While reels your every steeple and every belfried tower,
 Let shouts employ the people, and hail the gladsome hour !
 Ye love your ancient city, the city of the waters,
 Its noble walls, its antique halls, its myriad sons and
 daughters ;

Then joyful be each citizen within his mansion fair,
 And where the lofty garret frowns, let pennons deck the air.
 For now the cloud has vanished, and Bristol's port is free ;
 And each long street and wharf and crane re-echoes liberty !
 The woods have caught the merry sound, where oaks embosom
 Leigh ;*

And many a mile her cliffs among, all black with time's debris,
 Fair Severn rolls the tide of song unto the Atlantic Sea.

Time was—that mournful time of woe shall ne'er be known
 again,

Till Avon leave her native rocks to seek a fairer glen—

Time *was*, when every station slept on in idle ease ;

“ They made a desolation, then fondly called it peace.”

The farmers from their little farms came with a rueful face ;

And many a wench forsook her bench in the stately market
 place ;

The apples ripe of Somerset on the stones did rotting lie ;

Potatoes in the dirt were rolled for the swine that rambled by.

Dim was the old shop window, ruined the warehouse wall,†

The streets were rude and narrow, the poor man's room was
 small ;

Silent the music of the wheel loud splashing through the tide,

And scarce a ferry could be found to sail from side to side.

For Bristol *was* a city, a city of renown ;

It *had* a name and ancient fame o'er every western town ;

But crafty were the counsels of those her port who sealed ;

Then fortune blushed, and away she rushed to the green and
 distant field.

From Cumberland to Portishead, misfortune stood to view ;

How small the steam-directed boats ! the noble barques how
 few !

* The residence of W. Miles, Esq., M.P., and R. Bright, Esq., of the Free Port Association.

† In Baldwin Street.

The mud it choked the twofold lock, and swam upon the
flood ;

And when the chestnut Avon ebb'd, 'twas nought but mud,
mud, mud.

Woe, woe ! to famed Bristowa, woe to the sinking town !
And woe was murmured by the wind, on the heather-
sprinkled Down.

The sombre ilex bowed its head, and whispered, " comme il
faut,"

To the sighing of the zephyr, the solemn answer, woe !

" Ah ! stay the dismal story, and sound the note of gladness !"
Would that I had yet revealed the half of all the sadness !
For darker is the story, and direr was the fate
Of those three nights of fearful sights, the deeds of rebel hate !
Then passion's turbid revelry inflamed unwonted fires ;
And ruffian cohorts ran to sack the homes of hoary sires,
And drive the panting mother to seek the unfriendly streets,
And scare the eyes of infant babes with Hephæstean feats.
Some gathered them for riot, and some for plunder burned,
And some in drunken reverie beheld it unconcerned ;
Some said, " I've six small children and a wife at home, to
feed ;

So I will lend a helping hand in this our time of need."
Then Clifton blushed with horror, to view the rising glare ;
For the flame it arose, where the river flows, by the old
Reginal Square ;

And far beheld with wonder, the peaceful swain of Aust,
And still the blazing furnace shone to dark Sabrina's coast.
There was a noble mansion, where an aged bishop dwelt ;
But see ! the fire ascends the wall, the pillared mouldings
melt.

Now silent are its ruins, and blackened every stone,
Black as the shade, when the moon shines dim, that fills the
cloisters lone.

And here from the solemn churchyard, the midnight ghosts
assemble,

In and out and round about, when the sooty ruins tremble.
No flowers but a few proud hollyhocks* adorn the rude
parterre,

And the mignonette with odours spontaneous fills the air.
In that rude and grassy garden, at the dead of night are
heard

The wailings of the "gheisten," the moans of the long in-
terred ;

Brave Robert, Lord of Berkeley, and Canynge of St. Mary's,†
And many a sprite in the dead of night, dances and wails
with the fairies.

They mourn for old Bristowa, for the spell its spirit that
clogs ;

Hark ! hark ! I hear their doleful cry, " She's going to the
dogs ! "

No ships on Avon bounding, no crowds through the city go ;
The gaping gates are open flung, but a chain is sunk below.
But where are Bristol's heroes ? they slumber at their posts ;
The sleepers sleep, and the weepers weep,—the citizens and
the ghosts.

O citizens ! O citizens ! why will ye not awake ?

The mansions of peers fall about your ears, for the basements
shake, shake, shake.

The Fathers of the city, they sat till five o'clock,
About that famous bugbear, yclept a free port dock ;
And some declared it must be free, but others cried, " O Sir,

* " Hast seen the rowe of holie oakes
In the swarde of the abbeye ?
There lyk a payre of lilies fayre
My litell sisteres twaie, &c."

Old Ballad.

† Brought hither for the occasion, whether in airy flight or through the
subterranean passage is uncertain.

I hope your head will never ache, before you get that there!"
 Then up arose Robertus Bright, a right good man was he ;
 At the sound of his voice the sprites did rejoice, and the
 woods sang merrily ;

And with him rose a Council, with loving hearts and bold ;
 They called, and myriad citizens came forth to be enrolled.
 It was a noble Council, who toiled with all their might ;
 At last they went to Parliament, and there rose Robert
 Bright ;

He spake and said, "Your honours,* these dues must straight
 come down,

For if we bar our Ostium, what hope to save the town ?"
 Who helped then in their struggle ? The true and active
 firms ;

And what was then their motto ? † 'twas "a free port on just
 terms."

And hand in hand they nobly fought, and nobly they have
 won ;

Now, praise arise and reach the skies, and travel with the sun !
 Joy to the princely bankers ! joy to the warehousemen !
 Joy to the draper, hosier, tailor ! for Bristol lives again !
 There's laughter heard in a printing shrine—good news to
 write about :

There are sounds of woe in that of a foe, for there's nought
 to fight about.

The parson shall hail the Free Port that filled his church
 once bare ;

The little girl in the drawing-room shall sing the Free Port
 air ;

* He spake and said, Sir Consul,
 This bridge must straight come down ;
 For if they take Janiculum,
 What hope to save the town ?

Macaulay's Horatius.

† "It is expedient to free the Port of Bristol, if to be effected on just terms."

See Free Port Tracts.

The sweeper at the crossing shall fill his coffers now,
And suck St. Michael's oranges with a smile upon his brow.

Hark! hark! the bells are chiming their matins brisk and
sweet ;*

Now let the long procession adorn the winding street !
And first the green coat warriors to fire salutes with a pistol ;
Let the civic Council follow the Mayor, with silver trumpets
festal ;

Be the Tribune borne sublime in air, who fought so well for
Bristol !

And let each working company with its insignia come,
The royal Odd Fellows with sceptre and bellows, and every
club with a drum ;

And let each bright fire-engine, fed with the dew of heaven,†
Advance to pour libations‡ on the wildly-laughing Avon !
And when the shades of evening spread, go down to Mar-
dyke ferry,

And sail along to Prince's bridge all in a little wherry ;
And you shall see on Brandon Hill volcanic flames aspire,
Stars with the heavenly bijoux vie, and all the air be fire.
And still, whene'er in the eventide the steamers come, puff!
puff!

Up the stream to the basin's side (which wont be half large
enough) ;

When the brilliant lamps are dancing upon the dark brown
wave,

When the boats do reel, and the pigs do squeal, and the very
dogs do rave ;

* This is not to be considered a description of the procession, as it was written when that was only talked of.

† Soft water.

‡ Dixit et in mensam laticum libavit honorem.

Virg. Æn. i. 736.

When the heavy splash of the paddle wheel is rushing
 through the docks,
 When thunders out the captain, high on his paddle-box,
 With shouting and with laughter the story shall be told,
 How well the Western Port was freed in the brave days of
 old.

And then where Gunga's waters bend to the proud East-
 Indiaman ;*

Where Phœbus smiles on balmy isles of dates and cinnamon ;
 Where ivory-toothed Behemoth treads on Ophir's golden soil ;
 Where o'er the sand of Guinea land the camel trots with oil ;
 Where far Missouri wanders through glens and giant trees ;
 Where the canoe meanders 'mongst isles of Polynese ;
 The voice of fame that wakes this day shall never let the
 fun die,

And evermore this song shall flow, " sic transit *glorious*
Monday."

- * Then where o'er two bright havens, the towers of Corinth frown ;
 Where the gigantic king of day on his own Rhodes looks down,
 Where soft Orontes murmurs beneath the laurel shades,
 Where Nile reflects the endless length of deep red colonnades,
 Where fur-clad hunters wander 'mongst northern snow and ice,
 Where o'er the sand of Morning land, the camel bears the spice,
 Where Atlas flings his shadow far o'er the western foam,
 Shall be great fear on all who hear the mighty name of Rome.

Macaulay's Lake Regillus.

“LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, ET FRATERNITÉ.”

THESE three words did Lamartine utter when the house of the Bourbons was overthrown, and its last descendants were seeking refuge in the French Chamber; most eagerly did he strive, too, to support them by arguments, in the flowery, enthusiastic, and persuasive, but superficial oratory, which he so well knows how to employ.

To find a response to such feelings on this side the channel, the English demagogues attempted in vain; fruitlessly indeed, did the lion-hearted Feargus of Nottingham, and the redoubtable Cuffey of London, aided and abetted by the Brandon Hill orators of Bristol, endeavour to excite a belief that the Queen was a tyrant, and that a republic was the thing for us. The special constables' staves quieted the brave hearted democrats, and the troubles, in which France became embroiled, were proofs, too plain to be despised, that the popular government was far inferior to the glorious constitution of the country, of which we may well be proud to call ourselves the sons.

An instance, however, has lately occurred, which showed to the revilers of “the powers that be,” that in the United Kingdom, the liberty of the subject and the Sovereign may be equal, that both in God's service are on a par, and act as brethren, to pay to Him, the glory and honour due unto His name.

Leaving, for a while, the trammels of state, the fair ruler of our country has visited the quiet retreats of her Highland domains. Amidst the haunts of “Caledonia, stern and wild,” our Sovereign has enjoyed the rugged beauties of the northern scenery. Here she has lived among her rude but loyal subjects, and with them, as their equal and their friend, she has joined in giving praise to the Father of us all. Not as a superior, but as one on the same footing with her

people, undistinguished by haughtiness of manner, or splendour of costume, but noticed rather for her humility of deportment and simplicity of attire, the Ruler of the British Empire has mingled with some of the least polished of her subjects. Both in going and returning from the House of God, she walked amidst those under her rule as one having but the same rights as themselves. In the temple consecrated to the name of the Lord of Hosts, she sat as surrounded by her equals, and instead of assuming a knowledge superior to her neighbours, rather displayed her lowliness of mind, by requesting one of the villagers to point out to her the ordinary course of the devotions.

In truth, the visions of Lamartine were realised here, and that without the aid of any dazzling eloquence to attract those who are seduced by the glitter of impracticable theories; for it is a circumstance that comes home to the hearts of all Englishmen, who prefer sound arguments, supported by *facts*, to the verbose and fine-spun orations of French republicans.

BRISTOLIENSIS.

H O N O U R.

THE question, What is honour, is one that is far easier to ask than to answer explicitly, as the notions concerning it differ greatly among men, and it appears in a different light to almost every class of society. By the Greeks and Romans, it seems to have been deified in conjunction with Virtue; and Marcellus erected temples to both, which were so placed that no one could enter the fame dedicated to Honour, without passing through that of Virtue; a beautiful allegory, perpetually reminding the Romans that Virtue is the only

direct path to true glory. Plutarch states, likewise, that Honour was the only deity that the Romans worshipped uncovered.

In the chivalrous ages, though hardly deified, the principles of Honour were strained to a mad excess, and Romance has found many subjects for her tales in the deeds of Honour then performed. But our endeavour should be, to arrive at a conception of it more clearly defined than that which the Romans worshipped, or the knights of old made the subjects of perpetual encounters.

The philosopher holds Honour as parallel to Virtue ; and what deeds the man prompted by religious feelings shuns, as contrary to the sacred law, the man of honour scorns as a degradation to human nature. Both promote virtue ; but from different motives. Religion embraces it as being enjoined by the Deity : Honour, as being a graceful appendage to man's being. We see, then, that though far inferior to the principle that directs the deeds of the Christian, as having a moral influence upon man, Honour is not a thing to be made light of ; and we may well say with Addison,

“ Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens Virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not ;
It is not to be sported with.”

In high life, the notions of Honour are far from going hand in hand with those of Virtue. But this kind of Honour, let it be remembered, is but the abuse of Addison's definition just quoted ; its laws are only regulated by those of fashion and the way in which they are carried out, leads but to the, commission of the most flagrant crimes. The most punctilious attention to decorum in external deportment is required by them ; but in this the whole principle consists ; and, surely, men actuated solely by such motives, are not to be counted among the true men of honour.

In the masterly drama of "Cato," we have a character delineated the very reverse of the class of men just mentioned, a character who considers Honour as a fine imaginary notion, that leads astray young inexperienced men, and draws them into real mischief, while they are engaged in the pursuit of a shadow. The objections to Honour, on this score, may with fairness be adduced against those who in their notions have exceeded all bounds of reason; but against the moral and elevating influence which *true* Honour has upon man, they are powerless; for what, that is proved to support Virtue, can be either imaginary or delusive?

In these remarks, we have glanced at some opinions concerning Honour, and from what has been said, this seems to present itself as a fair conclusion: that when Honour has Virtue for its foundation, and is not at variance with the laws of God, there is no bond of society that ought to be more cherished and encouraged; but when our notions concerning it are contrary to all religious and virtuous principles, it is one of the greatest banes to the human race, inasmuch as it gives to what is false and unsound the appearance of what is good and laudable.

BRISTOLIENSIS.

THE LEGEND OF LLANGORSE.

LIKE the sands of the sea are the legends of Wales,
 All her corners and nooks are replete with their tales;
 Scarce a ruin or dell can be seen o'er her face,
 But connects with itself some tale of the place.
 Sometimes, if you ask but the name of a crag,
 You are told that Llewellyn there planted his flag,

There a resolute band, with their prince, at a blow,
 Oft routed completely their numerous foe.
 Or again, a grim cavern will tell you a tale,
 The recital of which would make your heart quail ;
 There dwelt in that cave, in the good time of old,
 Bands of robbers, who plundered the land, you're told ;
 But of all the famed legends from lands of the Norse,
 Not many will equal the Tale of Llangorse.

That water, whose face now reflects the last ray
 Of the sun as it sets at the close of the day,
 That lake, which appears so glassy and still,
 Has a legend to tell, that with horror would fill
 Any heart that is not as hardened as steel,
 Any heart that for other's misfortunes can feel.
 For in place of that water, which covers the land,
 A neat little town did formerly stand ;
 On this side and that was happiness seen,
 And itself was the picture of neatness, I ween.
 Then why this reverse to its primitive state ?
 Why, you'd ask, did it meet so untimely a fate ?
 Not many years back that town was so gay,
 The bells of its church had been ringing all day,
 In each little cottage was mirth to be seen,
 And before it were dances kept up on the green.

Not far from the town, on the brow of a hill,
 Stood a castle, whose ivy clad ruins are still
 To be seen, though their time-honoured glory is past,
 And the fame of their lords no longer may last.
 This castle belonged to a baronet proud,
 Who with wealth and with honour was richly endowed,
 And now he was seen elate with his pride,
 For he'd lately returned with a beautiful bride :
 'Twas for her that the bells had been ringing away,

'Twas for her that the town had been merry and gay ;
 But little she thought, in her bridal array,
 That the span of her life was confined to the day.
 'Twas late on that night, when the bride had retired,
 And even the bridegroom had owned himself tired,
 That the cry of alarm is heard thro' his halls,
 Because water for miles had surrounded his walls.
 Oh, heavens ! what anguish the villagers felt,
 When death his dread darts so unsparingly dealt ;
 When each mother clasped wildly her babe to her breast,
 And sunk 'neath the wave that had covered the rest !
 How fearful her shrieks, which reached to the skies,
 How heart-rending the scream which she gives ere she dies !
 And if, gentle reader, you visit that lake,
 Restrain not the thoughts which the place may awake ;
 But remember that, while o'er that water you row,
 'Tis over the graves of the dead that you go.

CYMRU.

N I O B E.

What is that form of snow
 Upon the steep hill side ?
 'Tis Niobe, sad child of woe,
 Amphion's wretched bride.

Her tears for ever flow,
 Cold is her marble form,
 And icy is her lofty brow,
 Bared to the winter's storm.

Her children, where are they?
 O'erwhelmed by deadly fate,
 Slain, each in one untimely day,
 By fierce Apollo's hate.

Her tears shall ever flow,
 For ever shall she stand
 A snow-white monument of woe,
 Upon the storm-lashed strand.

TYRO.

THE DRAMA OF THE GREEKS.

ANY comparison between the great tragedians Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, must always, to a certain extent, be an ungracious task. Doubtless every one, acquainted with the works of the rival three, has selected one of the trio as the especial object of his admiration, although, perhaps, unable satisfactorily to account for this preference. Such an one will, therefore, hear with displeasure anything to the disparagement of the author regarded by him with peculiar favour; a disparagement, however, not to be avoided in a paper of this kind. To excuse any apparent presumption, it need only be added, that we do not venture to assign the palm; but only intend to bring before our readers a few remarks on the writings of each. To begin then with Æschylus. This great poet was born at Eleusis in Attica, in the last year of Ol. lxiii. B.C. 525. He was the son of Euphorion, an Athenian, and served, when young, with distinguished reputation at the battles of Marathon and Platæa.

We are told that, at the exhibition of a play, in which he severely censured some superstitions of the populace,* they were so enraged at his temerity, that he would have been stoned to death, had not his brother Ameinias exhibited his arm, wounded at the fight of Salamis. “An anecdote,” says Major, “which at once demonstrates their ferocity and their magnanimity.” The military daring and personal courage of Æschylus have given to his plays a boldness and vigour of colouring, nearly unknown in the writings of his rivals. Sophocles accused him of writing only when inebriated; but his pictures, though often times exaggerated, do not exhibit those signs of confusion which must necessarily attend the compositions of such a time. Æschylus taught his plays to the chorus with a degree of precision seldom attempted by other tragic writers; he did not indeed, act himself,† but he never permitted the intervention of a master. The ingenuousness of Æschylus is apparent from the acknowledgment, “that his tragedies were but scraps from the magnificent repasts of Homer.” The story of his being killed, by a tortoise dropping upon his bare head, is probably only a fable, emblematical perhaps, says a learned writer, of his genius and decay. He died, from whatever cause, in the first year of Ol. lxxxii. B.C. 456., in the seventieth year of his age. Schlegel says of him, “his characters are sketched with a few bold and strong touches: his plots are simple in the extreme; he did not understand the art of enriching and varying an action, and of giving a measured march and progress to the complication and *denouement*. Hence his action often stands still; a circumstance which becomes yet more apparent from the undue extension of his choral songs. * * * * Terror is his element, and not the softer affections; he holds up a

* Some, however, contend that the rage of his hearers was excited by a few expressions of an impious tendency in one of his dramas.

† This is the opinion of Dr. Major. Schlegel asserts that he personally appeared on the stage as an actor.

head of Medusa before the petrified spectators." The countenance of Æschylus, it is said, betrayed the greatest ferocity when he composed, and according to one of his scholiasts, on the representation of the Eumenides, many children were frightened to death by the horrible masks that were introduced. His language is forcible, but wild ; his imagination fruitful, but ill arranged. He delighted in monsters and prodigies of his own creation, but disdainfully rejected probabilities. His style, though obscure, is often sublime ; but from the constant straining at effect, abounds in epithets more sounding than rational.* It has been suggested that, in his campaigns against the Persians, he acquired that oriental tone of expression which appears in his writings. Pausanias relates a story, that Æschylus, when a boy, asleep in a vineyard, was visited by Bacchus, and directed by him to turn his attention to tragic composition. Hence, probably, arose the charge of his writing only when under the influence of the rosy god.

Time and space, however, warn us that we must now pass to the consideration of Sophocles, the second of the three tragedians in point of antiquity. The Attic Bee was a freeborn citizen of that nurse of every thing refined and poetic, tragedy-loving Athens. He was the friend and pupil of Æschylus, and made his first appearance as a poet by obtaining the prize for a tragedy, composed to celebrate the capture of Scyros. On this occasion he vanquished his old master Æschylus, and this success induced him to write regularly for the stage. Sophocles was early distinguished not only as a poet, but also as a general. In several battles he shared the command with ~~princes~~, and exercised the office of Archon with prudence and wisdom ; he was greatly beloved by the people, who eagerly applauded the noble rivalry existing between himself and Euripides for public favour. From the circumstance of the theatre being, in those

* Dr. Major's Guide to the Greek Tragedians.

days, looked upon as a magnificent part of their religion and worship, each was followed by his particular friends and admirers. Sophocles was far more effeminate than Æschylus. He is reported to have danced naked round a trophy erected to commemorate the victory of Salamis. Being possessed of a handsome face and a graceful figure, he made himself more agreeable to the darkeyed Athenian beauties than his rival Euripides; hence, perhaps, arose his flattering pictures of women, and the enchanting softness he has succeeded in throwing around his heroines. An accusation was brought against him by his children, of having become childish through age, and that, therefore, he was incapable of managing his estates; the only answer he made to this unjust charge, was the recitation of part of his *Œdipus Coloneus*, and the judges, it is said, without farther consultation conducted him in triumph to his house. A Lacedæmonian general, as the story goes, who had encroached upon the burial ground of the poet's forefathers, was twice visited in a dream by Bacchus, and commanded to leave undisturbed the spot of ground intended for the future resting place of Sophocles. Terrified, it is added, by the heaven-sent vision, he immediately sent an embassy to Athens, and declared his ready obedience to the command. The extreme sensibility of Sophocles at length caused his death. He was ninety years of age when his *Œdipus Coloneus* was written, and the tumult of joy excited by its obtaining the prize overcame his feeble frame, and the poor old poet literally died of joy. This melancholy event happened B.C. 406. One account, but by no means well authenticated, assures us that he was killed by a grape stone. Sophocles has well been styled the prince of poets. The truth of this remark may be discovered in every sentiment and chorus throughout his works. His great characteristic was sweetness, and like the bee, he extracted honey from the meanest weeds. The pictures of Sophocles, as may be expected from his private character, are perhaps too fa-

vourably drawn ; that is to say, he brings before us heroes not possibly more free from evil, but certainly more noble than they are in reality ; and although Æschylus delights in introducing the inhabitants of heaven themselves, Sophocles so assimilates his mortals to beings divine, that we should be unable to discover the difference, were it not for the extraneous accompaniments of immortality. It has been said, that one gift alone was denied him by nature, a voice attuned to song ; however, we find him accompanying the choruses of the *Thamyris* : this performance, we should suppose, did not require any great musical talent, since, had he been so gifted, he would, doubtless, have enrolled himself among the chorus on other occasions. Sophocles was particularly fortunate in having Æschylus for his master. From him he learnt to avoid the error of sacrificing every thing to effect, and wisely tempered the natural impetuosity of his own mind. That Sophocles could have been equally grand with Æschylus is certain, but he preferred elegance of sentiment and correctness of rhythm to the more imposing magnificence of his friend.

We will now, however, with your kind permission, consider Euripides, the third and last of the tragedians whose history and writings we purpose bringing before you. 'Ο *μισογυνης*, the woman-hater, was born on a day for ever rendered illustrious by having witnessed the defeat of Xerxes at Salamis. He was the disciple of Socrates, and studied eloquence under Prodicus. Euripides was of ignoble birth, the son of a poor woman who sold herbs, to which circumstance Æschylus evidently alludes when he says, " O thou from rural goddess sprung." When he began to study tragedy, he hid himself in a dismal cave, and there, separated from all intercourse with his fellow creatures, he acquired those proud and self-assuming ideas which degrade his writings. An amusing instance of his arrogance was displayed on the representation of one of his plays, when the audience,

displeased with some lines in the composition, ordered him to strike them out; Euripides indignantly refused to obey, telling the spectators that he came there to instruct them and not to receive instruction. In spite of the antipathy he expressed to all the *θηλυ γένος*, he was twice married, but finding his wives bad specimens of the sex, he divorced them both; this circumstance may doubtless have induced the contempt he afterwards exhibited for all women. His lines in the *Hecuba*, in which he makes Polymnestor declare that the whole female race is altogether bad, remind us forcibly of the song,

“ ’Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
For women are shrews both short and tall.”

But if Euripides hated women, he loved money. We find him putting into the mouth of Bellerophon, “if Aphrodite be indeed glittering with gold, she well deserves the love of mortals;” a sentiment which so offended his hearers, that he only saved himself from their fury by exclaiming, “wait till the end, he will be requited accordingly.” Euripides, we are assured, composed so slowly, that a foolish scribbler once remarked, “I have written one hundred lines in three days, and you but three.” “True,” was the reply, “but your poetry will die in three days, while mine will live for ages to come.” The ridicule to which he was constantly exposed, compelled him at length to quit Athens and take up his abode at the court of Archelaus, King of Macedonia. The death of Euripides was as horrible as it was uncommon;* the dogs of the king meeting him in one of his solitary rambles, tore him limb from limb, 409 years before the Christian era, in the seventy-first year of his age. It has been said that Sophocles drew men as they ought to be, Euripides, as they were. Let us, however, endeavour to believe that his characters are chosen from the few and not

* This is the account given by Lempriere.

from the many. Euripides, perhaps, excelled both his rivals in the tender and pathetic. But this is so often followed by what is revolting to the feelings, that a great deal of its effect is diminished, if not destroyed. We have a strong instance of this assertion in the play of the *Alcestis*. What can be more touching and beautiful than the character of *Alcestis*, the devotion she displayed to her unmanly husband, and her voluntary death to secure his coward existence? On the contrary, we are disgusted with the selfishness of *Admetus* in permitting his wife to die for him, and the absurd expectation he entertained of his father's consenting to sacrifice himself in her stead. The choruses of Euripides, though often misplaced, are always beautiful, and particularly so in this play. How touching are the following lines, translated by Professor Anstice:—

“ We will not look on her burial sod
 As the cell of sepulchral sleep ;
 It shall be as the shrine of a radiant god,
 And pilgrims shall visit that blest abode,
 To worship and not to weep ;
 And as he turns he steps aside,
 Thus shall he breathe his vow,
 ‘ Here slept a self-devoted bride,
 Of old to save her lord she died,
 She is a spirit now ;
 Hail ! blest and bright one, grant to me
 The smiles of glad prosperity !’
 So shall he own her name divine,
 So bend him at *Alcestis*’ shrine.”

A sweet fault, as Porson calls it, of Euripides, consists in his dragging in on all occasions oracular sentences and moral dogmas; very good in their way, if only introduced at proper times. This possibly resulted from his having been the pupil of Socrates. We should always bear in mind, in a comparison between rival authors, the times in which they lived; this is all in favour of *Æschylus*, since he had no predecessors; an excuse not to be pleaded by either *Sophocles*

or Euripides. It is, then, only fair to expect that the latest should surpass all those who had gone before him, for having had opportunities of discovering and correcting former errors.

Dr. Major has compared the three tragedians to celebrated painters. Æschylus, from his boldness and sublimity, his wild but fantastic images, he styles the ~~Giulio~~ **Raffaello** Romano of ancient tragedy. Sophocles, by the justness of his ordinances, the exquisite grouping of his figures, and the brilliancy of his colours, is pointed out as a ~~Raffaello~~ **Raffaello**; and Euripides, from the softness of his pencil, may not unjustly be hailed as the Correggio of the ancient drama. To follow out this plan in latter day poets, we should couple together the names of Æschylus and Shakspeare, Sophocles and Milton, Euripides and Byron. There is a passage regarding Ezekiel so exactly corresponding to our notions of Æschylus, that we are tempted to transcribe it.

“The style of this prophet may be characterized as bold, vehement, and tragical; as often worked up to a kind of tremendous dignity. * * * * He is employed rather in exciting our terror, than in moving our pity; and describes the manners of his countrymen under the strongest and most exaggerated representations the license of the Eastern style would admit.”*

With this quotation we must close our paper. Much more might have been said; however, doubtless, you agree with us that quite enough has been said, and so we bid you heartily farewell, hoping that this brief sketch will lead you thoroughly to investigate for yourselves their noble efforts of genius; the only way, be assured, of coming to a right conclusion on their respective merits. Ω.

* The “Collegian” must not be held responsible for the above-cited author’s views or phraseology, as to the style or employment of one whose writings were “given by inspiration of God.” (2 Tim. iii. 16.)

EXTRACTS FROM GLYGLUMGLEAGH,

A LEGEND OF THE OLDEN TIME.

IN the midst of a forest, a trackless wood,
There are legends which tell you a castle stood ;

And some people say,

To wander that way,

On a stormy day,

Travellers surely would come to no good ;

And after sunset you dare not go,

Oh ! no, not by night,

When the moon shines bright,

Or the stars give light ;

For there you'll hear such hootings and yellings,

As never were heard amongst mortal dwellings ;

Shriekings, ha ! ha ! and squeakings, he ! he !

Shouts as of boisterous revelry.

Groanings and moanings and sounds of woe,

And ev'ry two minutes a terrible—boh !!!

Reader, if these are the sounds you'd hear,

Or if this is a sight you'd see,

Go, but mind without any fear,

Go, on the first full moon of the year,

Go, to the forest of Glyglumgleagh !

'Tis the name of the castle, the name of the wood,

'Tis the place where travellers come to no good !

A noble Hall was Glyglumgleagh,

A castle as strong as you might see :

Ah ! that was in the good old times,

When men did what they willed,

And ne'er were punished for their crimes ;

But when a man they killed,

Why then, with very good intent,

And better resolution,

Unto the Holy Pope they went,
 Who for a thousand candles sent—
 But wax ones, you know, or else 'twas “no go”—
 Would grant them absolution!
 The gallant knight of Glyglumgleagh,
 Who by his great fame had acquired a name
 That was known in all the west countrie,
 Full oft in war would lead his men
 Against the haughty Saracen;
 And dealing death at ev'ry blow,
 He'd madly rush upon the foe:
 Foremost in rampart, ditch, and fosse
 Was seen the brave Count Blomonosse!
 Elfaira, his lady, was handsome to view,
 Accomplished, good-natured, and amiable too;
 Yet sometimes, alas! oh! it must be said,
 Some fanciful whims would come into her head;
 In which, as is usual, she would have her way,
 Spite of all that Count Blomonosse could do or say.

[The Count joins the Crusade, and with the army encamps before Jerusalem.]

'Tis morn! the Crusade marches on;
 Both kings and princes, counts and knights, are there;
 The bright sun throws his glowing beams upon
 The banners, floating in the morning air:
 Those dazzling helms, that bristling field of spears,
 Rouse in the Sultan's mind his direst fears;
 'Tis Christian power against Heathen might,
 'Tis Europe's forces with the Sultan's fight;
 Each hand would rather die than suffer shame,
 Would yield their lives for honour and for fame.
 Their quiv'ring lances glitter from afar—
 How truly grand—how beautiful is war!!

'Tis eve ; the fight is o'er ! Who conquered then ?
 Did Richard ? No : the haughty Saracen !
 He'll not submit to Richard's kingly hand ;
 Woe to the day we left our native land !
 Woe to those princes, who each other fight,
 When the Crusade most needs united might !
 See here, and look around this gory plain ;
 Here lie the corpses of the brave men slain.
 As men they fought, the Holy Land to free,
 Their own dear homes they ne'er again will see !
 Their hopes were pure as yonder evening star,
 They fought and fell—how terrible is war !!

[Whilst the Count is fighting in Palestine, the Baron Von Eighmagent plunders his lands ; so the Count having learnt the news returns home to avenge himself.]

The Lady Elfaira thus sang a lament,
 As the brave Sir Count Blomonosse on to fight went.

THE LAMENT.

You are going to ride away, and Elfaira stays behind ;
 There's no one left to comfort me, for you're so very kind ;
 But mind wherever you may go, be sure come back to
 supper,
 And if you take a five-barred gate, just hold on by the crupper ;
 When you're seated on your horse, with your broad-sword in
 your hand,
 I fear you'll be for killing all the barons in the land ;
 With your gallant band of archers, and your merry men so
 brave,
 You'll be taking that proud baron and be making him your
 slave.

THE RESPONSE.

Cheer up ! sit down, Elfaira, dear ! though on to fight I ride,
 In all the battles I may see, I'll think of thee, my bride,

And if I win the baron's gold—ah ! do not shed that tear,
Nor think that I shall catch a cold, whilst you're at home,
my dear ;

There's not a baron in the land, nor if he were a lord,
Should win my lands, while I could wield my strong and
trusty sword :

They must fight, if they act as thieves, as he has done to me ;
Remember me, Elfaira, love ; and now farewell to thee !

The Count looks up, and shouts aloud
His orders to the gallant crowd ;
“ Mount ! mount ! my brave, my merry men,
“ To horse ! to horse ! and through the glen
“ Straight to the baron's castle go ;
“ Hark ! hark ! away, yoicks ! tally-ho !
“ And if you know—forward halloo !—
“ His men come in your “ potestatem,”
“ Give quarter ? none ; but spiflicate 'em.
“ And he that brings to me the head
“ Of Baron Eighmagent, when dead,
“ Void of brains and full of lead,
“ Shall henceforth eat from off my table,
“ Have the best horse in my stable,
“ Hunt or fish, as he is able,
“ In the lands of Glyglumgleagh, he and all his family.”
Thus spoke the Count, in merry mood,
“ Hark to me, my archers good,
“ Hide ye in yon tangled wood ;
“ When ye hear my shrill horn blow,
“ Swiftly to yon castle go,
“ Range yourselves in order, and ”—
Here the leader of that band,
Stepping forward, bow in hand,
Said, “ stay, Sir Count, that's quite enough,
All right, old cove ! I'm up to snuff !”

“Very good,” the Count then cried,
 But to Evins, at his side,
 Cautiously he thus replied,
 “Good Evins,” said he,
 “Now do be steady ;

“Forward ! march !” and silently away those archers move,
 With steady and with noiseless steps to reach you shady
 grove.

[The Count and Baron fight ; the Count having accidentally lost his horn is unable to employ his archers, and thus loses the day, and is carried home severely wounded.]

The page found Elfaira a mending her shoes,
 So mournfully speaking, he told her the news ;
 She rose from her couch, and she said with a frown,
 “How did Count Blomonosse come to fall down ?”
 That little page thought, but he could not tell
 How from his horse Count Blomonosse fell ;
 On the polished oak floor as he seemed to linger,
 He fixed his gaze on the knots in the wood,
 And looked as if rooted to where he then stood ;
 On each of his lips he placed his forefinger,
 When suddenly raising his eyes from the ground,
 As if from the floor an idea he'd found,
 He said, Count Blomonosse ran a great risk, he
 Thought, by riding a charger so frisky ;
 And he muttered the two little words, “Count” and “whiskey.”

Lady Elfaira, on hearing the news,

Immediately went up stairs ;

Where she found her dear husband taking a snooze ;

Good Evins was saying his prayers.

For a woman that was skilled in herbs, the lady quickly sent ;
 This woman lived within the land of Baron Eighmagent.
 She came, that sage old woman, she saw the Count was ill :

She then collected certain drugs, all to concoct a pill.
 She mixed and moistened powders dark, and then she went
 to search a

Box she had brought, to find a herb, which she called
 “gutta percha!”

She said she consulted the stars when sick,
 And she mixed with her medicine, arsenic!!

The Count took the pill, and fell back on the pillow,
 The Lady Elfaira declared he was ill, oh!

But the Count soon reviving, affirmed he was not ill,
 And ordered good Evins, “Go! fetch me my bottle!”

The Count sipped the flask, shrunk under the blanket; “He
 Then died,” said the priest, “in the odour of sanctity.”

THE MORAL.

Oh! gentle readers! let me lay before ye
 A moral, drawn from this veracious story.

Do not go through woods at night!

Do not with your neighbours fight!

Do not ride a horse that's frisky!

Don't quaff copious draughts of whiskey!

And if anything ail you,

Or if your strength fail you,

And the fever should “nail” you,

Don't take those drugs which old women concoct, or
 You'll soon repent it; but send for the doctor!

And if *he* some large pills swallow says,

Look and see that they are “Holloway's!!”

This caution examine, and see what is meant.

Remember! dear readers, ne'er say “Eighmagent.”

TRUROMANUS.

THE VISION OF SAGES.

It was the eve of the day on which I was to enter on that interesting and critical period in one's history, my school-boy life. I was naturally enough full of excitement; I was all restlessness, all curiosity, all eagerness to drink in the hopes and the fears, the joys and the terrors of my new career; I pictured to myself a stern Pluto-like form, raised on a chair of awful state, with an unpleasant implement of rods beside him, the very sight of which was enough to make one shudder; I fancied around him piles of antiquated, uninviting, imperviable lore, which he vainly strove to thrust into his dull scholars; I imagined the happiness of the released captives, when for a short period allowed to take the air before being again immured in their learned prison. These flights of imagination followed me to my dormitory; but when balmy sleep had closed my eyes and laid my limbs in repose, a vision appeared to me which materially altered my views on the subject which was uppermost in my mind. Before me stood a magnificent temple—magnificent in size, for it penetrated in every direction as far as the eye could reach; true, it presented rather a narrow front, but the farther it receded the wider it seemed to grow, and was so singularly constructed that its depth and width might be extended to any distance without spoiling the beautiful symmetry of its proportions. In height, too, it was equally grand; and as I strained my eyes to the summit, it appeared still unfinished and intended to pierce still higher into heaven. It was magnificent also in the details; its chasteness of design, its luxuriance of ornament, especially towards the top, all astonished my youthful gaze. There was another feature which, though it may appear incredible, is nevertheless true; it combined all the styles of Architecture, the manly and sublime Doric, the delicate Ionic, the rich Co-

rinthian, the exuberant Composite, and the sombre Gothic, all met here in lovely harmony.

Lost in wonder at this strange scene, it was some time before I perceived my future preceptor standing at my side. I involuntarily shrunk from him ; but, with an encouraging look, he took me by the hand, and seeing my amazement at the edifice before me, pointed to the pediment of the portico, on which was sculptured a miniature of the same temple. On the summit was seen one adding another stone to the structure, an angel was descending to place a crown on his brow, and beneath a spectator appeared to be engraving the hero's name in his tablets. Underneath the whole was this inscription, "*Monumentum ære perennius.*"

Being still at a loss to know what all this meant, I was thus addressed by my Instructor, "You behold before you, my son, the Temple of Learning, a structure which has been raised slowly and gradually ever since the world began ; all ages and all nations have aided in its erection, and will continue to do so, until the Deity himself lay on the topmost stone in the heaven of heavens. The sculpture on the pediment represents an enterprising man, who has surmounted the steep and lofty ascent of this building, and has laid another stone of discovery upon those already raised ; and as a reward of his labours and an incitement to others to tread in his steps, he is about to be crowned with a chaplet of immortal fame, whilst posterity below are writing his name in the archives of ages. It is now my duty to introduce you to this sacred fane ; you may sometimes be disheartened at the mysteriousness of what is within, and at the slow progress you appear to make ; but only persevere, and you may be among the happy number of those who reach the parapet ; but if not, you will find, with many who have gone before you, that there is enough in any part of this noble edifice amply to repay the trouble of visiting it."

The vast portals were now thrown open, and I set foot

within the Temple of Learning. My guide first led me to a room which I was reluctant to enter, for it was dull and gloomy, and contained but an aged personage of stern visage and contracted brow, with severe manners, and a glance which on my entering did not at all prepossess me in his favour. This was Professor Accidence, who informed me that he was one of the principal authorities, since without instruction from him a considerable portion of the place could not be visited. It was his duty to describe that part to the youthful visitor, and to make him thoroughly acquainted with the ways leading to them, and to provide him with a chart and a guide. Hence I passed to a contiguous chamber, which presented an appearance, if possible, more repulsive than the former; and here was seated the venerable Doctor Syntax, the traveller, who, wearied with his long journeys, had at length settled himself here to complete the instructions of his learned friend the Professor. Eyeing me through his sapient spectacles with a look of enquiring severity, he made known that it was his province to implant a complete knowledge of the rules and regulations, the order and arrangement, the concord and connection of the several divisions of the building, and of the subjects which would be brought before the notice of the visitor in those various parts. Long and fatiguing was his harangue upon the importance of his post; his illustrious rules were of the most stringent authority, none dared to violate them or set them aside, and woe betide the wretch who, having forgotten or lost them, was sent back to him to be refurnished with the all important documents. Being supplied with a copy of these invaluable laws, and having promised faithfully to perform them as the charter of my success, I gladly quitted these habitations of gloom and moroseness, hoping now to enter on a more interesting compartment of the Temple of Learning.

As I proceeded the dulness and gloom gradually wore

away, and the aspect grew lighter and more cheerful. It would be endless to tell minutely my travels (for such they may almost be called) through this imaginary temple; it was a dreamy flight, and hence passed on with a rapidity which thought only knows; but I will briefly describe the four principal fanes into which the vast temple was divided. The first we entered was dedicated to the Genius of History, and unnumbered votaries were present to make their offerings at her shrine. First in the train was an Ionian Greek, an easy, good-natured man, who presented on the altar a large scroll. Having his permission to glance at it, I perceived a handwriting, legible, round, and occasionally varied with an elegant flourish. After him came an Athenian, who formed the complete counterpart of his predecessor, for his features were impressed with inflexible justice, his dress was arranged with the most precise attention to neatness and order, and on looking into the handsome roll which he presented, I found the writing to be firm and steady, and so upright that it scarce ever leaned to one side or the other, while it seemed as though the author considered that to alter the form of a single letter by a superabundant flourish would be little less than sacrilege. These two were both rather advanced in years; but the next, who was also a son of Athens—that bright luminary of arts and sciences—was young and vigorous, and never was youth so interesting as he; his countenance beamed with affection and honesty; his attire, though simple, was neat throughout; his athletic form seemed to bid defiance to danger; and his sparkling eyes told the motto of their owner, “*Nil desperandum.*” A Roman in military guise now approached the altar, who poured forth his supplication before the goddess in a clear voice and unaffected style; but his appearance belied his real character, for the spring of all his actions he showed to be ambition; the wars that he boasted of seemed unjustifiable; and, worst of all, he claimed the laurel

wreath for having been the first to intrude the all-grasping eagle of Rome upon the quiet shores of Britannia. And now advanced a noble Roman, whose form was a perfect pattern of correctness, and with a modest and pious grace he laid upon the shrine a richly ornamented painting, which placed Rome before us in all its stages, from the early days of fabulous barbarism to the summit of its dominion under Augustus. It was a time-honoured picture; but alas! it was also Time-worn, for his rude hand had effaced a large and valuable portion of it. While some of the scenes were made to flatter a Roman eye, others were executed with a life and nature well worthy the brush of Xeuxis or Apelles. Indeed, I could scarcely refrain from tears as I gazed on the death scene of Lucretia, the trial of the sons of the magnanimous Brutus, and the melting down of the stern Coriolanus.

Several other votaries were pressing forward, but I was hurried away to visit the fane of the Pierides. As its portals opened, the most fragrant odours issued forth upon my delighted senses; for the incense of Poetry was rising in clouds of sweet perfume upon many a shrine. This temple was subdivided into several compartments, upon entering the first of which I heard a noise as of torrents descending from Alpine heights, and as I drew nearer they changed to strains of the most exalted music. Looking around to see whence they should proceed, I saw no one but an old man with silvery locks and wrinkled brow, the fountain of whose vision was for ever sealed; and could he be the author of such heavenly melody? My wonder was at length dispelled by seeing the Muse herself hovering around the minstrel's head, and inspiring his poetic fire. Under her benign influence, while he poured forth verse after verse in floods of energetic sublimity, he seemed to forget that his limbs were old and weak; while he ascended to the councils of Olympus, while he painted war and armies, while he pourtrayed

Nature in her grandeur and in her simplicity, he seemed to tear aside the manacles that imprisoned his benighted vision, and to behold everything with unobscured eye. As he departed, a Roman entered and seized his harp, and, catching up his last accents, continued the strain; and, though with a polish and a sweetness peculiarly his own, repeated or imitated some of the finest melodies of the divine old man. The next compartment was sacred to the lyre, and first a Boeotian swept its strings with a masterly hand, and poured forth a "vast tide of song;" and then came a Roman, who used it with great skill, softness, and variety. At the shrine of Dramatic Poetry three buskined votaries appeared—the first marked by terrific majesty; the second by exactness, elegance, and sweetness; the third uneven in his style, at one time verbose, at another dry and logical, but now and then distinguished by the tenderest pathos. These were followed by one who seemed completely made up of comic drollery and wit; it appeared his chief pleasure to point his shafts in the direction where Euripides had departed, and once he brought in the poet's shade to make it the object of his derision. Close to this was the apartment where Satire reigned supreme, and here stood Vice and Folly dressed in tawdry finery, and one, whom I recognised as the Roman lyrist I had before seen, amused himself by ridiculing and mocking them; but when he retired another advanced, who, with one blow, drove Folly out of sight, and then commenced lashing Vice with such a cutting thong that she writhed in agony under the lash. A dim halo encircled his head, which, as he proceeded in his task, grew gradually so bright that I thought the light of Christian revelation was about to burst around him.

Hastening to the fane of Eloquence, I found it already crowded by an Athenian audience, who were spell-bound by the stern and bold torrent of eloquence which issued from the lips of a patriotic fellow countryman. His voice was like

a continued peal of rolling thunder ; and when at length he adjured his hearers to some noble action, they all arose, and in one universal shout exclaimed, “ we will, we will,” and the vast hall was instantly cleared ; but as soon refilled by a Roman audience, who hung on the lips of a Roman orator. This man’s voice, like that of the ancient Nestor, dropped with honey and nectar, and his language was the essence of richness, polish, and figure, so that one might almost believe that Mercury himself was occupying the rostrum. Farewell, ye historians, poets, and orators ! I hope yet to see many a happy day ; I hope to feast on the productions of many an author of more modern days ; yea, perhaps, I myself may dare to pluck a leaf from Parnassus, or to court the aid of Clio ; yet shall I ever look back with lingering fondness and delight to the hour my fancy spent with the sages of the olden time !

Last scene of all, that closed this strange eventful dream, was the lofty, the solemn, the mysterious temple of the Mathematics. Vain were any attempt of mine to describe what I there beheld ; there were some who seemed to make a point of doubting everything, in order by progressive demonstration to convince themselves of its truth ; one, all alone, was poring over a piece of the most delicate and complicated machinery, which nevertheless, was all governed by one powerful spring, and had only one large fly-wheel. When I approached to question him about this piece of mechanism, for one short moment he looked up, and in a voice of awful gravity, pronounced the name of algebra. Looking in another direction, I saw the model of a large and magnificent city, which was being furiously assailed by a hostile army. Long and long I trembled for its safety ; but a geometer held a magic wire, which, though its only, was its sure defence : vain was every art that anxiety and chagrin could invent, vain every shaft of violence, till for an instant the geometer let go the wire, and all was over. And now I found myself

alone with two solemn personages, whose occupation was to study the clear heavens, which I now saw open above. There multitudinous worlds revolved in unbounded space; there suns shone with a dazzling brightness; there light darted along with inconceivable rapidity; but the glare, the dizzy whirl, and all the novel scene would have been too much for me, had I not at that moment perceived that I was on the summit of the temple, and at the same time seen an angel, the fairest of the fair, issue from heaven above, with a bright crown in her hand. That crown was destined for me, but in over eagerness to grasp it, I fell from the giddy height, and was awoke by receiving a severe blow on the crown which my head already possessed; for in the moment of excitement I had leapt out of bed, and fallen prematurely to the ground, from which I rose with the conviction, that true learning is an interesting and a noble pursuit; but that the crown can only be obtained by diligence, patience, and perseverance.

Μαθητης.

HELICON.

Ἦν κάμοισ' ἀπ' αἰγιαλῷ κολύμβῃ
 Ποῦ πεταμένα ποτὶ ἄλεωράν,
 Εἴ τιν' ὀμβριάς ἀπὸ τᾶς θυέλλας

Πωκότ' ἂν εὖροι·

Ἦμος ἐκτυπῇ παρὰ θίνα τ' οἶδμα
 Ἦχων μέγα στυγέραν, ναπᾶν τε
 Ἄ μελαμφάης ὀλοφύρτο πεύκα

Ἐντὸς Ἀσώπῳ·

Φύλλα καὶ χαμαὶ περὶ πάντ' ἰδίνευ-
 ον· κάλυπτε τ' αἶθερα Νύκτος ὄρσρος·
 Ἄκρα μὴν δὲ τήλοξεν ἐκφάνεντ οὐδ'
 Ἐν νεφέλαισιν

Οὐδ' ἐνὶ σκοτῳ, τέμενος δ' ἔλαμψεν
 Ἀλίῳ τόδ' ἀμβρόσιον παρ' αὐγᾶις·
 Ἐνθαδ' ἅ κολύμβ' ἔφυγ' εἰς ἔφορμον
 Τᾶς Ἐλικῶνος.

STET NOMINIS UMBRA.

A N T I G O N E.

CHORUS, LINE 100.

ORB of the sun, whose fairest ray
 Has burst the bonds of sleeping day ;
 Tinging, where thy soft light falls,
 Bœotia's plains and Thebe's halls ;
 Flitting o'er the snow-clad mountain,
 Kissing Dirce's sunny fountain,
 Glittering 'mid the limpid rills
 That trickle down the eastern hills ;
 Lighting up the coral caves
 Washed by the blue Ægean's waves ;
 Sparkling where the breakers roar
 Upon the rugged Thracian shore ;
 Aid us now ! we call on thee ;
 Save us from our enemy !

Hark ! with a shout that rends the air,
 He rushes from his mountain lair
 With snow-white panoply,
 High pride and hate upon his brow,
 "Death to the foes that thwart me now ;
 On, on, to victory !"

How long shall he with murderous yell,
 Raven round our citadel ?
 How long be heard the widow's cry,
 The wailing voice of infancy ?
 How long funereal rites proclaim
 The death of Thebe's ancient name ?
 The red bolt flared, and the warrior fell,
 He fell as fall the dead ;
 And low lay the pride of that glorious field,
 And dimmed was the orb of the silver shield,
 As the thunder tolled his knell ;
 And then for one short moment
 The affrighted armies stood,
 And with starting eyes and arms outstretched,
 Watched the dark stream of blood.

They stood for one short moment,
 And the very air was still,
 Till the lordly voice of a Theban chief
 Re-echoed from the hill.

"Thebans, awake ! for Adrastus is dead,
 Awake to your father's glory !
 The fire-bearing king to his last home has fled,
 And the Argive lies mangled and gory ;
 Fight for your hearths, for each sacred fane,
 Fight for a deathless story."

Hark to the din of the enemy flying !
 Hark to the cries and the shrieks of the dying !
 Hark, and rejoice, for Thebes has won,
 Ere set for ever the Theban sun !

Loud let our daughters their freedom sing,
 Loud let the shouts of the conquerors ring,
 Till echo shall answer from earth's utmost bound,
 And far o'er the ocean our Pæan resound ;
 For again we are free, as the waves of the sea,
 As the winds that sport in their careless glee,
 We are free, we are free !

Ω.

H O R A C E,

OD. I. 7.

LET others sing the land
 Where the two bright havens smile,
 Or chant the praise in gladsome lays
 Of Rhodos' sunny isle ;
 Of plains where Peneus wanders
 Through many a forest glade,
 And murmuring streams gently flow
 Beneath the cypress shade ;
 Of the ancient Bacchian city,
 Where seven dark portals frown,
 Or where Minerva's citadel
 Grimly on earth looks down ;
 Of Argos, famed for horses,
 And Messene, famed for men,
 Of where the brave three hundred
 Of old well kept the glen ;
 Of Larissa's golden harvests,
 And Apollo's favoured shrine ;
 Of Pelion's hills and Tempe's rills,
 And the house of the Delian nine.

Give me the seven-hilled city,
 The city of the waters,
 Whose shady dells re-echo still
 The laughter of her daughters ;
 Where Albunea's marble columns
 Reflect the sun's last ray,
 And deep within old Tibur's grove
 Sad Philomela sings of love,
 And trills her sweetest lay.
 Give me Pomona's orchards,
 That dot the pleasant lea,
 The purple vine of Apennine,
 And the eyrie of the free.
 Where Anio leaps and roars,
 All white with crested foam,
 And mingles with the Lydian stream
 Beneath the walls of Rome.

Ω.

ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY.

A CONSIDERATION of the superstitions by which the greater part of mankind have, at various times, been enslaved and degraded, is a theme well calculated to excite the interest of the practical as well as the romantic genius ; a theme which cannot be entered upon in the most trivial manner, without serving to awake feelings of sorrow and profound astonishment. That human beings, made in the image of God, should so depart from him, as to renounce his worship and adore the works of his hands, aye, and reverence the very characters that he holds in abhorrence, this must be a source of unfeigned regret to every thinking mind. But when we

behold a nation whom we have honoured as the sages of the world—when we see their heroes blinded by the most puerile superstitions, their philosophers following the grossest deities, their poets upholding the most absurd fabrication of lies; when we find the whole nation, for centuries, surrendered to the power of such a baneful religion, with scarce a spark of light glimmering amidst all the gloom; is it not enough to cause us to exclaim, with the deepest horror, Are these the classic geniuses whom we have so admired, and is this all the pride of human intellect?

Mournful as is the consideration, it is no less true; and at the same time, we may render it useful, by tracing the different forms and degrees of error that have prevailed in different ages and nations. Thus we shall see that degeneration has been gradual; and especially, when we contemplate the zeal of Pagan nations to prosecute their religion not according to knowledge, we may be grateful that the true way has been revealed to us, and strive to be doubly hearty in our religious duties.

To begin with the origin of Ancient Mythology. We shall first trace the general principles which have led to the various superstitions of all nations, and then endeavour to examine the actual manner in which various mythologies have been founded. There have been hardly any unenlightened nations which have not possessed systems of superstition peculiar to themselves. The difficulty in writing upon them is, not to find matter, but to confine it within a reasonable space: as we would not be tedious, we shall abridge our introduction, and we hope the illustrations, we shall presently have to adduce, will be sufficiently interesting. In a classical institution, our chief attention must be given to the Greeks and Romans; not, however, to the neglect of other nations.

First then, as to the cause of superstition. We believe religion to be a system based on the present, and looking to the future. If the present was all that concerned man, he

would be content to live without any religion. But it is not so, the mind cannot rest here ; it is reaching forward to an abyss which it may not now penetrate ; it desires to understand the future, and what shall be its own part in that future. It asks assistance of its fellow mortal, but he is equally ignorant. It then turns to a Superior Power, who disposes all events, and therefore can divine them. Nor are there wanting crafty individuals, ready to take advantage of man's innate credulity, and palm upon the world their false, though palatable theories. The priest pretends to superior sanctity and converse with the Deity ; the poet praises the heroes of the past, and shews how they have climbed the path to heaven, till by degrees they become apotheosised.

But how, some one may ask, can man become so degraded as to worship the inferior animals and the works of his own hands ? The transition from one state of superstition to one still lower cannot be more clearly illustrated than in the case of Egypt. This people had the knowledge of the true God in the time of Joseph ; but we find Moses speaking of the calf, the abomination of the Egyptians, so that in his day it is plain they had adopted the worship of Apis or the bull. Now we know that Egypt was remarkable for its fertility ; there the plough was first invented, and we cannot doubt that such an animal as the cow would be esteemed of the highest value. Thus, that which at first was spoken of as a "good creature of God," and viewed as an emblem of his goodness upon earth, soon became in the minds of the people a part of their notions of the Deity, when those notions themselves were less pure and orthodox. The priests, who in Joseph's day were highly honoured, exempt from tribute, and possessed a city of their own, when the mass of the people became serfs, found it an easy task to conceal from them the truths of religion, and bury them under a mass of fable and superstition. Nor let any one smile at this, as though it were impossible ; for no one can tell what may not be brought

about by gradual means. Think how imperfect were the best ideas of the patriarchs about a future state, and we shall find no difficulty in conceiving the practicability of indoctrinating a rude illiterate people into the belief that the soul and body were co-existent, and that while one was preserved the other was equally safe.

To review our remarks. The state of Egypt appears to have been this—learning much advanced, but very partially cultivated; the arts in a flourishing state, and almost the sole concern of a working population. The priesthood, in possession of the learning, used it for the support of themselves and their reputation, but this not in any immoral manner; for in their peculiar doctrine of a future state, their design was to teach that men would hereafter be rewarded according to their works. The vast majority of the population were industrious and content with their lot, but not opulent. The king's aim was to preserve his people in security, and render them superior to all their neighbours; and hence, the servile manner in which captives were treated. On the whole, then, ancient Egypt presents a more pleasant picture of what a nation should be internally, than most of the other early kingdoms.

The influence of the priests was greatly confirmed by their skill in magic and artificial wonders. It was from them that the Greeks learnt the trick of vocal oaks, and oracular groves and caverns. Their winding labyrinths, sepulchral pyramids, magnificent temples, with endless avenues of colossal statues and columns, at Luxor and Dendera and Carnac, &c., were well calculated to inspire the minds of the beholders with religious awe and mystic veneration. The air, water, and sound were all in requisition to astonish the ignorant. The neophyte was deceived by scenes of a terrifying or enchanting nature, now transported from the solemn abodes of embalmed crocodiles and ibises, and low taper-lit dirges, to the horror and gloom of vast forests and mountain cliffs of some solitary

valley of the Nile ; now lulled by the soft tones of unseen musicians, while beatific visions of damsels in glory flitted before the gaze of the beholder, fascinated and bewildered by every unearthly accompaniment. The same has been the case in other countries. The Chinese priests use the assistance of jugglery ; the Hindoo fakir suffers himself to be wrought upon by the juices of opium ; the Persian magi pretend to draw down fire from heaven ; the rainmaker of Africa employs the arts of divination ; and the druidical remains, all over the world, bear the marks of magic rites.

So much for the manner in which the rise of Mythology may be accounted for philosophically. Next for its actual origin and progress. The first thing we notice in almost every system of Mythology, is the presence of certain facts or doctrines which form a leading feature in the Scripture. Without going as far as the ingenuity of some has carried them, in tracing the origin of almost every fable to something recorded in the Bible ; there are still some points marked out too clearly to be mistaken in each and every national superstition. Bloody sacrifices appear to be universal ; nor is this wonderful, if the rite was instituted, as is probable, coeval with the fall of Adam. The rite of circumcision was not confined to Palestine and Egypt ; but many, in different parts of the world, practise it to this day. Accounts of the deluge are preserved among the traditions of the civilised Chinese, as well as among those of the wandering Indians of America. The idea of avengers of evil was strongly impressed upon the Greeks, in the shape of the furies, and among the Celtic nations under the name of goddesses of death ; while the same idea, confounded with that of an evil spirit, is the leading feature in the Hindoo worship of Seva, and in those evil genii, which are the objects of terror and at the same time of worship in most savage countries. Nor are there wanting, among the darkness of these superstitions, prophetic legends of a brighter futurity,

borrowed from the same divine promise that speaks of a great deliverer; when, after the last incarnation of the Hindoo god, or the completion of the sufferings of the Greek Prometheus, the time shall come, that the hall of the Walhalla shall be the scene of new contentions ere its final renovation, and the genius of good shall for ever banish the evil genii, and the golden age of innocence and love shall descend again, the earth teeming with spontaneous abundance and shining in perennial beauty.

It is interesting to observe these faint outlines of heavenly light, obscured as they are by man's ignorance and depravity. They point us to that religion which can alone satisfy, as it alone can reach the human heart. Next to this, our attention is turned to the fact that, in all the systems of Mythology we are acquainted with, the chief deities have been formed by conferring divine honours upon some hero and his followers, who were of the greatest renown. Thus it has been clearly demonstrated by Dr. Graves, that the Brahma of the Hindoos was no other than the Patriarch Abraham; Buddha or Fo also was the first Chinese emperor; Osiris of Egypt is synonymous with Sesostri; Odin or Woden of Scandinavia was probably a compound personification of some very ancient hero and the famous Sigge; Tuarira, a Polynesian god, was a famous warrior of Aitutaki, and so on. So obvious is this system of apotheosising heroes, that, according to the character of the chief of greatest renown, may be traced the characteristics of each peculiar Mythology. Fo of the Chinese was a peaceful monarch, and such is the nature of their superstitions; the Celtic warriors were remarkably honourable, and such a feeling of honour is predominant in the character and worship of their Odin; while the deities of barbarous nations in Africa and America are represented as more cold-blooded than the people themselves.

That this dæmonology, as it is sometimes called, was the origin of the Grecian Mythology, we have next to show

First as to Ζεύς, he is represented as majestic, yet passionate ; as coming from Egypt attended by nine damsels skilled in music, having in his retinue a number of female warriors or amazons under the guidance of Minerva ; it is said, moreover, that he lived with several Greek princesses, and had sons in the Argonautic expedition, and grandsons at the Trojan war. Now all this description points to Sesostris, king of Egypt, who, after subduing a great part of the world, invaded Greece with an army and navy, obtained possession of various parts in conjunction with brothers and sons of his, and was at last driven back into Egypt by the united forces of Greece under Perseus. This interpretation will appear more evident to those who have read the Prometheus Vincetus, than it does from the common notions we derive from Homer and the Latin imitators. There Prometheus, a no less eminent character than Zeus himself, in all except his sovereignty, is banished to mount Caucasus in Colchis, to which he is chained with an eagle (αἰετός) to prey upon his liver. This Prometheus declares in one of his speeches, that he had assisted Zeus in his encounter with the Titans, generally called the war of the Giants ; but, having conveyed fire from heaven among mankind, and in other ways displayed a philanthropic mind, as well as shewed contempt for the sovereignty of Zeus, he was punished in the above mentioned manner. Now the story is, that Prometheus, nephew to Sesostris, rallied his forces in his famous attack upon the Pelasgians of Thessaly ; that those fierce mountain warriors, securing themselves in the rising fastnesses of Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus, terrified the army of Sesostris, by firing the woods and throwing huge rocks in their way ; that they were at length dislodged by fiery bolts (perhaps during a thunder-storm) ; that after this, Prometheus, whose name signifies Prudence or providence, foreseeing the disastrous consequences, if the people were exasperated by cruelty and tyranny, advised pacific measures, and ingratiated himself

with the conquered tribes by teaching them the useful arts he had brought from Egypt, probably not without insinuations that the expulsion of Sesostris was a task that might be, without much difficulty, accomplished by united effort; that Sesostris, conceiving a hatred of him and his measures, ordered him to be confined at Colchos, under the care of Æeton his cupbearer. There are also tales narrated of Zeus, which are derived from Minos, the king of Crete, so celebrated for his justice.

Nor is Zeus the only deity who possesses a real historical character. Hermes or Mercury appears to have been a highly cultivated prince, remarkable for eloquence, and fond of the arts and literature. He appears under three different characters—chief secretary of Osiris, treasurer of Egypt, and commissioner of funerals; and hence his three names, Armais or Hermes, Merc-heres, signifying merchandize, whence the Latin Mercurius, and Pluto or Aidoneus, under which title he is represented as king of Hades. His kingdom was by the Ceraunian mountains and the Acherusian lake, and his residence at Orcus was in the midst of stagnant pools, marshes, frightful dells and caves, rivers black and chilling damps, replete with every object of mysterious dread and gloomy horror; and there is a report that it was hence that Homer drew his picture of Tartarus

Horus or Apollo also is a two-fold character, and his more elegant features are referred to Apollo, brother to Diana; while his more ferocious actions pass under the name of Mars. Python or Neptune was the admiral of Osiris; Hercules was the general of the land forces, though two other individuals have contributed to the legends related of this wonderful character. Ceres is the same as Isis, the Egyptian name of the wife of Sesostris. Minerva was the queen of the Amazons, of whom another appellation is Medusa (Μεδουσα), a Greek version of the Egyptian title. Remarkable as the tales about this Osiris and his family may seem, it is

still more singular that his father was no other than Belus or Baal, the idol of Phenicia, and equivalent to the sun among the Persians and other fire worshippers.

A third point to be observed in systems of Mythology is the ornament of poetic device ; indeed this is so wrought up with every portion of the various systems, that it generally seems necessary to examine this feature of the subject, previous to any more precise investigation. There are, however, in Mythology, some fictions which may claim to be called purely poetic, because either invented by poetic license, or put into a tangible shape by the early chroniclers, or refined into legendary existence by the fancy of later poets. Of true narratives thus converted into miracles, Ovid's *Metamorphoses* afford very numerous instances. Thus too, the sighing of the wind through the trees is personified into a Dryad ; the roaring of the waves by the rock of Scylla, is sagely resolved into the barking of marine dogs ; and the finely tempered imagination perceived a nymph in every fountain, a fawn in every wood, and genii thronging all the air and even attending the celestial spheres. Similar to these are the sprites of the North ; the water-sprites and demons of the woods ; the fairies and dwarfs of the Highlands ; the Genie of the Orientals, and the more gloomy and horrible demons that haunt inaccessible mountains and angry volcanoes or more barbarous climes. Such forms as these the warmest imagination knows to exist only in his own fancy, and the most sceptical is not wholly blind to their shadowy being ; while the believer in revelation views in them that world of spirits, which probably originated them—the invisible guard of angelic hosts that encamp round about him. All countries are more or less rich in these flights of sportive or terrified fancy. If we were to commence with the Latins or Greeks, we might proceed almost without limit in explaining their multiplied “*mirabilia* ;” but this has been already proposed by Palephatus among the ancients, and followed up by various

modern critics, as in the instances of the animal called a centaur, the Lernean hydra, the brazen tower of Danaë, the weeping Niobe, Actæon, Alcestis, &c. Perhaps the Celtic nations surpass all others in marvellous superstitions, many of which are still current among the highlands of Scotland. Giants, dwarfs, and palfreys are the actors in these romantic tales. "The men of peace are believed to inhabit certain round grassy eminences, where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon. It is thought, that if any person, on Hallow-eve, goes alone nine times round one of their conical hills at a place called Coirshi'an or the Cove of the Men of Peace, a door will open, by which he will be admitted into their subterranean abodes. Many, it is said, of mortal race have been entertained in their secret recesses. There they have been received into the most splendid apartments, and regaled with the most sumptuous banquets and delicious wines. Their females surpass the daughters of men in beauty. The seemingly happy inhabitants pass their time in festivity and dancing to the notes of the softest music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys or ventures to partake of their dainties. By this indulgence he forfeits for ever the society of men, and is bound down irrevocably to the condition of a Shi'ich or man of peace." The faculty of second sight, or perceiving objects invisible to mortal eye, whereby certain future events may be prognosticated, is fully accredited among the less educated of the Scotch. It is ordinary for them to see a person that is soon to arrive; to see houses, gardens, and trees in barren places soon to be cultivated. If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife; if a seat appears empty, when at the same time it is occupied (for the seers, when in a trance, do not perceive real objects), it is a sign that the occupant will die shortly after. These visions are evidently connected with the belief in ghosts that has furnished so many ballads and wonderful legends. The two

following accounts I give without comment, not to say that there are hundreds of similar tales that appear to be well attested; but these fell within my personal acquaintance, and I know the parties concerned to be highly incredulous of such things. In the first, a gentleman having a relation lying ill, was aroused one night by a knocking which seemed to be made near the looking-glass, and which was thrice repeated; after which a voice said, M—— is dead. But what renders it so singular is, that his wife, who for some reason was sleeping in an adjoining room, heard all that passed as distinctly as her husband; which was disclosed when on the morrow a letter came with tidings of the death of the individual in question. The second account is of a military man, who, one day standing near his wife, saw the figure of a man leaning over her shoulder, and said “that man will be your future husband.” No such a person was then among their acquaintance; but it remains to be mentioned, that a *fac-simile* of the previous apparition was afterwards introduced to them, and in process of time married the lady. Such fancies as these, as well as the belief in luck so prevalent in Wales, Cornwall, and Ireland in our days, were no less regarded by the ancients; scarcely an emperor died but his statue was struck by lightning, and a raven croaked over him, or some similar prodigy is recorded; and trivial as these fancies may appear, they nevertheless have a considerable share in the formation of Mythology. Those who have read Borrow’s “Bible in Spain,” will have no difficulty in conceiving that it would hardly require the mind of Goethe to transform some of his gipsy adventures into a romantic ballad or even a supernatural story. Indeed, so consistent are poetic figures with the superstitions of mankind, so easily do the one drop into the other, that we may safely look for the groundwork of superstition among the traditionary verses of the early bard, and style the poet, if not the “auctor,” at least the “pater patratus” of Mythology.

This naturally leads us to remark upon the place that classic mythes have held in poetry. We have hitherto examined the natural causes which in general have given rise to mythologic superstitions; we next determined the groundwork of Mythology to be the deification of some great hero and those connected with him, illustrating this in the Oriental, Celtic, and Polynesian superstitions, and partially demonstrating its truth in Grecian and Roman Mythology; our third point was to trace the progress of Mythology as modelled into system by the bard, and under the influence of the prevalent notions of ghosts, magic, and luck, which beneath a mass of superstition concealed much of real history. And now to the reflecting mind that reviews the subject, that has seen the veil of mystery removed from the shrine of classic Mythology, the battle field of heaven let down to the rocky glens and rough carriage roads of Thessaly, the majestic sovereign of Olympus transformed into a barbarian warrior, the authors of human destiny debased to the condition of robbers and fortune-tellers, the famed descent to the world of shades and the passage of the Styx and the waters of Lethe exchanged for some invisible trap door by the lake of Acherusia in the country of Epirus, the direful head that petrified the beholder exposed as the unpleasant phiz of some masculine woman-hero, and the ever honoured sisterhood of the Heliconian Muses metamorphosed into original Ethiopian serenaders; what must be the feelings of him who reflects on this tissue of fabrication and criminality, as he exclaims, Are these the pictures of Homer, these the refined ideas of Virgil, these the elegant fictions that embellish Milton, these the pleasing spells of poetic life which, after deluding and debasing millions of the human race in the days of Paganism, alike the civilised and the savage, must still remain to fetter the imagination and monopolize the admiration of the free-born and truth-loving Briton?

VARIOUS TRANSLATIONS OF HOR. OD. I. 30.

O QUEEN of Paphos, leave thy home
 In Cyprus' flowery isle,
 And come to Glycera's shrine at Rome,
 To grace it with thy smile.

And with thee bring thy roguish boy,
 But not without his darts,
 And in thy train the Graces coy,
 And all thy loving hearts.

TYRO.

CARIAN queen of amorous guile,
 Thy sway the Paphians own,
 Cyprus is thy lovely isle,
 And Cythera thy throne ;
 Fairer yet thy home shall be
 Where shines my peerless Glycera ;
 Sweeter perfume welcome thee,
 If thou wilt only kiss her, ah !

Carian mother of Eros,
 Descend with all thy suite ;
 Every Grace, whose mantle flows
 In waves around her feet ;
 Youth and Eloquence may come,
 And fondly sigh to kiss her, ah !
 Youth and Eloquence were dumb
 Without the smile of Glycera.

O VENUS, queen of Cyprus' isle,
 Thy well-loved Paphos leave,
 And come to Clifton, calling thee
 Its lovely air to breathe.

O bring with thee the fervid boy
 And nymphs with flowing gowns,
 The Graces too, with rosy cheeks,
 Like those on Durdham downs.

Here in the temple built for thee
 The frankincense shall rise,
 And with a cloud the place shall fill
 Like steam from mutton pies !

BRISTOLIENSIS.

VENUS Regina ! haste and come
 Unto the Glycerean home ;
 Come in a train, and don't delay,
 Come with *your* train of Nymphs this way.
 And Mercury too
 Must come with you,
 Come to enjoy a bright holiday.
 What Horace says is,
 Let all the Graces
 With beautiful faces,
 Your little son also,
 And Youth with curls false oh !
 Haste hither with thee, and set up their sway.

TRUROMANUS.

O VENUS, queen of Paphos,
 And Cyprus' sunny isle,
 Quit, quit thy Carian temple,
 And, decked with many a smile,
 Haste to the incense-bearing shrine,
 Where, clothed in pensive loveliness,
 Fair Glycera destroys my peace,
 Refusing to be mine.

Bring Cupid with his quiver,
 And every wanton Grace
 And laughing nymph, with pleasure
 Imprinted on her face,
 And Youth, without thee fair in vain,
 And all persuasive Eloquence ;
 Come, free my breast from sad suspense,
 O hasten to the fane !

Μαθητης.

O QUEEN of Paphos and Gnidus,
 Despise your well beloved Cyprus,
 Dispense your favours fair between us,
 And hither come, my "lubly Venus."
 And let that chubby little chap
 Come hither also on your lap ;
 Bring too, your humble servant prays,
 The ladies with their loosened stays ;
 Quicksilver too, with lovely Hebe,
 More charming than the queen of Shebe.

TIMOTHY CLINKER.

A TALE ABOUT NOTHING.

To the lovers of the wild and picturesque, the little fishing hamlet of Reculver, situated on the coast of Kent, will afford ample gratification; but it is not the hamlet, nor even the noble cliff whence it takes its name, that is to occupy the attention of the reader. Situated about a mile from Reculver, in a delightful little cove, the overshadowing cliffs of which defended it from the more boisterous gales of the ocean, a small cottage reared its pigmy height against the gigantic crags behind it. A single glance from the most inexperienced eye was sufficient to ascertain the occupation of the owner, from the multitude of nets which, hanging on their respective stakes to dry in the sun, attracted the observer's notice. At a rude landing, formed evidently by the industry of the fisherman himself, there was moored a small boat, on the stern of which might be seen the name of the ship to which it belonged; it was untenanted, but on a small pier immediately above it, rudely formed of large pebbles, the figure of a youth, in the guise of a wanderer of the ocean, was apparent. He shades his eyes with his right hand, that he may gaze at the cottage, without being dazzled by the rays of the setting sun which is shining brightly *behind him*, and tinging the *evening* sky with its *auroral* tints. How does such a scene recall to our minds the words of the immortal bard—

“ The sun was setting fiery red,
But if that night he laid his head
In Thetis' lap beneath the seas,
He'd surely have scalded the goddess's knees.”

But these lines, so sublimely applicable, are still a digression; let us then to our tale. We left the nautical youth engaged in reviewing the outward appearance of the cottage with manifest intensity; is it the simple porch he admires? or the rudely *thatched* roof, the *smooth slates* of which are reflecting

the *evening* rays of the *midday* sun? or is it the low chimney, from which a small column of smoke issues upwards with a spiral *descent* towards the blue vault above? (we say *descent*, for who ever heard, except at Pompeii, of going *up* to a vault?) But we shall exhaust the patience of the kind reader, as well as of the child of the ocean who still remains where we last saw him. Why does he now wave his hand with such vehemence towards the hut? Did the fairy, whom we now perceive tripping lightly along the pier, issue from thence? However that may be, she continues her course along the rugged ground; he sees her, and advances towards her, and in another moment she falls into his extended arms with a violence that threatens to precipitate both over the edge of the pier on to the points of some ugly rocks that are looking expectantly upwards; but luckily our sailor is only staggered, and not overbalanced, and while he supports her in his embrace, seems to regard her in rather a different light to that of a fairy, if indeed he ever entertained such an idea. Then followed a scene which only experienced authors can paint; we are not of that happy number, and shall not attempt to describe it; suffice it to say that the usual ceremonies incident on the meeting of lovers were gone through, and the only circumstance worthy of note which took place between the youthful pair (a circumstance, but for which, though trivial in itself, our tale might never have been recorded, but possibly its tragical end averted), was simply the transmittal of a slight gold ring on the part of our heroine to the object of her affections. With what rapture was it received!—not entrusted, however, to the insecure protection of the finger, but slung through a guard of braid received from the same fair hands, and suspended round the neck. How much depended on that ring! It was to be produced at their next meeting as a symbol of fidelity, and perhaps eventually to be the instrument of their union. Now the boat is again tenanted, and impelled by the athletic

arms of the youthful Charon who presided over the sticks (we say *sticks*, to keep up the metaphor—we mean oars), and ploughs with her *taffrail* the *boisterous* surface of the *placid* ocean.

We must now shift the scene to the coast of Africa. Along the whole range of that barren and sultry coast, of the many bays and gulfs with which it is indented, there cannot be found one so characteristic of the climate as Sleeper's Bay, which derives its name, no doubt, from the somniferous influence of the atmosphere, and the ever placid state of its waters. In the centre of this bay lies a vessel whose beautifully moulded hull and tall tapering spars present rather a suspicious appearance ; but the character of the craft is no concern of ours, for we intend merely to place the reader on her decks for a few minutes, during which time he will not be permitted to inspect her interior, for his attention is immediately called to an old acquaintance of ours, who is leaning over the ship's side, contemplating the unruffled sea that scarce ripples against the dark hull of the vessel. And now he leans still more over the side, for he is intent upon watching a strange and unknown species of fish ; and now inclines himself still more, for the fish is gliding under the keel of the vessel. Unfortunately his position has now approached so near the perpendicular that—he does not fall over, gentle reader—but his cap does, and is immediately followed by a fine guard of braid with a gold ring attached to it, which instantly sinks ; he watches its rapid disappearance in the clear water of the bay, and observes the very fish, who had so lately occupied his attention, dart out from under the ship, attracted by the splendor of the metal, and seize it in his mouth. We will not attempt to describe the anguish of the youth deprived of his inestimable love-token ; our tale must revert to the spot where it was introduced, and the reader (in rather less than the exact space of time required to pronounce the prænomén

and cognomen of an individual well known by the name of "Jack Robinson") be transported from the land whose dingy inhabitants, now common in every quarter of the globe, were then only to be seen in their native country, as somebody observes,

"No other country e'er had owned 'em,
Till naughty white men went and boned 'em."

From that land must the reader be conveyed to the humble dwelling of the "*soi-disant*" fisherman. He had that morning been forth as usual in pursuit of the finny tribe, but had only succeeded in capturing one, and that a very curious fish; but, as the sole produce of the morning's occupation, it was consigned to the fair hands of his daughter, who immediately proceeded to prepare it in the usual manner for the noon-tide meal; but scarcely had the point of the knife disappeared in the body of the fish, when it was checked by some hard substance within; our heroine introduced her hand, and brought forth the intestines of the fish, amongst which she observed something glitter! Reader, picture to thyself, if thou canst, the emotions which heaved her breast and flushed in her cheek on perceiving that the glittering object was—the point of the knife which had broken against the back-bone; all else was the entrails of the fish, which no doubt proved very nice for dinner.

TIMOTHY CLINKER.

HOR. OD. IV. 2.

Just as a stream the mountains among,
Swollen with torrents it rushes along,
Pindar thus sings with his vast tide of song—
Mighty commotion.

V O T U M.

SCILICET in sylvis tacita modò labitur unda
 Perque cavas valles ductile flumen aquæ,
 Exiguo fluitat sonitu per gramina rivus,
 Serpit ubi lentus, prataque læta foveat :
 Ac veluti coluber sinuosa volumina torquet,
 Languidus et longa fert quasi colla mora,
 Haud aliter fluvius prærupta rupe volutus
 Æquora montanis fluctibus alta petit.
 Sic mihi securo labantur tempora cursu,
 Lætaque declivi sit via trita pede ;
 Copia neu nimium turbet, neu pectoris æstus,
 Invida neu victrix munera palma ferat !
 Et mihi sic tandem ludoque laboreque fesso
 Sæcula jucunda pace quieta fluant ;
 Prona senectutis decurrat rupibus unda,
 Lentaque deveniens in mare volvat aquas !

Ω.

L A Y O F A T H E N S.

LAY the laurel on thy brow,
 And feel the chilly damp of death ;
 Rock with human soul endow,
 And let the lyre retain thy breath ;
 Deck with marble shrine thy land,
 Arouse the mettled horse to fly ;
 Desolation is at hand !
 For, Hellas, thou shalt die.

Echo in the fairy grot
 And in the rude wild, Atini;
 Sound it each sequestered spot,
 Ye rivers, whisper to the sea!
 Tell it to the sighing trees,
 Inscribe it in the loving sky,
 Nature hymn thine obsequies!
 For, Hellas, thou shalt die.

In the plain, and o'er the wave,
 And on the islet meet the foe,
 Conquer with the untrophied brave!
 Their tomb shall then their glory grow.
 Summon all the Roman's nerve,
 And see the pit before thee lie;
 Mount the courser blind, nor swerve,
 For, Hellas, thou shalt die.

Yes, I love thee as a child
 In lisping infancy that died—
 Charming as it breathed and smiled,
 But when at placid eventide,
 Bathed in holy loveliness,
 For ever closed its youthful eye,
 "Enough," I said, "I now possess,
 For thou shalt never die."

STET NOMINIS UMBRA.

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[Oxoniensa]

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